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*"CALL of the WILD"*

*by*

*John J. Enneking*

*(Courtesy of the  
Vose Galleries, Boston)*

October 1922

# The Art of JOHN J. ENNEKING

JOHN J. ENNEKING—how vividly the very name calls up the personality of the man!—his physical make up definitely suggesting his mental make up. The tall lithe figure, with its well set head crowned with its mass of bristling, red-brown hair, contradicted by the kindly blue gray eyes—all, somehow, indicating what he really was, the enthusiastic artist and indefatigable worker, the sturdy fighter, with a kind heart, dearly loving a good fight but fighting always for the things he believed to be right, either in a matter of ethics or in solving an artistic problem.

"John J. Enneking was the interpreter *par excellence* of New England in painting, as was Edward MacDowell in musical idyls," wrote Ralph Davol in his introduction to the catalogue of the memorial exhibition of paintings by Enneking at the Boston Art Club in 1917. "He is not enrolled in any traditional school of art. In the broad division of the classic and romantic brotherhoods his lot would fall among the latter. Impatient at dogma, cult, fashion, he could never conform to the trammels of academic convention, the crust of custom, the compulsion of arbitrary rules controlling the classic school. Emotion, freedom, idealism, flooding his personality, were the impulses of his artistic self-expression. The bracing Hellenic joy of living breathed

*His early objective landscapes were succeeded by work that was essentially subjective*

by  
WM. BAXTER CLOSSON

in the man and in his work. Steeped in sentiment, romance, mysticism, his mission was to lift the eyes of men to the higher realm of uncorrupted color harmonies lying above our material sphere from which he drew his inspiration.

"Enduring art is created by depth of personal feeling," Davol continues. "Enneking drew inspiration from his inner consciousness. In the course of his evolution he came to see more than was to be seen with the outer eye. He became intensely subjective. Turner said: 'you cannot paint a landscape and leave man out.' Enneking succeeded in doing this, because the landscape became a part of himself. Imaginatively and sympathetically he felt the varying moods of Nature—he absorbed and mirrored her soul and essence. The definition that an artist is the son of nature but not her slave applies completely and admirably to him."

Enneking, who was born in Ohio in 1840 and died in Hyde Park, Massachusetts, in 1916, lived at a time when landscape painting was in the

ascendant and was absorbing the thought and effort of many of the strongest painters. For this reason, and because of his own breezy, outdoor temperament, it was quite natural that he should choose land-



"BROOK AT WILLIAMSTOWN"  
BY JOHN J. ENNEKING

*In painting pools the artist achieved his greatest success in representation, as distinguished from his subjective moods*





"AFTERGLOW" BY JOHN J. ENNEKING

*The painter loved the flaming western skies of November, seen through interlacing, half bare trees*

scape painting as the field for his most serious work. His academic training was sufficient for his technical needs. He drew readily, and his color sense was individual, and not greatly biased by tradition.

"Enneking," writes Davol, "spoke of his paintings as 'impressions' though he could hardly be called a disciple of Manet or Monet. He was a devotee of art rather than of artists. If there was any favorite master he admired it was Monticelli, who 'painted with crushed jewels.' After he had learned the grammar of art, chiefly in the studio of Daubigny in Paris, Enneking expressed his original ideas in a technical language of his own. His impressionism was never a matter of vivid greens and violets, yellow lights and purple shadows; nor was he of that 'cult of the innocent eye' the *pleinairists* who held that fleeting impressions should be instantaneously imprisoned and a picture completed on the spot—*aus einem Guss*, to use Enneking's expression. He made glorious sketches in this manner, but his final distinction was won from canvases evolved by superimposing his inner emotions in the quiet seclusion of his studio.

He divided tones into their primary elements and obtained color vibrations by

laying on fresh paint in gentle, juicy pounces with a narrow brush, carefully tucking in the edges of his strokes to preserve a delicate, volatile play of light. Sometimes he wove color in and out like the fabricator of an oriental carpet. His range of values was narrow—the result of shortening up deep shadows more than of subduing high lights. Bold bituminous Rembrandtesque *chiaroscuro* was not his forte. He painted in quiet half-lights for he seldom introduced a broad expanse of sky requiring highest luminosity."

The earlier period of his painting was controlled by the almost universal desire of that time for representation, and in this manner he was very skillful, not only in modelling or contouring the large underlying forms or masses in a landscape, but in catching the characteristics of the day and hour, when painting out of doors. I well remember being in his studio one summer day, looking at out-door studies of the spring season, lately passed, and telling Enneking that I knew the day on which one study was painted.





"IN APPLE BLOSSOM TIME" BY JOHN J. ENNEKING



"THE MILLPOND, MILTON" BY JOHN J. ENNEKING



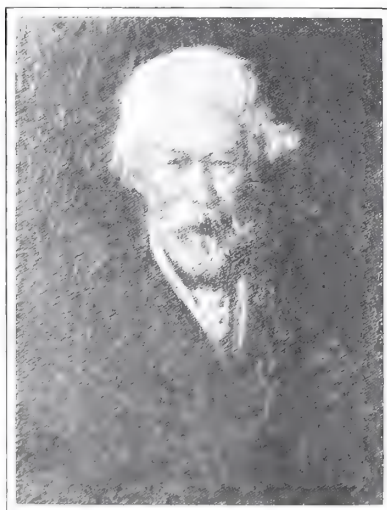


"RED OAK" BY JOHN J. ENNEKING

*In compositions such as this the artist displayed his subjective power; it perfectly renders a mood of nature*

I referred to a landscape in which the atmospheric conditions were so accurately shown that I knew on which one of three delicious spring days, the painting must have been made. Through fondness for some particular season of the year, and maybe for some hour of the day, an artist's name becomes associated with that time, and this was the case with Enneking. When I first made his acquaintance he was known for his painting of November twilights. These were forest scenes with gleams of flaming sky seen through the interlacing branches of the partially leafless trees—very rich in color, but quite typical of his intense nature. Later his manner changed and his choice of subjects became wider. I think that this change was partly due to the influence of George Fuller, who came to occupy a studio next to Enneking's, in Boston.

It was my good fortune to take a studio on the same floor with Fuller and Enneking, and it was interesting to note the influence of these men on each other. The change observable in Enneking's work was a definite leaning toward the subjective. His studies, painted direct from nature, remained very literal, but his completed studio pictures grew quite different in treatment. Intervening between the November twilights and the later painting, there was a period of objective work—his painting of mountain brooks which tumble over rounded boulders, and rest in limpid pools. Notwithstanding his success in this field and in the earlier twilight pictures, without doubt it was the later work which gave Mr. Enneking himself the greatest pleasure, and this may hold true with those who estimate his art.



"SELF PORTRAIT"  
BY JOHN J. ENNEKING

*(Photographs by courtesy of  
The Vose Galleries, Boston)*



"IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS" BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT

## The JOHNSON "Modern Group"

YOU doubtless recall the recent visit of the Rhineland poet Leo Sternberg to a certain picturesque schloss in Saxony, and his chance discovery of the lost library of King Gustav Adolf IV of Sweden. You can readily imagine the aesthetic joy of this young leader of the New Parnassians when he came upon the glowing beauty of these sumptuously bound volumes filling eight enormous cases in that stately room, the windows of which looked across to the Rathaus tower, and below to the grass-grown jousting yard where gallant knights used to tilt under the guidance of the *maître de campo*. Picture the sudden revelation to an ardent young lyrist of this priceless legacy from the far-off castle of Haga which had lain hidden for years—masterpieces of fancy, fable, and song, treasures of thought and spirit cased in red, blue, and crimson morocco, levant, or kid, covered with exquisite tooling and tracery, and edged with arabesques of gold, each volume bright and immaculate as though fresh from the royal bindery. *Eb bien*, I

*Philadelphia's notable inheritance is not by any means confined to the "old masters" . . . by*  
CHRISTIAN BRINTON

am by no means a young Parnassian, but, even as a middle-aged ex-Philadelphian my sensations on recently viewing the Johnson Collection in a measure paralleled those of the Rhenish poet on rediscovering the library of the Swedish sovereign immured in that secluded chamber since the passing of its last owner decades ago.

The late John G. Johnson, corporation lawyer and art connoisseur, died April 18, 1917, since which date his collection, comprising some sixteen hundred paintings, primitive, Renaissance, and modern, officially appraised at a valuation of over \$4,000,000, and costing the tax-payers of the city upwards of \$1,000,000 to acquire it, has been productive of an unprecedented amount of comment and controversy. It has in fact proved the *cause célèbre* of Philadelphia art circles. The will stipulated that the collection should be properly housed *in situ* "unless some extraordinary situation shall arise making it exceedingly injudicious."





We shall not regale the readers of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO with the details of a wrangle that has lasted the full five years, and which has not yet abated. The baroque brick and limestone residence on South Broad Street wherein the austere counsel and avid collector housed himself and his numerous acquisitions on panel and canvas was, and still is, a predestined firetrap and an otherwise "exceedingly injudicious" place wherein to hang or see paintings. Confronted with such conditions physical as well as legal, little or nothing has been achieved during the interval beyond appointing a curator and consigning the collection to the obscurity of a storage house.

There meanwhile loomed before the aspiring citizens and their indefatigable Park Commission the lure of a spacious art palace which is to-day actually rearing its stone

"BALLET GIRL RESTING"  
BY EDGAR DEGAS

Ever mindful of artistic happenings domestic as well as foreign, INTERNATIONAL STUDIO delegated me to discover the present state and status of the Johnson Collection. Faithful to the call of duty, and the promptings of a lively personal curiosity, I taxied one torrid midsummer morning to 510 South Broad Street, which is on the

west side of Philadelphia's most expansive thoroughfare, between Lombard and South. Mounting the steps, I was brusquely halted by a formidable coatless bluecoat, who emphatically prevented further progress. "No, the curator a'int here," he announced in unhesitant terms, "and it wouldn't matter if he was. You've got to see the Mayor or the Chief of the Bureau of City Property if you want to get inside this building." There was no question of mollifying the man, so, availing myself of the good offices of friend Andrew Wright Crawford, of the Art Jury, I obtained the requisite permission



"THE LANGE LEIZEN—  
OF THE SIX MARKS"  
BY J. McN. WHISTLER

from the agreeably disposed Chief Baxter at City Hall, and this time succeeded in passing Lowry, the Cerberus of the Johnson Collection, the urbane and erudite Mr. Hamilton Bell being absent on vacation.

The house was dark save for feeble slits of light around the edges of tightly drawn shades, and a welcome flood of noontide radiance flowing from the ground floor windows at the back overlooking the garden. Even before the gradually ameliorating Lowry began to raise the blinds it was apparent that the house was empty saving for paintings, which one by one began to loom from otherwise bare wall spaces. Furniture, rugs, tapestries, carvings, and hangings all were gone, and gone with them was that air of stuffy sumptuousness that used to characterize the place. The Johnson House was but a shell, a shadow of its former plethoric self.

Paintings there were on view, but not such as one had been accustomed to see. The collection, which so interestingly represented the various schools from Giotto, the van Eycks, Memling, and Quentin Matsys down through the misnamed golden age of art, was entirely rearranged. Masaccio, Matteo di Giovanni, Il Greco, Guido da Siena, Piero di Cosimo, Lorenzo di Credi, Raffaello Baroccio, Veronese, Tiefflo, Canaletto, and Guardi, were still, it seems, compelled to hide their mellow beauty at Thirty-second and Market Street. So also was the case with the Frenchmen, Clouet, Poussin, Claude Lorraine, and Ingres, as well as the ever gracious and nonchalant English eighteenth-century masters, Gainsborough, Lawrence, and Romney.

Canvases that had previously occupied the upper story rooms were



"WILLOWS AND BROOK"  
BY GUSTAVE COURBET

now accorded positions on the ground floor. The Johnson Collection no longer appeared severely scholastic, or primitive and pre-renaissance in appeal. Precedence had been given to the moderns. From the comparative seclusion of above—allowing always for the four years of sequestration—had come the passionate French romanticists, Delacroix and Henri Regnault, the stormy, terrestrial Courbet, still romantic at heart despite his fierce glorification of reality, and the ardent, mundane Manet, who cast off the trammels of tradition and proclaimed himself a child of his own day and generation. Wherever the astonished eye wandered, it rested

upon some example of the later school, not upon a representative of past production.

What could have happened to the Johnson Collection? Had the suave and savant Hamilton Bell suddenly turned to the moderns, or was it merely due to the exigencies of outward circumstance. Perhaps when the resuscitation was ordained the moderns were found more flexible of temper, more amenable to the vicissitudes of transporta-



"WINTER COAST"  
BY WINSLOW HOMER



tion from storage vault to the scene of their former estate. Whatever the reason the Johnson Collection has for the time being become rejuvenated and must at present be considered in its new aspect.

Some one hundred and twenty-five canvases have been informally distributed about the dingy walls of the South Broad Street mansion. While constituting but a portion of the moderns in the collection, they comprise a fairly representative group, and, considered with the paintings not for the moment on view, the collection affords a reasonably adequate survey of latter-day art. You can here follow the main line of development from the fluent Delacroix to the fervid vision of the Dutchman, van Gogh. You will note a fine group of Courbets, a vigorous Daumier, an altogether exceptional Manet, a sufficient showing of the Barbizon intimists, and enough of the Impressionists, including Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, and Raffaëlli, to amply illustrate the delicate, iridescent triumphs of the pleinair group of painters.

The battle of the moderns, as you doubtless recall, was fought in the studios, cafés, and streets of Paris, along the smiling Seine, and among the meadows and haystacks of rural France. To the cause of emancipation from an empty, anaemic classicism Delacroix gave his coloristic eloquence, Courbet his sturdy grasp of actuality, Manet his animated vision of every day scene, and Monet his patient yet lyric perception of the luminous beauty of the out of doors.

Apart from an early work by van Gogh, the Johnson Collection does not venture far along the pathway of actual Modernism. The canvas shows



"MOTHER AND CHILD"  
BY EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE



"HEAD OF GIRL"  
BY MATTHEW MARIS

creative. And it is scant wonder that, mounting upon his expansive shoulders, Manet, the townsman, could travel so bravely along the road toward complete freedom of theme and treatment.

Paying due respects to Daumier's "Man Bathing Child", a virile group full of plastic power, one cannot fail to accord special consideration to Manet's seapiece depicting the battle between the Alabama and the Kearsarge. This painting, which used to occupy a position over the mantel in the front room, fourth floor, is now downstairs in the reception room. Though executed after sketches made from a pilot-boat in Cherbourg harbor where he was an eye witness of the conflict, the picture was not exhibited until the

simply a vase of flowers, is signed lower left, "Vincent," is rather dark and realistically treated, but none the less throbs with suppressed color and rhythm. Even in his formative period Vincent painted emotionally, and that quality of emotion, which eventually became a burning inner ecstasy, is the keynote of his

achievement. Born amid the gray fogs of the Low Country, he felt most at home when bathed in the fierce brilliance of the solar radiance of Arles.

Of the Courbets, "Willows and Brook" and a sensitive little marine known as "Stormy Weather," which used to repose quite on the floor, under the window ledge in a third story front room, are the best. "Willows and Brook" is fresh and clean in tone and spontaneous in rendering. Both these paintings in a measure presage the coming of Impressionism. The peasant of Ornans was in fact always fecund and

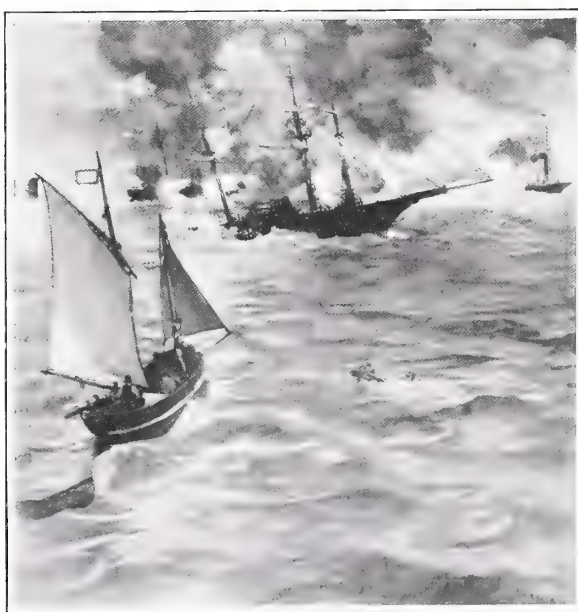


Salon of 1872, when, despite Manet's revolutionary tendencies, it was received with approval. The event had greatly impressed Manet, who, having formerly been a sailor, knew the sea and seacraft intimately, and rendered the scene with spirited verity. It is in fact one of the few satisfactory versions of a naval engagement, accurate and at the same time highly aesthetic in conception, the blue-green water mounting toward a high-placed horizon, the ships enveloped in the swirling smoke of battle. The oil sketches of the Alabama in the Mendelssohn Collection, Berlin, and the Havemeyer Collection, New York, further attest to Manet's power of imparting a touch of genuine graphic grandeur to the same historically important episode.

"FISHERMEN'S REST"  
BY PETER S. KRÖYER

We need not pause over the ensuing examples of the French school beyond signalling Monet's early and somewhat solidly painted "Railway Bridge," and the same artist's luminous "Arched Rocks, Étretat," a stray Besnard, a fine Fantin, a good Carrière, the original sketches for "La Paix" and "La Guerre" by

Puvis de Chavannes, and an unconvincing Simon. The large canvas entitled "Snowy Landscape" by Raffaëlli, faithful apostle of Paris boulevard and banlieu, is, however, worthy to rank beside the notable Raffaëlli in the Wilstach Collection. With Manet's "Alabama and Kearsarge," and the surpassing "Ballerina and Lady with Fan" by Degas, the Raffaëlli, despite its obtrusive touch



"ALABAMA AND KEARSARGE"  
BY EDWARD MANET





of social sympathy, a touch notably absent in the others, completes a typical trinity of French subjects.

"RAILWAY BRIDGE"  
BY CLAUDE MONET

Closely allied to the French school, French in theme, and painted in France is another veritable *trouvaille*. It is entitled "In the Luxembourg Gardens," and is by our own John S. Sargent, who, it will be recalled, began his artistic apprenticeship in Paris during the seventies of the past century. Sargent, to be specific, arrived in Paris in 1876, and "In the Luxembourg Gardens" is signed and dated lower right, "John S. Sargent, Paris, 1879." Virtually unknown to the general public, unmentioned in Mrs. Meynell's sumptuous volume, and rarely if ever reproduced in any monograph or article on Sargent, the canvas nevertheless possesses unique significance in a survey of the artist's production. "In the Luxembourg Gardens" is beyond all else the work of a poet in paint. Something of the spirited delicacy of the Parisianized De Nittis casts its aroma over the scene, which discloses a young couple strolling at moonrise in those

"SNOWY LANDSCAPE"  
BY  
JEAN FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI



same gardens where romance has for generations found sympathetic refuge. You note the familiar basin, the carved balustrades, the rich clusters of bloom and blossom, the grayish-purple of the gravel walks, the ever present children—the whole epitome of youthful and essentially Gallic poetry and aspiration expressed with fluent ease of stroke and sensitive perception of light, color, and form.

And as you gaze at this canvas in the dim, silent room where it now hangs to the right of the hallway as you enter, you think of many things. You cannot

help wondering, in particular, whether the painter of this palpitating little panel—as typical as Henri Muger and as tender as Verlaine—might not have remained more the artist had he stopped in Paris, instead of crossing the Channel to perpetrate Carnation Lily, Lily, Rose and the succeeding galaxy of bored and brilliant British and American notables which constitutes his major legacy to posterity. Sargent forsook France when France was at the height of that splendid renaissance which so quickly followed the Franco-Prussian war. He left the city of Manet and Lautrec for the city of Millais and Leighton. Was he the gainer thereby? *Qui sait?* In any case, I

venture to assume that even his most wholehearted admirer, Mr. Cortissoz, might be constrained to rate this particular picture above much of the subsequent work—many of the portraits, and not a few of the all too dexterous water colors.

Aside from Sargent, the few Americans who are accorded representation in the Johnson Collection include Innes, Whistler, Alexander Harrison, and Winslow Homer, whose "Winter Coast," dated 1890, is a fine example



of the work of our sterling, forthright realist. Of the two Whistlers the "Lange Leizen" is too well known to call for special comment, the other being the nocturne, "Westminster Palace." It is in fact the foreigners who are in marked ascendancy, and of the non-Frenchmen mention should be made of the Belgian, Stevens, the Danes, Krøyer and Johansen, the Norwegian, Thaulow, the Dutchmen, Israëls, Mauve, and Maris, the Spaniard, Rusiñol, the Italian, Innocenti, and the German-Swiss romanticist, Arnold Böcklin. The only painting of outstanding merit in the series is, however, the "Head of a Girl," by Matthew Maris, which, as I recall, used to hang on the door in a third floor front room.

If Courbet's marine, already mentioned, is a precursor of Whistler's seapieces, Maris's portrait studies deserve to rank beside any of the butterfly master's delicate evocations. The strange neurasthenic who forsook Holland and settled in seclusion at Hampstead fairly breathed upon the canvas heads that haunt one as nothing in contemporary art, nothing at least save the pale, crepuscular interiors of the interesting Danish painter, Vilhelm Hammershøi.

Viewed in perspective the non-Gallic section of the Johnson Collection is somewhat of a disappointment. One looks in vain for indications of that sturdy individuality of choice which characterized the acquisition of the older subjects. There is here no Segantini, or no Mancini. Klimt and the flaming Russians one could scarcely expect, but Zuloaga and Anglada might well have supplemented, or even preceded, their compatriot Rusiñol, and one would readily exchange both Böcklins for a single Hans von Marées. Excepting Swan, there are, furthermore, scarcely any examples of the modern English school on view, while the scattered specimens of Scandinavian art are safely academic. It is evident that the collector did not wander far afield in his quest of contemporary art. Ignoring Cézanne and Gauguin, he appears to have confined himself to the routine offerings of the Paris Salons, or at all events to the Salon type of thing.

A view of the Johnson Collection redivivus is nevertheless a stimulating experience. It is suggestive to wander through these spacious rooms and hallways denuded of all save the scattered paintings that relieve otherwise dark and vacant walls. One instinctively recalls the place as it was on the occasion of former visits both during the owner's lifetime and after his death. In a certain medium-sized room I once counted sixty-three separate canvases. There were paintings everywhere throughout the house—on the walls, on the floor, in the dressing, bath, toilet, and service rooms, stacked high in closets, and not infrequently one might see

as many as three hung together on one side of a door and three on the reverse side. There was nothing quite like it anywhere, and assuredly there was nothing comparable to the master's bed-chamber with its massive carved rosewood bedstead and dresser, and its air of heavy, bourgeois magnificence. Over the mantel hung a Jean

Bellegambe, opposite the window a Moretto da Brescia, on a closet door an

Esaias Bourse, and on the entrance door a Bernardino de'Conti. Everywhere was in evidence the man himself, his strong personal tastes and predilections, his passion for the past, his ardent connoisseurship, and above all his essentially scholastic rather than aesthetic interest in art.

A visit to the Johnson House is, I maintain, a welcome experience, despite the fact that less than a tenth of the paintings can ever be properly shown at one time. The collection is incompletely and inadequately displayed and inaccessible to the general public, the police and the purpurati alone being admitted. Furthermore it never was, and never, it seems, can be rightly accommodated in the present structure.

The Predicament in which Philadelphia finds itself regarding the Johnson Collection should not be lost upon our purchasers of art works. A trifle more liberality of spirit, a shade less vanity and pride of possession, and such situations would not exist. May our millionaire art patrons not strive to tie legal strings to their bequests, or impede the free flow of beauty in its course down the ages.



"MAN BATHING CHILD"  
BY HONORÉ DAUMIER



*El Greco*

# A Dream of Spanish Painting . . . . . by *Margaret Munsterberg*

I dreamed of a cool palace on the moors  
Within a grove of swaying poplar-stems.  
A jewelled bright mosaic were its floors.  
And there were carven traceries on the doors,  
And in dim niches, windows stained like gems.

Now through the heavy stillness of the halls  
I wandered, scarcely knowing what to seek.  
And first I tarried where from lofty walls  
Gazed haggard Saints, obeying mystic calls—  
The stern, enraptured visions of The Greek.

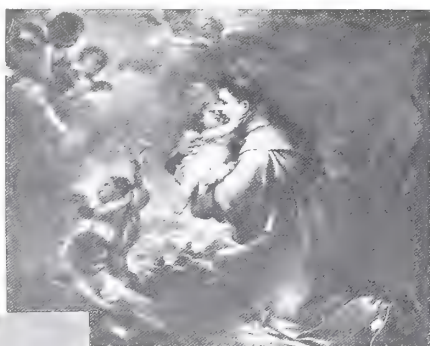
The pale rays of a sun about to set  
Through mullioned windows fell into a room  
Where all the walls at first seemed blots of jet,  
So sombre were the paintings there—and yet  
A pious light streamed from Ribera's gloom.

I lingered not too long; my wandering eyes  
Were drawn away to hues no longer dim:  
Cool blues and deep old rose that flowerwise  
Were blending in a golden Paradise  
Where roses rained from wings of cherubim.



*Ribera*

"Oh sweet Murillo!" said I  
in my dream.  
"Have men grown blind because  
they turn aside  
To lesser lights where your mild  
moonrays beam  
With too much beauty? Shooting-stars  
that gleam  
And flash, they follow, and your sweetness chide."



*Murillo*



*Velasquez*

And then upon a wall next door, but near,  
I saw thin curling lips, a forehead grave,  
And melancholy eyes that seemed to sneer.  
Some royal Philip smiled, who knew no cheer—  
A gentle dreamer or despotic knave?

"Velasquez, your black velvet has rich gloss  
Upon the limbs of princelings at their sports.  
To them Spain's waning glory means no loss;  
Pale, slender hands the mighty scepter toss,  
And languid lips command the court of courts!"



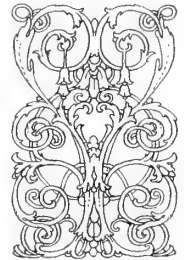
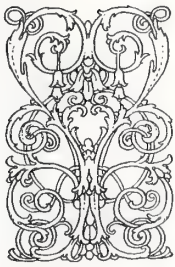
I passed along more walls, nor tarried long  
In any other room the while I dreamed,  
Save but to hearken to bright Goya's song  
Whose notes rose high and gay above the throng.  
Yet on I strolled—a century, it seemed.

Then suddenly the twilight fled away,  
A golden flood of sunshine and of mirth  
Illumined that dim palace: laughter gay  
And glistening sands, lithe boys and girls at play  
In splashing waves—a Paradise of earth!

"Sorolla, by what blessed alchemy  
Could you transform gross earth into pure joy?  
You borrowed light and sparkle from the sea  
And from the gulls their motion swift and free—  
And from your heart the gladness of a boy!



*Goya*



*Sorolla*

"Perhaps some of Murillo's limpid grace  
Is now reborn, without its heavenly sheen,  
In you, Sorolla!—Yet another trace  
Of bygone power lingers in this place:  
Velasquez' irony tints yonder scene!"

Thus spake I, dreaming still, and wondering gazed  
Upon two sisters richly robed and bland.  
They smiled inanely; yet I was amazed,  
For, peering from behind their fans upraised,  
Zuloaga smirked: "The ladies of my land!"

Then, musing on the shadows and the light,  
The wit and grace that seemed thus born again,  
I left that palace at the fall of night.  
Upon the gate I read: "Lost is the Might,  
But ever young the Beauty of our Spain!"

*Zuloaga*





FRENCH MEMORIAL FAN

*Vellum leaf painted with a victory of Charles of Roban over the Duke of Ysemburg. Pearl sticks trellised à jour and furnished with reserves carved with battle scenes and portraits beightened with gesso in relief and gilded*

## From UTILITY to COQUETRY

*"I sing that graceful toy, whose  
waving play  
With gentle gales relieves the  
sultry day."*

THUS is amiably launched John Gay's epic of the fan, which in the course of "three books" turns into an hateful war on that "graceful toy," "the new sceptre of Diana" which threatened all preconceived notions of propriety, put new ideas into women's heads, taught them little tricks, whims and intrigues designed to trap the strutting conquerer unaware.

A portrait of an English Lady of quality engraved by Gaspar Rutz in 1588 presents a young dame whose muff idly hangs from its *cordelière*, while in her right she holds a fan, a fluffy bouquet of feathers, rising from a long handled metal chalice. Such a fan was then

*The elliptical medallion on this fan holds a miniature painting of the famous Brighton Pavilion*

*A study in the evolution of the fan, with eighteenth century examples from an American collection* by

✦ KARL FREUND ✦

*"In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,  
When eyes were artless and the look demure,  
Then in the muff inactive fingers lay  
Nor taught the Fan in fickle forms to play."*

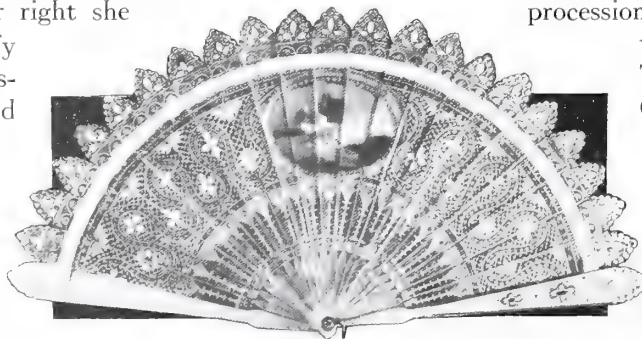
—John Gay

Byzantine Empire to Western Europe with other Oriental amenities and had become a comforting utensil in royal households.

The flabellum has survived as part of the ritual and is waved on certain great festivals by two papal chamberlains following in procession the pontiff seated in the *sedes gestatoria*. The inventory of Charles V (1380) records

*\*As the earliest Western form of the fan or esmouchoir one generally regards the flabellum, the liturgic fan, waved by two deacons to keep the flies from the altar.*

ENGLISH TORTOISE  
SHELL FAN OF THE  
FRENCH RÉGENCE  
PERIOD





amongst other costly *esmouchoirs* "two banners of France, to chase the flies from the King when he sits at table, with motifs of fleurs-de-lis framed in borders of pearls."

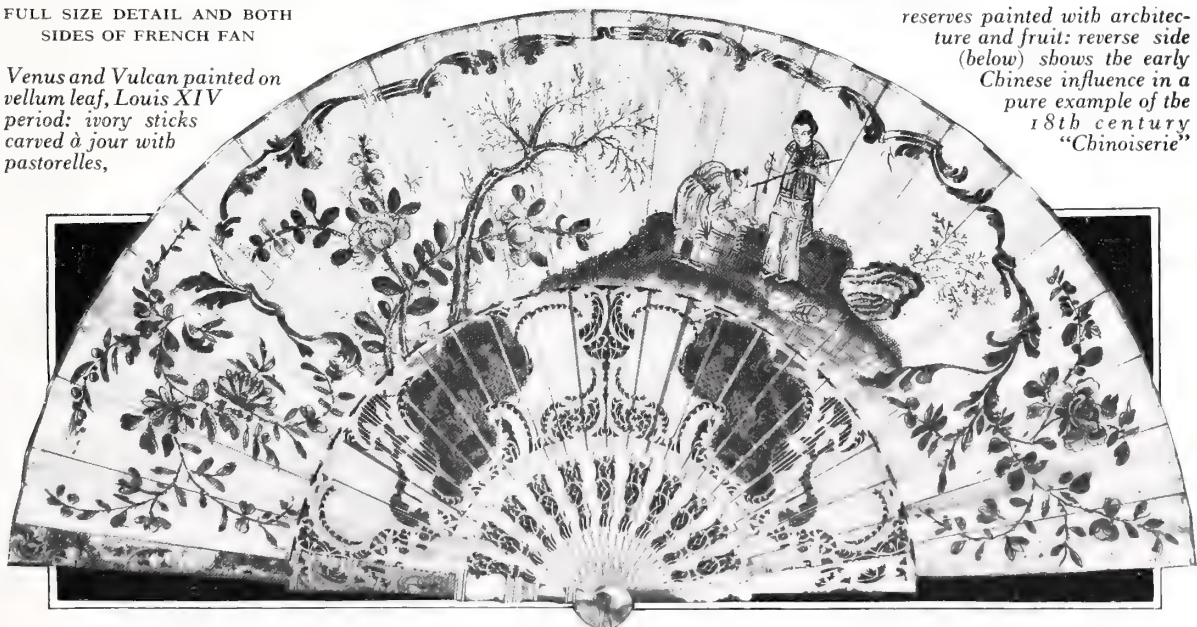
It is illuminating to observe the progress of women's growing confidence in the fan on Titian's portraits; Isabella d'Este painted in 1534, still grips her ostrich *esmouchoir* with an air of submission, while Lavinia the master's beautiful daughter, painted as a bride in 1555, carries her banner shaped fan with the determination of Jeanne d'Arc.

The banner fan (*esmouchoir à girouette*, from its resemblance to the weather vane), a captivating little trinket of tooled and gilded leather or painted silk and on a richly chased silver pole, was the pennant of virginal purity, called "bridal fan" in Spain (*abanico di novia*). For the married woman existed all kinds of graceful compositions of fine feathers, some dyed



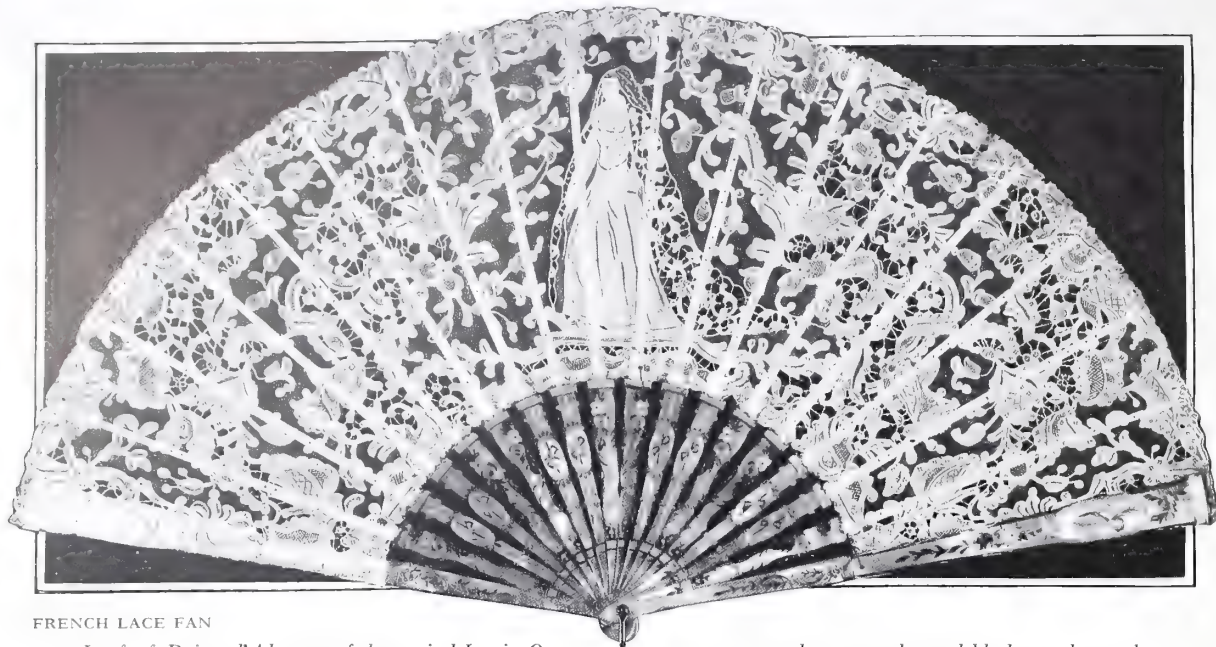
FULL SIZE DETAIL AND BOTH  
SIDES OF FRENCH FAN

*Venus and Vulcan painted on vellum leaf, Louis XIV period: ivory sticks carved à jour with pastorelles,*



*reserves painted with architecture and fruit: reverse side (below) shows the early Chinese influence in a pure example of the 18th century "Chinoiserie"*





FRENCH LACE FAN

Leaf of Point d'Alençon of the period Louis Quatorze, mounted on carved pearl blades and guards of the period Louis Seize, carved and heightened with gilded emblems and floral sprays in relief

in brilliant tints with long handles fastened to long *colliers* of precious stones or pearls, and for the more fortunate, miracles like the fan (*esmouchoir*) of Jehanne de Foix which is described as "of white feathers backed with gold surrounding a mirror studded with small cabochon rubies and four cameos of agate, and a single pearl covered with small spangles of gold," (inventory of the jewels and stones of the King of Navarre 1583).

Less impressive but an eloquent document of the fan's widespread popularity in those days is a strange little *esmouchoir* carried by a young woman of Granada (as drawn by Cesare Vecelli in 1590), whose vanity seemed appeased by a costume consisting of a turban, a short mantilla, a loin cloth, hose, sandals, and alas, a fan, a fluffy arrangement of white feathers tied round a tree branch of fanciful form.

Yet as a rival of the bow of Eros, as an instrument of pantomimic expression of all thinkable moods, as a screen in diplomatic conversation the *esmouchoir* was an awkward toy compared to the plaited or folding fan, which came into fashionable recognition at the end of the sixteenth century. According to Pierre de l'Estoile this trinket of femininity was introduced and first carried by the most nimble waisted and exquisite of all kings, Henry III of France.

In "L'Isle des Hermaphrodites" (1588) we are told that it was court etiquette, to place in the King's right hand an instrument which could be folded and unfurled by a slight touch of the finger; it was called *éventail* (fan), it was of vellum (synonymously used for lace center, the design of


which was first traced on vellum) most delicately cut, and with a lace border all around. It was quite large as it had to serve as a parasol to prevent sunburn and to be refreshing to the King's delicate complexion. The gentlemen of the court, seen in the adjoining rooms of the royal palace, carried similar fans of the same fabric, or of taffeta bordered by gold and silver lace.

The fan thus described was now to remain in favor and though Rubens, Rembrandt, and other portrait painters of the seventeenth century gave preference to the decorative elegance of the *esmouchoir*, the latter soon became relegated to the scented armoire. To fine feathers had been added a new medium to form the "leaf"\* of the fan, the gold and silver lace of Italy, the *punti tagliati* and *punti in aria*, marvels of Italian craftsmanship.

Queen Elizabeth, so unfortunate in the affairs of the heart, is generally considered the godmother of the fan. It was the symbol of her Royal friendship, and foreign envoys would not depart without accepting a fan as a token of greeting to a princely cousin abroad. (And to-day the ladies of distinguished guests of the French Republic must thank Queen Elizabeth for the gracious thought, which has made the fan the official token of present day French gallantry.) The Queen was as susceptible to thoughtful gifts as she was generous and when she received from the Lord Keeper, a fan "with many pendants of unfurled

\*Fan terminology: French—fan-sticks, *monture*; fan-leaf, *panache*: pierced carving — *à jour* carving.  
English—fan-sticks, *blades*: fan-leaf, *mount*: outside sticks, *guards*: reserves, *solid panels set in open-work*.





A Vernis Martin fan of  
the Régence period attributed  
to Van Loo. Pastorelle subject:  
blades, guards and borders enriched with  
portrait medallions and vignettes  
in the Chinese taste

A Vernis Martin fan of  
the Régence period. Bacchanal  
Hommage au Dieu des Flâcons.  
Blades painted to simulate à jour  
carvings. Guards and edge with  
medallions of ladies of the  
Regent's court

French ivory brisé fan of  
the period Louis Seize, with  
three medallions painted with gal-  
lant subjects in the style of Baudouin.  
Blades carved in the Chinese taste  
with houses and flowers. The  
center medallion is shown  
above.

A Vernis Martin fan of  
the period Louis Seize, painted  
in reserves with genre subjects after  
Chardin. Blades, guards and border with  
medallions after Callot.  
Rhinestone rivet

A Vernis Martin fan of  
the period Louis Quinze. Pas-  
torelle. Exterior with figures in  
Louis Quatorze costumes. Blades,  
guards and borders lacquered in the  
Indo-Chinese taste

A Venus Martin fan of the  
 period Louis XIV. (1643-1715)  
 in the collection of the  
 Regent's court

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 or pearls, and for  
 like the fan (*esmou-*  
 which is described as  
 A Venus Martin fan of  
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Fan terminology: French — fan-sticks, *monture*; fan-leaf, *panache*;  
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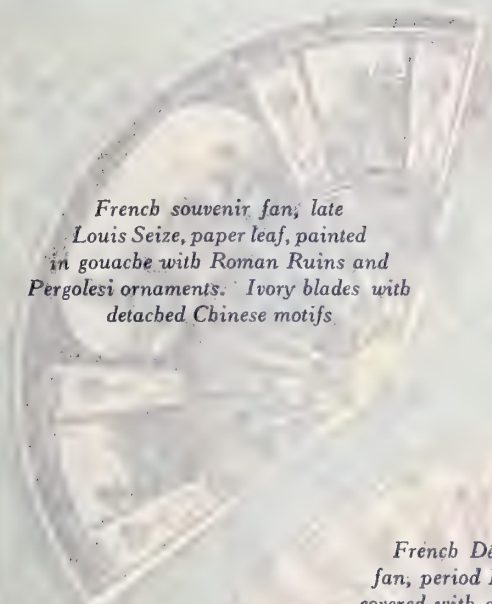


*FOUR FRENCH VERNIS MARTIN FANS*  
*and*  
*ONE of IVORY BRISE*

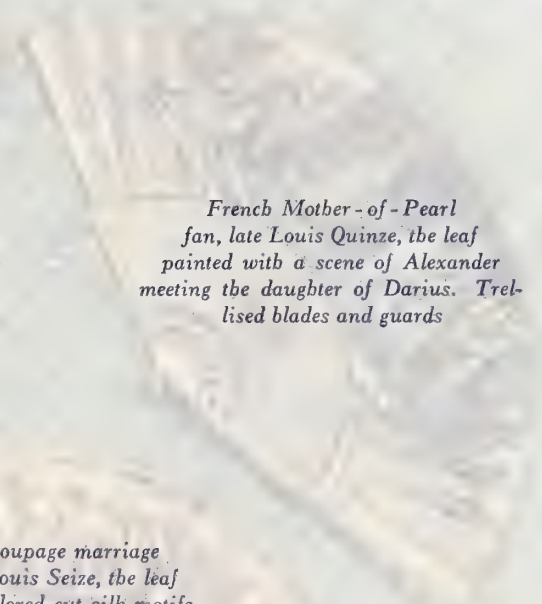










*French souvenir fan, late Louis Seize, paper leaf, painted in gouache with Roman Ruins and Pergolesi ornaments. Ivory blades with detached Chinese motifs*



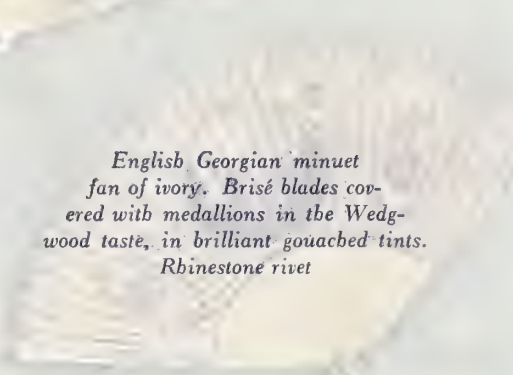
*French Mother-of-Pearl fan, late Louis Quinze, the leaf painted with a scene of Alexander meeting the daughter of Darius. Trellised blades and guards*



*French Découpage marriage fan, period Louis Seize, the leaf covered with colored cut silk motifs and spangled embroidery on a vellum ground. Carved ivory blades and guards backed by colored foil*



*English Georgian minuet fan. Brisé blades alternately ivory and hollywood, carved with medallions engraved en camieu. Cut steel guards*



*English Georgian minuet fan of ivory. Brisé blades covered with medallions in the Wedgwood taste, in brilliant gouached tints. Rhinestone rivet*

WILLIAM DAVIES 1785



detached Chinese motifs  
 in gouache with Roman figures and  
 Chinese motifs (see page 10)

French gouache (see page 10)  
 in gouache with Roman figures and  
 Chinese motifs (see page 10)

French gouache (see page 10)  
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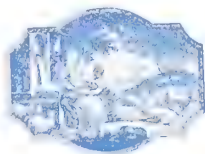
English Georgian mirror  
 fan. Bird blades alternating  
 with and polished, carved with  
 medallions engraved en cambré. Cut  
 wood

English Georgian mirror  
 fan of ivory. Bird blades cop-  
 ered with medallions in the Wedg-  
 wood taste, in brilliant gouached tint.  
 Rhinestone rivet






*FIVE 18th CENTURY FANS*









French fan, early Louis  
Quinze. Arts paying homage  
to Maria Thérèse of Austria.  
Burgaudine pearl blades painted with  
detached Chinoiserie motifs. Guards  
of pearl, gilded and carved

French ivory fan of the  
period Louis Quinze. Vellum  
leaf attributed to Huet. Monture  
carved à jour with painted reserves  
of floral motifs

French ivory fan, late Louis  
Quinze. Painted leaf: attrib-  
uted to François Boucher. Mon-  
ture carved à jour between plaques of  
ivory, decorated

English "Quill" fan of  
the Regency period. Painted  
satin leaves, carved pearl guards  
and blades

Eighteenth Century Vene-  
tian fan, attributed to Rosalba  
Carriera (1675-1757). Painted vel-  
lum leaf: ivory monture, carved and  
painted in peacock motif. Mother-  
of-pearl and tortoise shell guards

From the first of these  
the first of the series  
to the first of the series  
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*FIVE 18th CENTURY FANS*

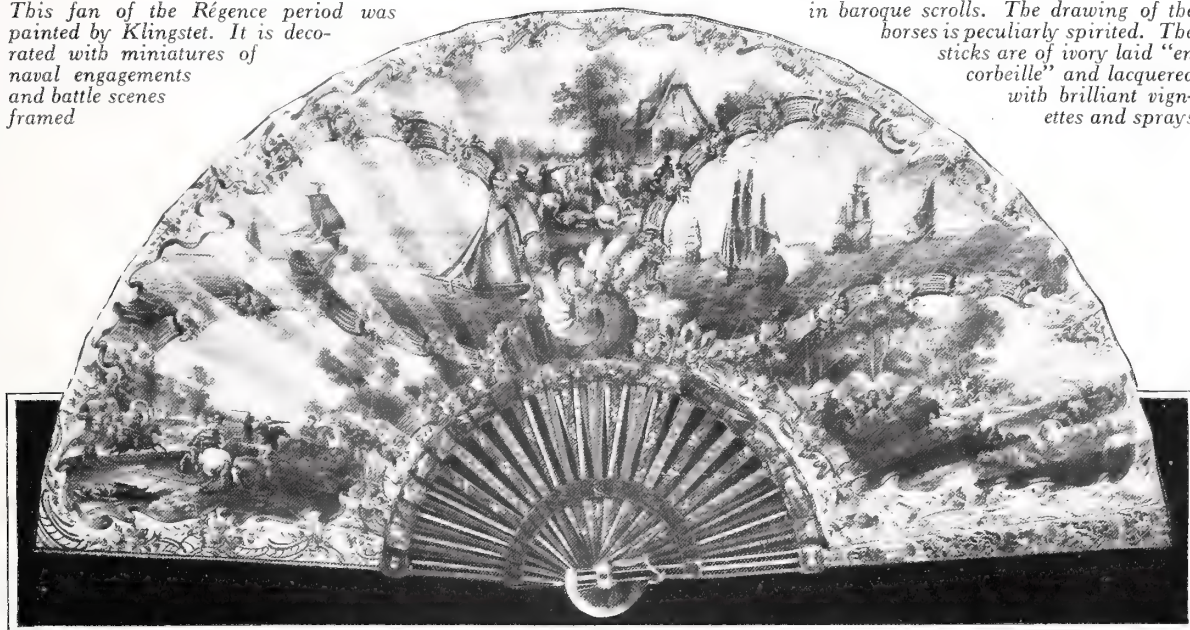






This fan of the Régence period was painted by Klingstet. It is decorated with miniatures of naval engagements and battle scenes framed

in baroque scrolls. The drawing of the horses is peculiarly spirited. The sticks are of ivory laid "en corbeille" and lacquered with brilliant vignettes and sprays



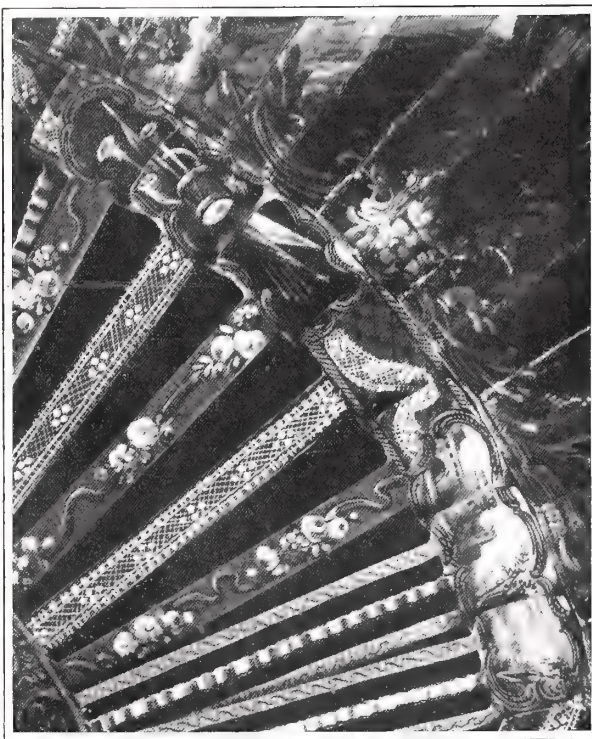
DUTCH MEMORIAL FAN AND FULL  
SIZE DETAIL OF THE STICKS

diamonds valued at £400"—to replace the silver handled fan which she had dropped into the Hawsted moat, she was intensely pleased. It is likely that the English Queen's fancy started the fan on its road of conquest.

When woman and fan became inseparable, the latter's glorious future was assured and it grew to be a jewel worthy of the trousseau or as it was then prettily called the "*corbeille*" of a princess, a constant part "of women's inconstant equipage." The "*fureur des éventails*" had caught the sensitive imagination of the French people always grateful for new lessons in happiness, for new artful weapons with which to combat the monotony of life. Thus begins the Renaissance of the fan, which from Louis Quatorze to the third Napoleon retains its artistic and human interest, reflects like a flattering mirror the great and small events of life and history, the change of moral and artistic ideals, of styles and fashions.

Collecting of fans has always attracted the woman of taste, not only for the admirable display of skill in the *montures* or the exhilarating pot-pourri of colors in the leaves, but for the tales about women's hearts lying between the pleats of these joyous little sails, which speeded women's ships ahead in the race with men.

This Renaissance of the fan is exhaustively illustrated in an enchanting collection formed by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst which comprises almost every conceivable type produced by French fanmakers and their disciples and imitators



in England, Spain, Italy, Holland and Germany.

From an array of more than two hundred a small number of little gems, portraying the current of fancies has been selected for reproduction. The folding fan, or as we shall now call it, the fan, soon appeared in varied guise: there were walking fans, afternoon, full dress, ball room and court fans, baptismal fans, wedding and mourning fans, commemoration and souvenir fans. They were ever about until their folds were closed with the eyes of their fair possessors. For dress fans the ladies of the third quarter of the seventeenth



century favored leaves of fine lace from the celebrated shops in the rue Quincempois producing the intricate miracles of Point de France, the needle points from Alençon and Brussels (the latter called Point d'Angleterre, as they were imported through England.) Montures had become sufficiently elaborate to carry the flamboyancy of the lace patterns; one made them of tortoise shell trimmed with gold and bordered with precious stones or of Levantine mother-of-pearl carved and engraved with mythological subjects in that profuse manner which recalled the example of lavish enrichments of the Daimio swords. It would be illuminating to ascertain whether this resemblance suggested the English terminology for fan mounts — "blades" for the French *brins* and guards for the French *panache* or whether the haunting thought of gallant warfare inspired these martial epithets.

When the Commons complained to Charles II of England of "a recent importation of 55,000 fans from the Indies," they tried to save internal

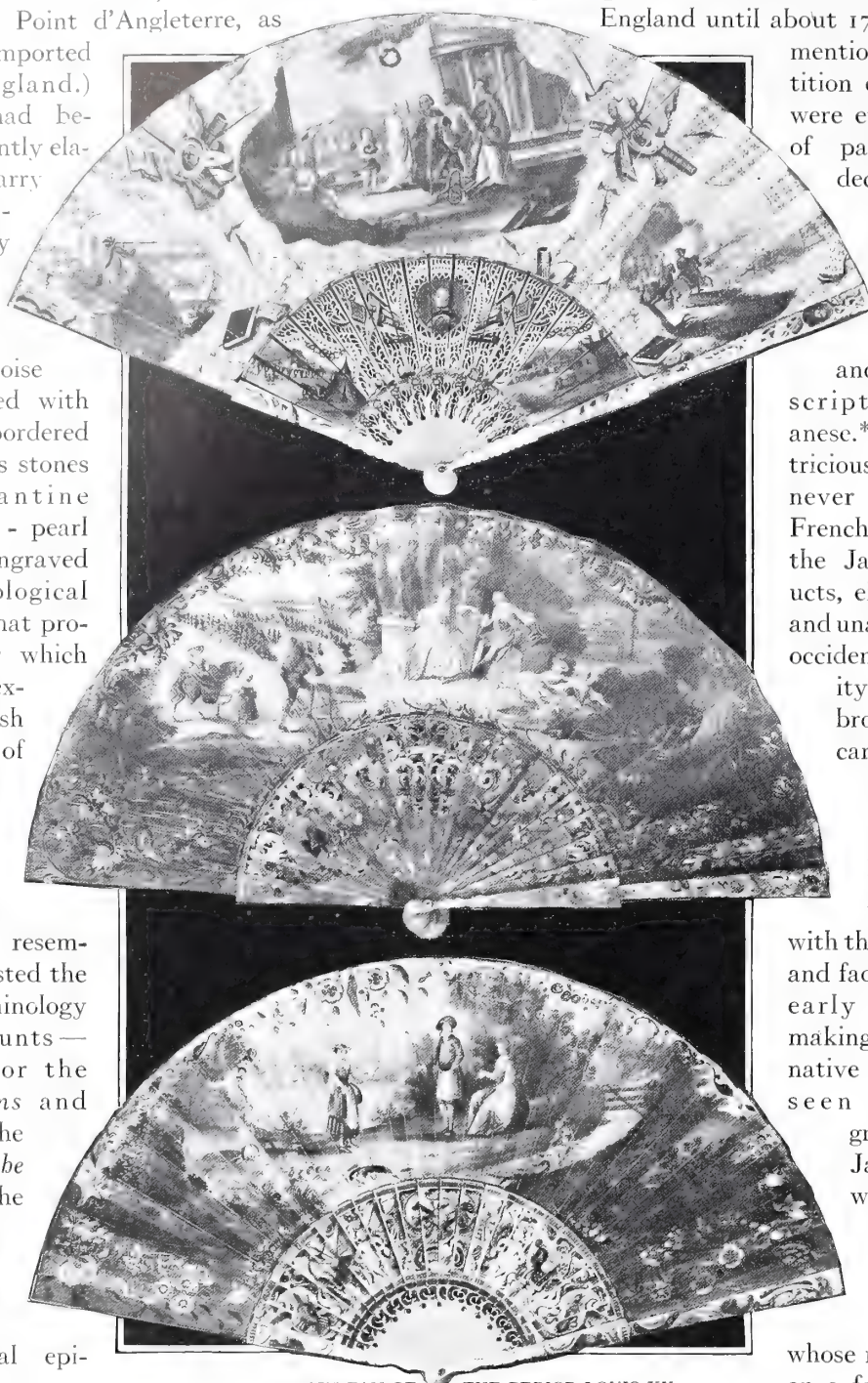
peace from the imminent mobilization of Amazons armed with an insidious weapon, under the guise of protecting a fanmakers' industry, which, according to good authorities was negligible in England until about 1730. The fans

mentioned in the petition of Parliament were everyday fans, of painted paper, decorated or embroidered silks, mounted on sticks, temptingly inexpensive

and from all descriptions — Japanese.\* This meretricious competition never disheartened French industry, for the Japanese products, either too frail and unaccustomed to occidental impetuosity were soon broken and discarded, or remained unsold on the perfumers' trays, tiring the shoppers

with their repetitions and faded scent. An early attempt at making a low priced native fan can be seen in the engraved leaves by Jacques Callot whose fan drawings have survived, and by Abraham Bosse,

whose name appears on a fan-case in his celebrated picture of the Galleries du Palais. Such engraved fans were then com-



TOP: FRENCH FAN OF THE PERIOD LOUIS XV

*Vellum leaf painted with an allegory and battle scenes; ivory sticks and blades carved à jour; guards with portrait medallions and landscapes in vignettes*

CENTER: BETROTHAL FAN OF THE PERIOD LOUIS XIV

*Leaf painted by Cano de Arevalo in monochrome and color: monture of Burgaudine, carved with the royal crown and fleur-de-lis and emblems in bas relief on reserves: rivet encircled with brilliants*

BOTTOM: FRENCH FAN OF THE RÉGENCE PERIOD

*Vellum leaf painted with Watteauesque pastorelles and pansies; ivory sticks carved à jour with figures and enriched with vignettes*

\* Very fine Japanese fans like the mounts of Kano-Shō-Yei (1591) and good Chinese fans appeared in the 18th century and were considered costly rarities as late as a hundred years ago.



monly used to advertise the perfumes of Grasse by impregnating the fan-leaves with the vapors of the coveted "Peau d'Espagne," a treatment which would have destroyed the painted leaves, more and more appreciated in the days of perfected art industries fostered by Colbert and guided by the versatile genius of Lebrun. Hundreds of fan leaves painted with mythological or historical subjects have been attributed to the master cartoonist, or his disciple Lemoyne just as Claude Lorrain was credited with blue-green Elysian landscapes which appeared "en miniature" on the fan leaves. Though these attributions are always doubtful, considering the larger scale of vision to which these artists were accustomed, they are not frivolously chosen. Drawing, coloring and composition, in the numerous art schools and the *quartier Latin* had reached such virtuosity, and the young ladies taught at the Académie de Saint Luc had learned to paint so convincingly in the style and spirit of the great masters, that we are moved to regret the complete

anonymity of these quite numerous charmers.

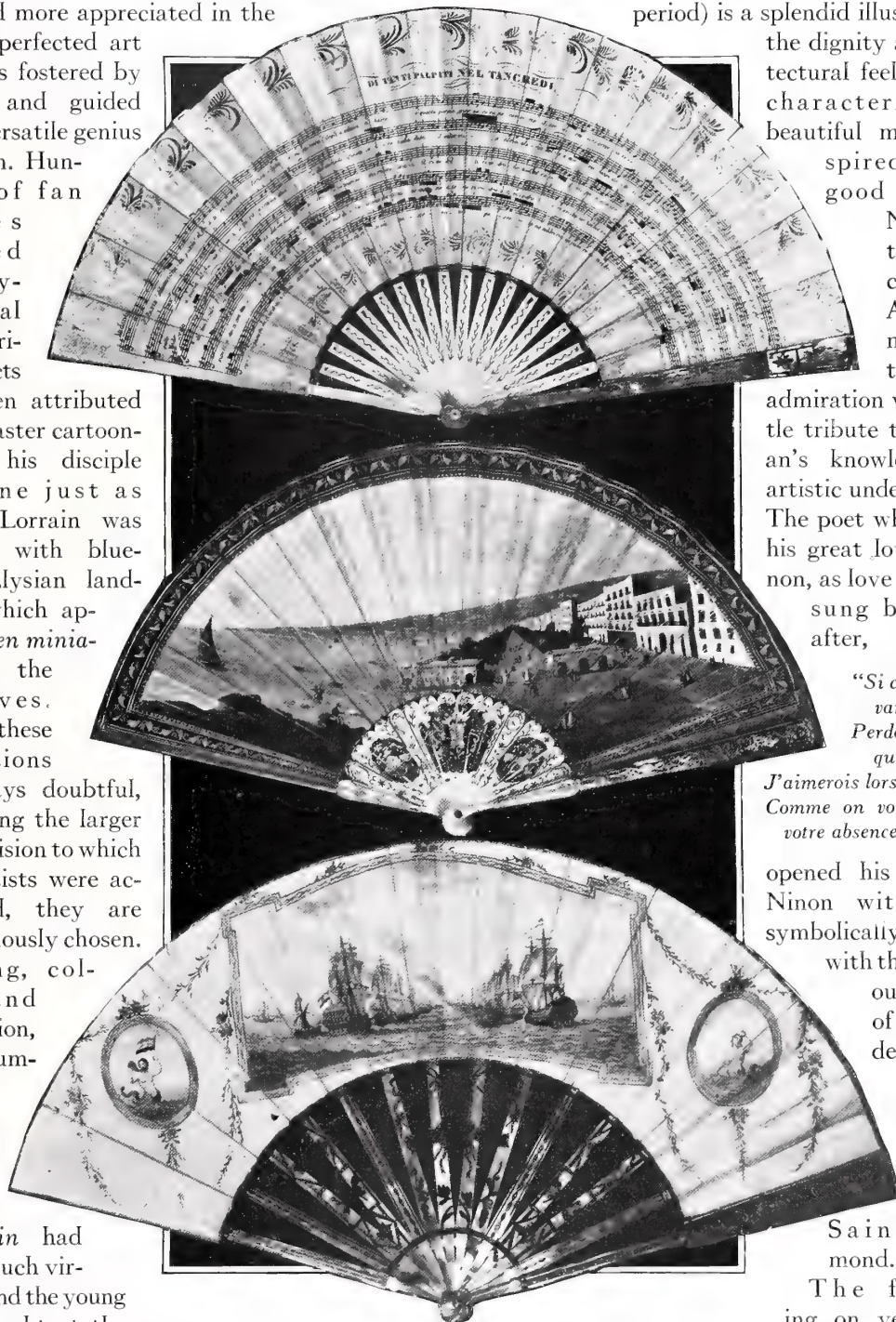
A leaf in Mrs. Hearst's collection (page 17) attributed to Lemoyne and depicting Venus and Vulcan (remounted on ivory sticks of the Régence period) is a splendid illustration of the dignity and architectural feeling which characterized the beautiful mounts inspired by the good taste of Ninon and the "Précieuses."

A fan of merit as a token of admiration was a subtle tribute to a woman's knowledge and artistic understanding. The poet who sang of his great love for Ninon, as love was never sung before or after,

"Si ce visage tant vanté  
Perdoit ces appas  
qu'on concense  
J'aimerois lors votre beauté  
Comme on vous aime en  
votre absence"

opened his heart to Ninon with a fan symbolically painted with the miraculous recovery of Godefroy de Bouillon and dedicated "à Ninon par son ami Saint-Evremond."

The fan making on vellum was then the unquestioned prerogative of France, as blown glass of Venice, cut velvet of Genoa and violins of Cremona, so that a "genuine



TOP: ITALIAN MUSIC FAN: DIRECTOIRE PERIOD  
Engraved paper leaf, carved ivory blades and Burgaudine pearl guards

CENTER: ITALIAN SOUVENIR FAN OF THE PERIOD LOUIS XVI  
Vellum leaf engraved with a view of Naples, heightened with gouache: ivory blades and guards encrusted with silver emblems

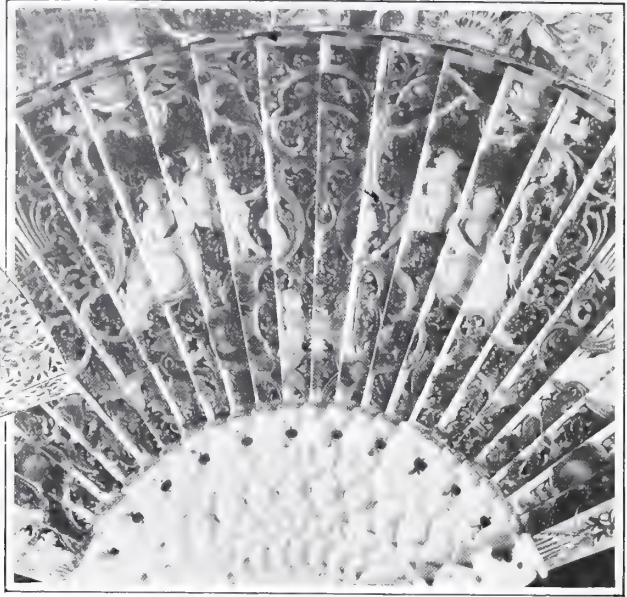
BOTTOM: DUTCH MEMORIAL FAN OF THE PERIOD LOUIS XVI  
Commemorating a review of the War Fleet passing the Dogger Banks. Vellum leaf engraved and heightened in gouache: pearl blades painted with gilded emblems: guards covered with figurines in the Chinese taste



The vellum leaf is painted in the early style of Watteau with a *fête champêtre* and floral and fruit festoons: mounted on ivory sticks and blades—the outer circle carved *à jour* with a concert on the musette—the lower circle “*en corbeille*”: guards elaborately enriched with figures, animals and scrolls



WATTEAUESQUE FRENCH  
FAN OF THE RÉGENCE  
PERIOD



FULL SIZE DETAIL OF THE FAN AT LEFT

Showing the delicate carving of the outer and lower circles which is in perfect harmony with the painted decoration

French fan” was the thing to be possessed. The public seemed to have shared this notion in other countries, notably in Spain where it led to a most entertaining deception carried on for a number of years by Juan Cano de Arevalo (1656-1696). This talented young man, unable to support himself by more vigorous strokes of his brush, would withdraw from sight during the winter months and with the first signs of spring announce the arrival from France of a collection of fans, painted by fashionable artists—which were of course all of his own making. His success as a merchant was so great that when the secret became known he was sufficiently established to be made fan maker to the Queen. The fans attributed to his brush, though inspired by France, are painted in chiaroscuro with brilliant touches of color and composed in a somewhat melancholic vein. The exquisitely carved sticks and blades of purplish Burgaudine or (Burgandine) pearl betray the workmanship of the best French “*tabletiers*,” though the unfolded pattern (centre fan on page 26) of the Royal Crown, above fleur-de-lis, flanked by acanthus and figure volutes engraved and intricately cut *à jour* is not French in conception and may well have been made to Cano’s suggestion. The ever growing diameter of the panier skirts, the spreading length of the lace ruffs had their enlarging influence on the fan until they



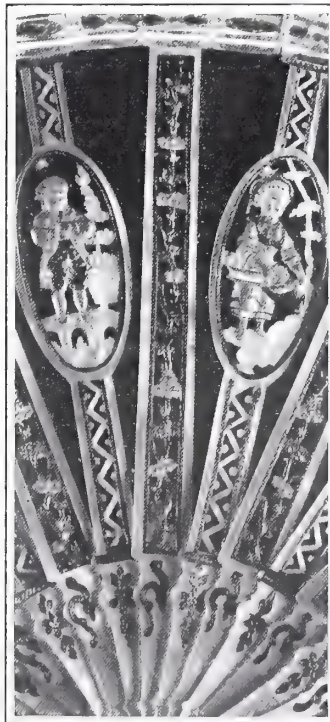
“RACQUET” FAN OF THE LATE LOUIS  
XV PERIOD, AND FULL SIZE DETAIL

Leaf in the style of Boucher with motif of putti approaching Madame Pompadour: mother-of-pearl sticks and blades carved *à jour* with gold encrustations: portrait medallions in guards

resembled portable fire screens to be ridiculed by the “*Mercure*” with the immortal epitaph:

“*Ici gît l’Abbé Duportail  
Qui mourut d’un coup d’éventail*”.

These cumbersome instruments had become so unyielding to graceful and expressive handling, that artisans had to find means of lightening their weight, without changing their imposing proportions. This was most successfully achieved by filigree or “*à jour*” work on the *montures*, inspired by delicate trellis and fret on Chinese





porcelains and lacquers which, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, had become the most favored decorative accessories. No object of virtue or utility rewarded the efforts of the playfully juggling designer or the light-

hearted Rocailleste more generously than the fan, and particularly the ivory fan, tortoise and pearl seeming too sedate for the new conception of feminine gaiety.

Mothers' and grandmothers' fans were remodelled to suit the new fashion. Leaves of recognized beauty were mounted on ivory blades usually too extravagant or minute for the spirit of the leaf, but —like the remount in Mrs. Hearst's collection (il-

lustrated on page 18) —of such entrancing workmanship and genial abandon, that one must forgive the rejuvenation. These miracles of carved ivory for which Dieppe enjoyed a singular reputation,

were often planned in two sections. An inner circle carved more sturdily to imitate a basket weave ("en corbeille") the outer circle with pastorelles and scrolls

seemingly in midair but drawn together like precious laces with hair fine threads, strengthened by small ivory plaques acting as reserves soberly painted with pretty emblems, islands of repose in this bewildering medley of shepherd-

esses and sheep, Chinese Magots, deer, and arabesques.

The *a jour* fan united with lightness and elegance the romance of

the mask.

Between the carved figurines of these *éventails*

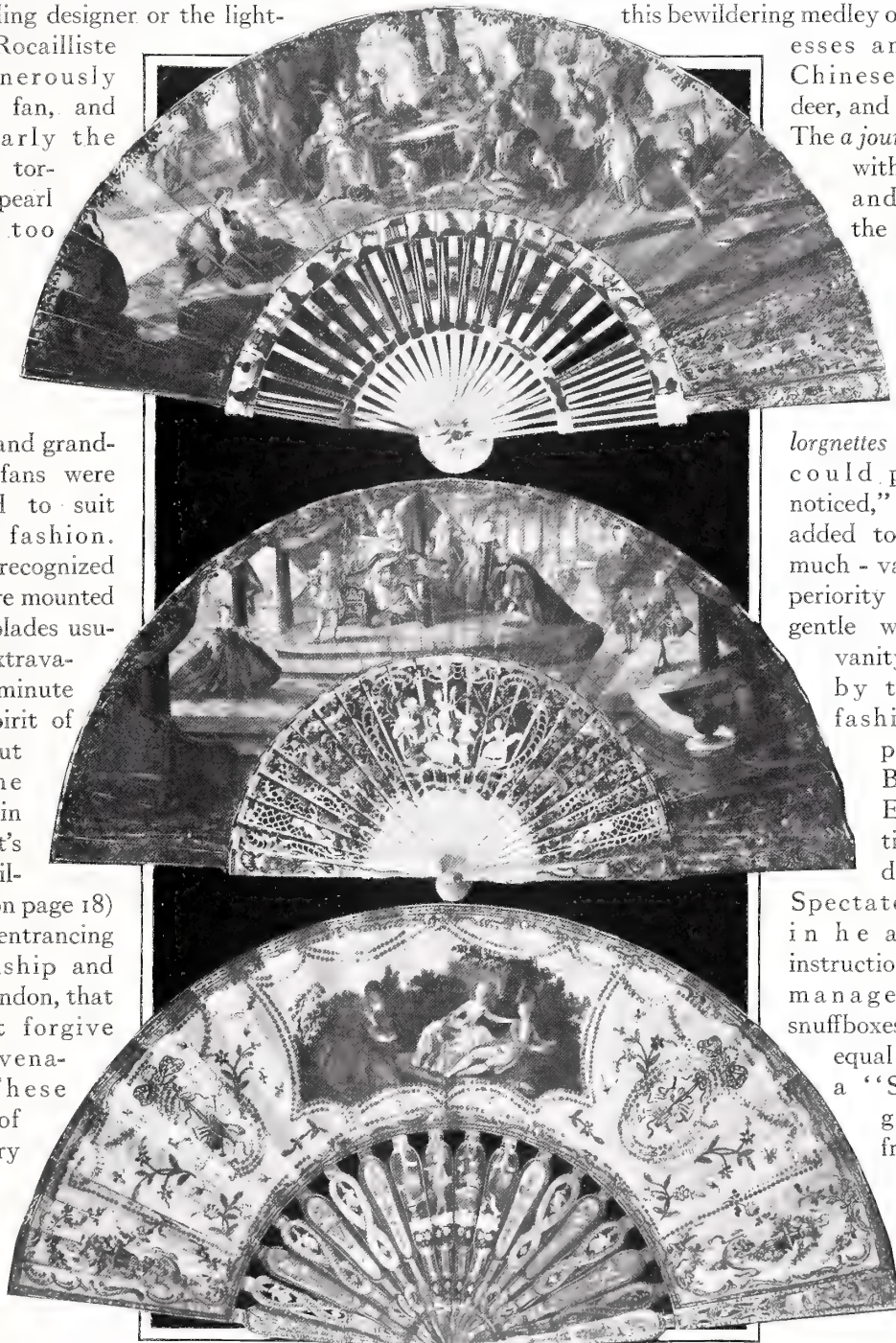
*lorgnettes* "the eye could pass unnoticed," a boon added to the fan's much-vaunted superiority over men's gentle weapons of vanity permitted by the day's fashion, as expressed in Benjamin Easie's petition to Addison's

Spectator wherein he asks for instruction in the management of snuffboxes to be an equal match to a "Soldier"

graduated from Addison's imaginary "Academy for the training

of young women in the exercise of the fan according to most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at Court."

For the bucolic



TOP: FRENCH FAN OF THE RÉGENCE PERIOD  
Vellum leaf painted with the story of Antony and Cleopatra:  
ivory sticks placed "en corbeille" and painted with chinoiserie

CENTER: FRENCH FAN OF THE CORONATION OF LOUIS XV  
Burgaudine pearl sticks, encrusted with ivory, carved à jour with a  
pastoral concert and emblematic figurines: the blades heightened  
with gold

BOTTOM: FRENCH WEDDING FAN OF THE PERIOD LOUIS XVI  
Painted silk leaf enriched with silver embroideries of musical emblems  
and vases: pearl sticks heightened with gold and trimmed with  
rhinestones



life, the return to the refreshments of nature, although a nature of immaculate tidiness, a fan, either too fragile or too obtrusive, seemed to some delicate sensibilities in bad taste.

The ladies in their rustic incarnation preferred the *brisé* fan—a leafless fan all of blades which were tied by colored ribbons. Much smaller than the dress fan and of more substantial construction it was easy to manipulate, and emitted when opened a resolute sound not to be overheard in the open air.

The sovereign king of the *eventails brisés* was the Vernis Martin fan. No objects have been found which can grace a white hand more becomingly than these lustrous little screens painted with equal care on both sides. Four of these Vernis Martin fans are reproduced in one of the accompanying color plates.

The Martins (Etienne and his four sons, Guillaume, Simon-Etienne, Julien and Robert) (1706–1765) had by means of a formula of their own successfully imitated the colored and black lacquers of China, copying or Europeanizing Chinese designs. Between 1730 and 1745 they began to evolve the use of those brilliant pigments on a gold lacquer ground which we connect with the name of Vernis Martin and turned from Chinoiserie to gallant domestic subjects. The fact that they peopled their gardens and arbors with celebrated personages of the Court of Louis Quatorze has led to fantastic attributions. A Vernis Martin fan of historic renown with its allegory centred around Madame de Montespan, said to have been a gift to Madame de Grignan by her mother, the Marquise de Sévigné, was doubtless painted more than thirty years after the death of the brilliant letter writer (1696). The Martins selected their subjects to suit the tastes of many nations, landscapes in light blue camaieu to please the Walloons and Flemings, ruins and architecture for the Italians, and musicians and dancers for the Spaniards. In Spain and in Holland the Vernis Martin fans discovered there are often claimed as products of native art, but careful search has revealed no worthy competitor. The success of the Martins' fans abroad, the great demand for these pretty missives from the city of woman's enchantment, attracted the interest of Madame de Pompadour.

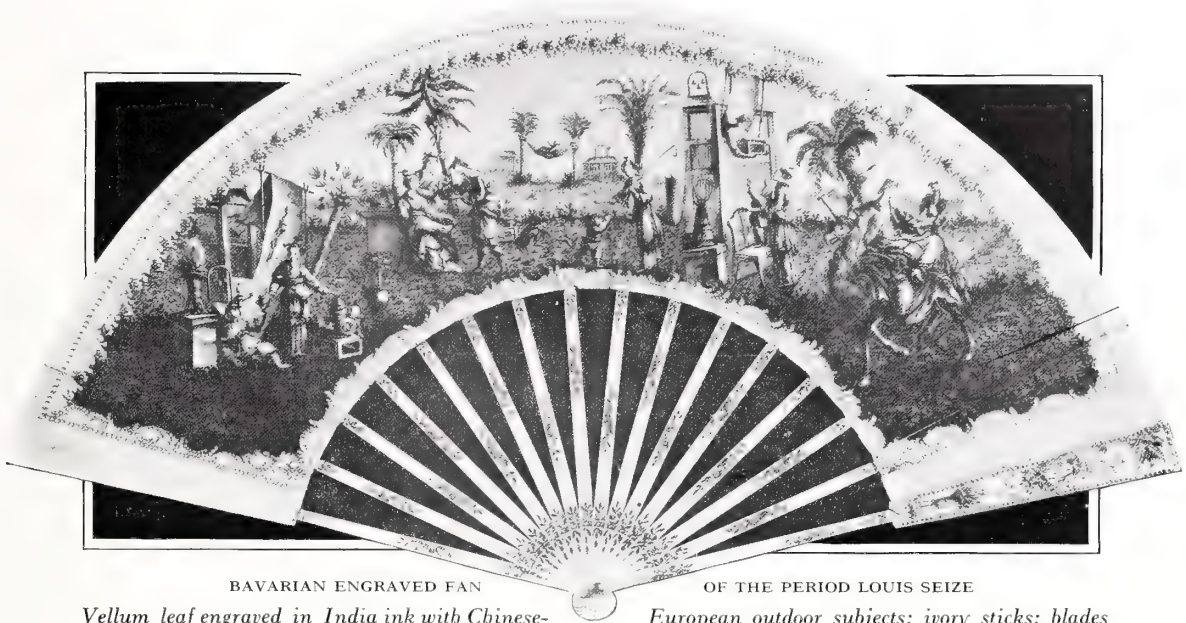
With her thoughts given to the development of all art industries, she foresaw in the fan the most widely coveted of all artistic products of Paris. The elevation of the "Martins" to the status of a Royal "Manufactory" with Huet and Chardin there employed, the purchase of Chinese (Nankin) fans of carved ivory which served as

models for French craftsmen, countless orders for painted leaves of her own design were her share in the encouragement of fanmaking.

After the death of the "Mistress of France," Marie Antoinette had the shaping of fashion nearly all her own way, or the way of Mesdames de Lamballe and Noailles and her hectically inventive modiste Rose Bertin. Ivory sticks rose again in favor being better foils for incrustations of gold ribbons and bows conspicuously studded with diamonds and pearls, and silk or satin leaves were thought "newer" than those of vellum. Countless and varied are the fans associated with Marie Antoinette, fans presented to the Queen on joyful occasions, or the sovereign's gifts thoughtfully chosen as keys to the hearts of her entourage. The prettiest were decorated by Moreau-le Jeune, Lavreince, and a host of mostly female imitators, with animated interiors in frames of spangled embroidery, but it seems that the Queen and her court were partial to a witching novelty, called *éventails découpés*, fans with silk or satin leaves to which were applied all sorts of happy little motifs, painted gaily on vellum and cut to follow their outlines, or with vellum leaves trimmed with similar motifs of silk. "Découpage" played an important role in the idle hours at court. Engravings of startling originality which would be invaluable to-day were collected for their decorative motifs, which were cut out, colored by hand, and varnished on to furniture, mirrors, doors or even porcelains and glass, and in the case of the *éventail découpe*, uncounted numbers of vellum fans—selected for their whimsicality of design succumbed to the shears of the playful vandals.

Among all crazes which filled Parisian minds with artificially nourished extacies, the Anglo-mania at the close of Marie Antoinette's reign left the most fruitful impression to be felt later on in the style of the Directoire. At first it only took hold of the fashions of men who suddenly realized that the humid and barbaric British Isles were peopled with tailors of great merit, who were capable of enhancing the charms of men—not to be outshone by the fairylike beauty lavished on the women of France by nature and artifice, and between the new fashioned men's breeches and their steel buckled pumps sailed across the channel a new kind of a fan, the "minuet" fan. This was a *brisé* fan, slightly larger than those made by the Martins, of ivory, and when unfolded occupied by three circular or oval medallions, the largest in the center and painted with figure subjects after Moreland, Downman, Hoppner and vignettes in the style of the Anglo-Italian Renaissance.





BAVARIAN ENGRAVED FAN

OF THE PERIOD LOUIS SEIZE

Vellum leaf engraved in India ink with Chinese-painted in India ink with figure

European outdoor subjects: ivory sticks: blades painted in India ink with figure subjects and floral sprays

The latter was well represented at Messrs. Christie's who on June 9, 1782 offered fans by Poggi, Angelica Kaufman, Bartolozzi and Cipriani and "Mr. West" (Mrs. Hearst's collection). The aristocratic career of the fan was nearing its end. Mirabeau's "Droits de l'homme," democracy, and envy replaced the ivory sticks with bone, sandalwood and cut steel. The *brisé* blades and gilded paper leaves were covered with engravings of favorite subjects, colored in haste.

Contemporary with, and possibly preceding the minuet fans, and enjoying a well earned popularity in England and notably in the colonies were the Chinese Monogram or Armorial fans, which fascinate the art historian by their relation to oriental Lowestoft porcelain. They were *brisé* fans of ivory carved *à jour* with the same floral patterns and family crests which we admire on eighteenth century porcelains decorated by Chinese artists for the European and American clients of the East India Company.

The *enjoleurs* (beautifiers) of the fan had become publishers, who flooded the market with popular editions, inexpensive enough so that no woman had to go without these fundamental implements, necessities indeed when one learns that Charlotte Corday did not drop the fan out of her left hand when she stabbed Marat with her right. The engraved fan had become the most successful medium of propaganda, it helped to vilify the Queen, it advertised plays and actors, it glorified generals and statesmen, and it popularized the songs of the day.

The quaint snobbery of the ladies of the Direc-

toire brought the gala fans again in great honor, even by placing them on top of their hats. The designs were often clever recompositions of earlier patterns, and Daniel Marot dressed in the super-classic garb of the time is easily recognizable.

From now on we have parade fans and lithographed fans, the parade fans of the Empire bearing remarkably good miniature portraits of the Imperial family. There were the very small tortoise, pearl, and lacquer fans of the Restoration, which old Madame de Genlis condemned as signs of the sorry times, when fans were made imperceptible, as there were no more blushing cheeks to hide: there were the sentimental and landscape fans of Louis Philippe and early Victorianism, the parvenu fans, the vogue of the Spanish lace fans of the Second Empire and then little of interest until we strike Conder, Brangwyn and Sherringham in England who wrote new and original music to the flutter of the fan.

Among the young painters of to-day is an American, Everett Shinn who paints modern life with an almost uncanny insight into eighteenth century art, and he could be called to paint the new fan of to-day, as one plays new rhythms on an old instrument. Shinn's *grisaille* murals, his painted sign-boards, his red chalk drawings, his magazine illustrations seem all to be emanations of the most engaging phase of eighteenth century France. There are, too, a few artists of the type of Helen Dryden whose work, directed toward the fan leaf would produce results of real significance. Or can we expect a cubist revival invited by the ever changing shadows of the moving blades?



"CHAMPION OF THE FIELD" BY PERCIVAL ROSSEAU

## ROSSEAU • Painter of DOGS

PERCIVAL ROSSEAU is the greatest painter of dogs in America. Since 1908, when he gave his first exhibition of dog pictures in the Knoedler Galleries, his place has

been secure. In the years between artists, now and again, have shown us paintings of spaniels and "Poms" and other momentary pets of the fashionable world, and their pictorial evidences of luxury and a pass-

*The hounds classical artist one day put in a Diana picture marked turning point in his career . . . by*  
WM. B. M'CORMICK

ing mode are forgotten. But Mr. Rosseau still continues his custom of giving an annual exhibition of his field dog canvases, still continues to delight sportsmen and admirers of

good sound painting and drawing, still remains the greatest painter of dog pictures in America.

The place he has won is a tribute to our national love for the dog, for outdoor life in the hunting field, for sound accomplishment.

"NOVEMBER" BY PERCIVAL ROSSEAU







What he does is sound since it is based on a profound knowledge of canine life, backed by a lifelong love for dogs, and on good workmanship with a keen eye for the things that make a wholly successful picture.

In all biographical notes regarding Mr. Rosseau's career it is stated that he studied in Paris under Jules Lefevre, Tony Robert-Fleury and Charles Herman-Leon. The dominating men of this trio, in the schools of that time, were Lefevre and Robert-Fleury; and their devotion to the figure is well known. Herman-Leon was an animal painter, but he had no influence in respect to this on the young American student. Lefevre and Robert-Fleury swayed him toward their academically classical ideals. And it may well be a cause for wonder among those who know what Lefevre and Robert-Fleury stood for, and the kind of pictures they painted, how it came to pass that an artist who began his career as an avowed follower of the school of these two masters should have turned away from them to win success abroad and at home as a painter of dogs.

The story of that transition is of the simplest, and illustrates how a man may be carrying in his

"IN THE BROOK"  
BY PERCIVAL ROSSEAU

mental baggage something of immense importance in his life without realizing

its significance, until some spring of circumstance releases that knowledge and makes it take its just place in his work. Mr. Rosseau went to Paris in 1894 and in 1900 he had his first picture hung in the Salon. It was an "Ariadne," and, true to the traditions of his teachers, was a classical nude. It won an Honorable Mention, was invited to London, St. Petersburg, Munich and Milan and was reproduced by a famous Parisian art firm, a certain monetary result coming from the royalties on the sales. But no one wanted the picture itself.

In the following year his "Antiope" was hung in the Salon and again won favorable comment. But favorable comment is not exactly the staff of life, and the young painter was searching for a field of work which would produce that essential. By tradition, a successful painter of the figure who passed through the classes of Lefevre and Robert-Fleury invariably became a portrait painter. But Mr. Rosseau realized he had two defects that would mitigate against success in that field: he had little or no patience with men or women





as subjects, and he realized it was beyond him to make an ugly woman look handsome, or even pretty. Infinite patience with sitters is one of the absolute essentials of the successful portrait painter. The heavy drafts made on their forbearance is hardly appreciated by the layman.

For the Salon of 1903, Mr. Rosseau began another classical subject, this time a Diana. For the sake of color and for the idea that, as Diana could run down a deer afoot, so could they, he introduced into his composition a pair of Irish wolfhounds. The slender forms of these dogs, their rough shaggy coats of steel-gray hair, made a striking contrast to the flesh tones of the goddess. And the somewhat mysterious air that enwraps this type of dog harmonized with the classical remoteness of his Diana. The painter did not realize it then; but when he introduced those two wolfhounds into his picture he had, unconsciously, ranged himself definitely as a painter of dogs. For his dogs accompanying Diana won for him a startling success.

The praise he received for his wolfhounds was so much warmer than any words of approval

"POINTERS"  
BY PERCIVAL ROSSEAU

vouchsafed his classical figures that he determined to attempt a dog picture for the next Salon. The canvas bearing the signature of Percival Rosseau in the 1904 show in Paris was a picture of two dogs. Before he went to bed on the night of the *vernissage* he received eleven telegrams of inquiry as to the price of the painting, and he sold it the next day. Once again the classical went down before real life. For good or ill, Percival Rosseau was to be a painter of dogs. He had come to realize that he knew more about dogs than anything else in the world.

No one can look at one of Mr. Rosseau's canvases without realizing that his knowledge of dogs, their habits and ways is based on a thorough familiarity with these animals. As a matter of fact dogs have played an intimate part in his life, except in his student days in Paris, since he was a child on the Louisiana plantation where he was born. After he left school, when he was seventeen, he determined to make enough money in the cattle trade to go to Paris to study art. From his eighteenth to his twenty-second years he drove cattle from Mexico up into Texas, and in times of enforced idleness, hunted bears and panthers with





"INDIAN SUMMER"  
BY PERCIVAL ROSSEAU

a pack of hounds he had brought from his Louisiana home. After his Irish wolfhounds pointed the way to his true *metier*, he set up a kennel along with his studio in the country south of Paris. He has been surrounded by canine companions ever since, and now has six fine field dogs at his home near Old Lyme, Connecticut; while there are always scores of field winners in the kennels of the shooting club in North Carolina where he spends the months from November to April every year, and where, in a studio of his own, he paints practically all the pictures shown in his annual exhibitions.

Since Mr. Rosseau returned to America in 1915 to take up his permanent residence, the scope of his pictures has been limited to "field dogs," that is, setters and pointers, exclusively. Before that time, when he lived part of the year in France, his pictures had a broader range of type; and no one who ever saw them can forget his paintings of the breed of French hunting dog called "porcelains," which figured in his famous "Panther Hunt" of 1909. When that large canvas, with its thirty-one "porcelains" surrounding their snarling prey, was shown in the window at Knoedler's it blocked Fifth Avenue, so great was the interest it aroused.

To all but dog lovers and men who shoot

over upland cover, there must inevitably appear to be a certain monotony in Mr. Rosseau's paintings done in America. There is justification for this impression since he only paints two breeds of dogs and the particular kinds of game bird in the shooting of which pointers and setters are used always haunt the same kind of country, whether it be in Connecticut or in North Carolina. Seasonal atmosphere is the same during the shooting season north and south, so here again the artist is limited in the natural facts set before him, to record which faithfully is his tribute to realism.

But even the class of picture lovers who are neither dog-lovers pure and simple, or devotees of shooting, must see in Mr. Rosseau's backgrounds landscape painting of a high order. The dense solidities of his trees in his earlier French dog pictures, savoring of the Barbizon tradition, have given way to the less sturdy forms of American trees, to their natural disorder in a land where forestry is not universal as in France,

to the clear brilliancies of the American atmosphere, to our wide prospects, to the lyric quality in our woods that have not become forests.

This beauty of landscape painting combined with the last word in the knowledge of dogs and their habits is seen to the full in such a canvas as "Noontide" which was shown at Mr. Rosseau's last exhibition in the John Levy Galleries, in New York, in April. The blaze of color of the eastern American uplands in autumn is rendered with its appealing ruggedness of soil and rocks, its delicacy of tree forms, its humid sunlight, its serene peace. The four dogs, a pointer and three setters, standing in the dappled water of a little pool, are revelations of the painter's profound knowledge of canine forms and ways. The old setter in the forewater, nuzzling a drink, is a superb example of the reason why Mr. Rosseau is the greatest dog painter in America.

In "November," and "Champions of the Field," the spectator sees setters of renown working in a broader landscape, the first being a Connecticut scene, the second one in North Carolina. Here the underbrush, rank growths of shooting country, and the details of an old post-and-rail fence are painted with the same meticulous care and knowledge as that applied to the modelling of the dogs' bodies and the correctness

with which they stand, from the viewpoint of their hunting instincts. The skies arching over these landscapes, the remote hills, are touched with the brush of the poet that every man must be who has risen to the high place in art that is Mr. Rosseau's.

Since these are essentially sporting pictures, and make a very special appeal to dog fanciers and devotees of game bird shooting, what may be called the technical aspects of Mr. Rosseau's paintings are of first importance. Two superb illustrations of this feature of his art are to be seen in "A Birdy Corner" and the "Pointers," pictures of dogs working in the field that will stir the pulse of every man or woman who ever shot over setters and pointers. Moreover, each dog in every one of the pictures is a veritable portrait of a champion of his breed, known in this country and abroad by name.

One of the elements usually inseparable from animal life of the four-footed variety is notable through its absence in all these pictures. This is humor. It is missing, since field dogs take their vocation with the utmost seriousness, and levity has no place in their lives. They leave that for puppies. This makes Mr. Rosseau's pictures the very antithesis of Landseer and his Victorianism.

This is a world far removed from those "aridities of antique art" in which his Diana and her Irish wolfhounds lived in his Salon picture. Yet it is a profound satisfaction to feel that

the knowledge and competent, scholarly workmanship of that picture still abides. For without those elements of his young manhood in the Paris schools still clinging to him in their better parts, he could not paint the suavely beautiful "field dog" picture of to-day.

(Photographs by courtesy of the John Levy Galleries)



"A BIRDY CORNER"  
BY PERCIVAL ROSSEAU

## ✧ Nature is a Barbizon Painter ✧



For many generations a war of "isms" has raged in art. Reaction has followed revolution, and revolution has followed reaction. Those who have upheld Nature, or some phase of Nature, have at one time prevailed in public taste, only to be put down at the next turn by those who favored formalism or abstraction. Nature herself has had nothing to say—even in

her own behalf. But at last she has "expressed" herself, with the result depicted above. It will be seen that she is, without doubt, a Barbizon painter, and a close follower of Daubigny. The reproduction is that of a black moss agate, found in the Yellowstone Valley, Mont., and cut and polished by M. Baldwin of Rochester, Minn.



# America Acquires Romanesque Art

FROM the abbeys of Moutier - Saint - Jean and Saint-Pons, two ancient monasteries in the south of France, there have recently come into the possession of the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University sixteen Romanesque capitals of extraordinary interest and importance. Twelve of these are from Moutier-Saint-Jean and in his comments on them in the museum "Notes," A. Kingsley Porter declares that these "are of an importance hardly equalled by any other object of medieval art in America. Indeed the Louvre itself possesses no comparable example of the Burgundian school, which is, perhaps, whether from the point of view of historic importance, or from that of pure aesthetic excellence, the most significant of medieval sculpture. We have here the twelfth century at its purest and best, a supreme example of a vital period." Of the four capitals from Saint-Pons he also says that they "seem to have been executed slowly during a considerable interval of time, in which the style gradually transformed itself, although an unmistakable effort is made to preserve the uniformity of

*The Fogg Museum acquires groups of capitals from French monasteries, carved in the twelfth century*

design. Thus the later capitals show us Romanesque types, but really executed in the Gothic manner."

The essential facts concerning the history of these two abbeys are known although the buildings from which the capitals came are no longer in existence. That of Moutier-Saint-Jean was situated in the department of Côte-d'Or, a few miles above Semur, while Saint-Pons is in the department of Hérault on the southern edge of the Cévennes, north-west from Narbonne. What is known of the abbey church of Moutier-Saint-Jean is that it was built by the Abbot, Bernard II who was elected in 1109 and died 1133. The church was presumably intact before the French Revolution, and, from existing photographs, there are a few thirteenth to fifteenth century sculptures extant which are believed to be fragments from the original monastery. From architectural knowledge of their use the capitals are anterior to 1133, a date agreeing with that indicated for other Burgundian monuments, such as the capitals of Saulieu, which was consecrated in 1119, and of Autun, consecrated in 1132. So far as can be determined,



TWELFTH CENTURY FOLIAGE  
CAPITAL FROM MOUTIER-SAINT-JEAN



BELOW: FRENCH ROMANESQUE  
CAPITAL FROM MOUTIER-SAINT-JEAN  
ILLUSTRATING THE JOURNEY OF  
CHRIST TO EMMAUS



ABOVE: A CAPITAL FROM THE SAME  
MONASTERY ILLUSTRATING THE  
SACRIFICES OF CAIN AND ABEL

These four examples of twelfth century Burgundian art are among the finest that have been preserved from that most important period in French Romanesque architecture, and with eight other capitals from the same monastery form one of the most interesting collections of medieval sculpture in existence



BELOW: ANOTHER CAPITAL IN THE  
SAME SERIES DEPICTING AN ANGEL  
APPEARING TO ZACHARIAS



"THE FEAST AT EMMAUS"  
TWELFTH CENTURY CAPITAL FROM SAINT-PONS

these capitals from Moutier-Saint-

Jean were executed between 1130 and 1140.

The three figured capitals in the Moutier-Saint-Jean group are naturally of the greater interest. We show illustrations of the principal faces of these capitals, the first representing "The Angel Appearing to Zacharias," the second "The Journey to Emmaus," and the third "The Sacrifices of Cain and Abel." The other faces, in each case, show *genre* scenes or symbolical figures related to the episode carved on the principal face of the capital. In the first capital Zacharias is officiating at an altar covered with a cloth falling in curving folds and terminating in a fringe. He appears to have held a censer in one hand and a book in the other, although both of these objects are much broken. The second figure is that of the angel Gabriel with his halo and his arms crossed. In the Journey to Emmaus," Christ is represented as holding the Resurrection cross, of which only a fragment remains, and meeting the two disciples who

carry pilgrims' staffs. The two heads at right and left of the group are those of angels, these being sweeter in expression than any of the women's faces in the whole series. The two protagonists in the third illustration are indicated by the inscriptions carved above their heads. Abel is haloed, in distinction from Cain, and presents a lamb, the hand of God descending toward it. Cain is offering a

sheaf of wheat. The double eagle separating the two brothers is an ancient motif of Eastern origin which may have found its way into Burgundy through the medium of some textile. The nine other capitals from Moutier-Saint-Jean are foliage decorations and show that combination of strength and delicacy, and supreme skill in execution which is characteristic of the finest Burgundian sculpture of the twelfth century.

The four Saint-Pons figured capitals probably belong to a reconstruction of the cloister of the abbey after its buildings, with the exception of the church, were sacked and destroyed in 1171.

Again the cloister was destroyed in 1567, but in 1668 it was rebuilt with the old materials and by 1785 it had apparently entirely disappeared, the ancient capitals passing into the possession of various families in the neighborhood, where they remained until a few years ago. Four of them went to French museums, one to the Boston Museum and three others have been presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, so that, with the four in the Fogg Museum,



"MAJESTAS DOMINI"  
ROMANESQUE CAPITAL  
FROM SAINT-PONS



there are eight of the Saint-Pons capitals in the United States. The earliest capital of the Fogg Museum group represents the Feast at Emmaus and may antedate the sack of 1171. Christ in an aureole is seated between the two disciples and is shown breaking the bread with His left hand, while with the right He blesses. The disciples are in the act of recognizing Him, their astonishment being indicated with more clarity than is to be noted in most of these figures. The second capital pictures the *Majestas Domini*. Christ seated on a throne is sur-

rounded by an aureole supported by two angels, the upper portions of whose bodies have been broken off and lost. The Sacrifice of Bread is the subject of the third capital and is symbolical of the Eucharist, the subject being inspired by Deuteronomy xvi, 2. The Feast at the House of Simon is shown in the fourth capital, Christ being seated at a table (between an apostle and another figure who is about to pour wine into a cup) pointing to the Magdalen who is anointing his feet. The daintiness of detail in this capital, it is remarked, "almost suggests the fourteenth century," which explains Mr. Porter's comment that "the later capitals show us Romanesque types, but really executed in the Gothic manner" and also his reference to the capitals having been executed slowly during a considerable interval of time. To compare the figures, the hands, and the draperies in the Feast at Emmaus with such details in the fourth capital will show the growth of grace of style



"THE SACRIFICE OF BREAD"  
TWELFTH CENTURY CAPITAL FROM SAINT-PONS

brought about by the passing of long

intervals of time. Romanesque architecture, which came into France through Italy, was essentially eastern, even in its French expression, and it is interesting to note the marked similarity between the figures on these capitals and the Italo-Byzantine types of the eleventh century. The Italian influence was naturally strongest in the south of France where the monasteries for which these capitals were carved were located, and it was there that this school found its greatest perfection and persisted longest. The twelfth century marked the

turning point in French architecture. The Italian influence became weaker, and, as the royal power was extended, the Norman spirit was carried with it. The union of Norman and Romanesque followed and the decoration of the Gothic cathedrals is largely derived from the school of which these capitals are splendid examples.



"FEAST AT THE HOUSE  
OF SIMON" CAPITAL  
FROM SAINT-PONS

# TAPESTRIES of five CENTURIES

## I. The French Gothic Looms\*

By the middle of the fourteenth century the civilization that had enriched Europe for two hundred years or longer was falling apart. The power of the Church was waning, both its unchallenged control over the minds, morals and motives of men and its financial and political strength. The feudal order was beginning to crystallize into nationalities. Chivalry, with its romance and its truly idealistic if uneven ethics, had gradually worn itself out. And the guilds had become only hollow forms of organization, no longer carefully regulating a democracy of craftsmen, but turned to the very antithesis, the instruments of a wealthy and autocratic bourgeoisie. The great central art that this civilization had bred, the mediaeval church architecture, had passed by degrees into decadence with the institutions that had nourished it. Because the Church could no longer collect the money or summon the support to sustain large undertakings the splendid cathedrals were left unfinished and no new projects of large scale were initiated. Moreover the intellects and the imaginations of men, worn by a century of plague, incessant strife and disaster, seemed to shrink to unheroic proportions, so that even the lesser buildings that were planned at this time failed in the directness, the severe masculine strength, the rigorously logical adjustment of means to end that had made the earlier monuments great.

Yet just in this moment of disintegration the medieval spirit flowered once again, had one last beautiful blooming. In the painting of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and in the Gothic tapestry the mind of the Middle Ages found one more characteristic embodiment. In the last hundred and fifty years before the West decisively turned over the new leaf on which to begin writing its modern history there appeared a succession of painters among whom there were a number unchallengeably great and all of whose

*The last flowering of the spirit that made its most famous monuments in the cathedrals . . . by*  
PHYLLIS ACKERMAN

work achieved a high level of beauty in color, design and sincere emotional expression. And at this time, too, were produced those tapestries that for supreme decorative quality and per-

fect feeling for what tapestry should be have never since been even approximated.

How did it happen that a dying age could still give birth to two such pure and vital arts? Largely they were the product of this very disintegration. In the first place, all the conditions of the time gave rise to the demand for such luxuries as these. Although the Church, no longer enjoying the support of a wholeheartedly devout community, could not afford to signalize her power in vast building enterprises, yet she was still proud and strong and she had in her service many forceful prelates. So she turned from the now too costly architectural monuments to the lesser decorative arts and her great prelates again competed avidly with each other as they had in the building age, only this time it was to enrich the art stores of their respective churches. Their parishioners, become too individualistic to cooperate in one all-consuming building, were still glad to secure personal recognition with rich gifts. And so they gave glass and paintings and tapestries, and as the modern spirit grew stronger and more sure, they made certain of their recognition by having included in the design their own portraits as the donors of the various treasures.

Nor was the Church the only repository now for sumptuous works of art. The feudal system and the guild organization of industry had both in the earlier Middle Ages operated to keep property and wealth rather dispersed. There had been, to be sure, great landed nobles at the head of the feudal hierarchies but their domains were divided and subdivided under the partial control of serried ranks of retainers and if they had many rights over these retainers they had also obligations to them so that their own personal spending power was not large. The guilds, too, with their exact regulations of earning and their largely democratic control of production and distribution had retarded the growth through commerce of individual fortunes. But both of these elabo-

\*This series of eight articles, completely covering the art of tapestry weaving from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, inclusive, will be published monthly. The other seven titles are: "The Flemish Gothic Looms," "The German Gothic Weavers," "The Designs of the Renaissance," "The French Shops Before the Gobelins," "Baroque Cartoons," "French Weaves of the Eighteenth Century" and "Genre Scenes in Tapestry."



## "KING ARTHUR"

*A Late 14th Century  
French Tapestry*

*This piece probably belonged originally to Louis I of Anjou, who had one of the greatest tapestry collections of all times*



*Courtesy of  
Dutten Brother.*







*"The ANNUNCIATION"*

*An Early 15th Century Franco-Flemish Tapestry*

*Tapestry rarely combines with its decorative  
richness such profound emotional expression  
as in this piece*

*(Courtesy of P. W. French & Company)*





rately regulated systems were breaking up and undergoing great changes. Large personal fortunes had now been amassed both among the nobles and the merchants and with them there had come a rapid improvement in the standard of living for these upper classes. The castles that had formerly been community fortresses became great country houses and in the towns were built those stone and timber homes with copper roofs that still exist here and there in Europe. Fine homes, moreover, must be finely furnished, and so these wealthy knights and burghers ordered lavishly of carved furniture, paintings, even stained glass, and tapestries.

The art of the Middle Ages was, in the second place, just ripe to meet these demands. The medieval spirit had found its natural expression in the medium of architecture. For two hundred and fifty years the play of thrust and counter thrust and the up-piling of stone pillars tense with great powers had absorbed the minds and the emotions of the artists and directed every other phase of art experience. Until the problems of this dominant art form had been solved and the utmost accomplished within the logical limits of the style, no other art could win any great development. In the fourteenth century architecture had reached a point beyond which it could go no further. Only embellishment could be added. So the art consciousness of the period, released now from the all absorbing problem of the buildings could turn to pure decoration.

Moreover, up to this point pure decoration had been limited in development by architecture not only because it was absorbing the best creative minds, but also because the architectural point of view was controlling the form and technique of the lesser arts. The sculpture, the painting, the glass painting and what tapestry there was had been completely subordinated in style to the more fundamental and inclusive art. So their forms had been curbed and their resources limited. Only when they could break away could they work out their own full opportunities. These decorative arts, of which painting and tapestry were the greatest, could flower fully and quickly once they were set free because they found ready to hand the Gothic style completely formulated as a manner of decoration. The very fact that architecture had done its utmost and was through, provided them with a material and with a finished technique of design. A distinctive tradition in the use of line and space and a wide range of elaborated ornament were all prepared for them.

Again, at the same time that the decorative arts were freed from strict architectural control,

they were freed, too, from the closest confinements of religious traditionalism. With the relaxing of religious fervor the artist could look more and more often away from his dogma and its inspiring ideal to the thing itself that he was representing. So he saw more and more of nature and came to create, not another embodiment of the Queen of Heaven on the model of his tome-sanctified predecessors, but Mary, the gracious human mother. If it made a less strong and powerful art, it made also a more graceful and more flexible one, better adapted to a rich decorative art like tapestry.

Thus it came about that the weakening of the church, the growth of individualism and of individual wealth, the exhaustion of the need for and skill in architectural invention and the up-rushing naturalism that was the result of a combination of these conditions, made possible the painting and tapestry of Europe of the late fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

In this newly developing field of the decorative arts Paris, that had been for one hundred and fifty years the cultural and artistic capital of Europe, continued for a time her domination. But it was a polyglot court in which she now was mistress, not, by any means, purely French. Italy, especially North Italy, contributed her influence, a suave and natural grace that would otherwise have come hard to the more severely logical northern spirit. Little hints and minor qualities were brought in, too, from the Near East through the arts of Persia that were being imported to feed the sharpened appetite for luxury. But it was Flanders, including in that term all the Low Countries, that supplied the major substance and material, and Flemish artists who did most of the work.

As a matter of fact, until after the middle of the fifteenth century there is no French decorative art and no Flemish decorative art. There is a Franco-Flemish art with some obligations to Italy and a little borrowing from Persia. In the fourteenth century numbers of Flemish artists came into France to work for the various noble art patrons. They illuminated the manuscripts, carved the statues, designed the tombs, painted the pictures and made the tapestry cartoons. Thus most of the fourteenth century works of art that we are wont to consider French primitives were in truth fashioned by men of Lowland birth. Yet in a sense these objects are none the less French. For in the first place these Flemish artists and craftsmen were working on a foundation of pure French tradition; without the earlier French work they could not have been. And in the second place they were working primarily for





French patrons, adapting themselves to their tastes, expressing

their interests. Thus the earthy naturalism of the Flemish was refined and given greater lightness under the influence of the aristocratic and spirited French patrons and a truly compound art was evolved in which the contributing elements cannot be separated.

Among the Flemish artists who came to Paris in the fourteenth century was one Jean de Bruges. Little or nothing is known of him, but he assured himself everlasting fame by illuminating sumptuously a Book of Hours. He was apparently primarily a miniaturist, but the arts then were not

LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY FRENCH TAPESTRY ILLUSTRATING A ROMANCE  
*Toward the close of the fifteenth century the mille fleur became larger and richer, foreshadowing the floriation of the Renaissance*

(Courtesy P. W. French and Company)

sharply separated. One man was equally willing to illuminate a book,

paint a portrait, make a statue, polychrome another man's statue, design a banner or a tomb or make the pattern for a tapestry, and usually he was equally competent in them all. So when Louis I, Duc d'Anjou, in 1378 wished a great tapestry suite of the Apocalypse for his chapel, perhaps to use in the ceremonies of his recently founded Order of the Cross, he got Jean de Bruges to make the designs. The sketches of the Flemish draftsman were given to a French weaver to execute. Nicolas Bataille, haut lisseur of Paris, undertook to put them on the loom.





Most of this set, the only series of the period

left, is now, after many vicissitudes, in the Cathedral of Angers. The earlier pieces of the series (for it took close to fifty years to execute Louis' order, so that there is a marked change of style in rendition and details even though all the cartoons were made at the same time by Jean) are strongly architectural in character. They are the last witness to the old dominance of the architect over the decorative artist. The figures in their large folded, enveloping draperies are drawn and woven statues. At the beginning of

"THE ANNUNCIATION AND NATIVITY" FIFTEENTH CENTURY FRANCO-FLEMISH TAPESTRY  
Woven in Tournai, this tapestry is from the design of an unnamed master whose most famous work is a series illustrating the Lohengrin story

(Courtesy of Duveen Brothers)

each piece sits a monumental character, usu-

ally reading the Book. This massive personage is distinguished always by a poise and repose that is characteristically sculptural. Over this figure is an architectural canopy rendered in flat yellow, similar to the canopies in silvered glass usual in the vitraux of the time. The remainder of every piece is divided into two horizontal bands, each with a series of illustrative episodes. These, too, are formally composed, sculptured groups with carved architectural setting or with floriation in exquisite flat tracery. In short, it would seem



that the set is deliberately architecturally conceived to complete the architectural decorations of a building, carrying out the quality of its sculptures, its windows and its traceries.

There is in America one piece so close in conception to these earlier pieces of the Apocalypse series that it seems almost certainly to have come not only from the same period but from the same looms and even perhaps from the same designer. This tapestry is illustrated in one of the color plates, and shows King Arthur, enthroned, holding with one hand his emblazoned banner and in the other his sword. On either side of him the field is divided into horizontal bands—at his right above, a bishop and a knight, each in his separate architectural compartment, and below a bishop and a monk; at his left a bishop both above and below. Here is the same unusual space division as in the series of the Apocalypse and the same largely sculptured figures; the same architectural stained glass canopies and the same drawing of the face and hands. In these early Gothic tapestries, the elements of design were still closely allied to architecture, and abstract decorative ornament had not yet become conspicuous. The ornamental border was a later, Renaissance development in tapestry design, in the works of the Italian and Flemish artists and weavers and in the early Gobelins. Clearly the piece is a remnant of one of those series of the Heroes: Hector, Alexander, Caesar, Joshua, Judas Macabaeus, Arthur, Charlemagne and Godefroy de Bouillon, so popular at the time.

Now it happens that we know from the inventory of Louis I of Anjou that he owned such a set of the heroes. What more natural than that he should have ordered this set also from Nicolas Bataille? And, in addition, King Arthur strongly resembles the monumental personage of the Apocalypse series who, it has been suggested, represents Louis himself. If a clever designer was to flatter his patron by making him one of the heroes he would in all probability have chosen to make him one of the three Christian knights. So we have perhaps in this piece another remnant of the great collection of Louis I of Anjou.

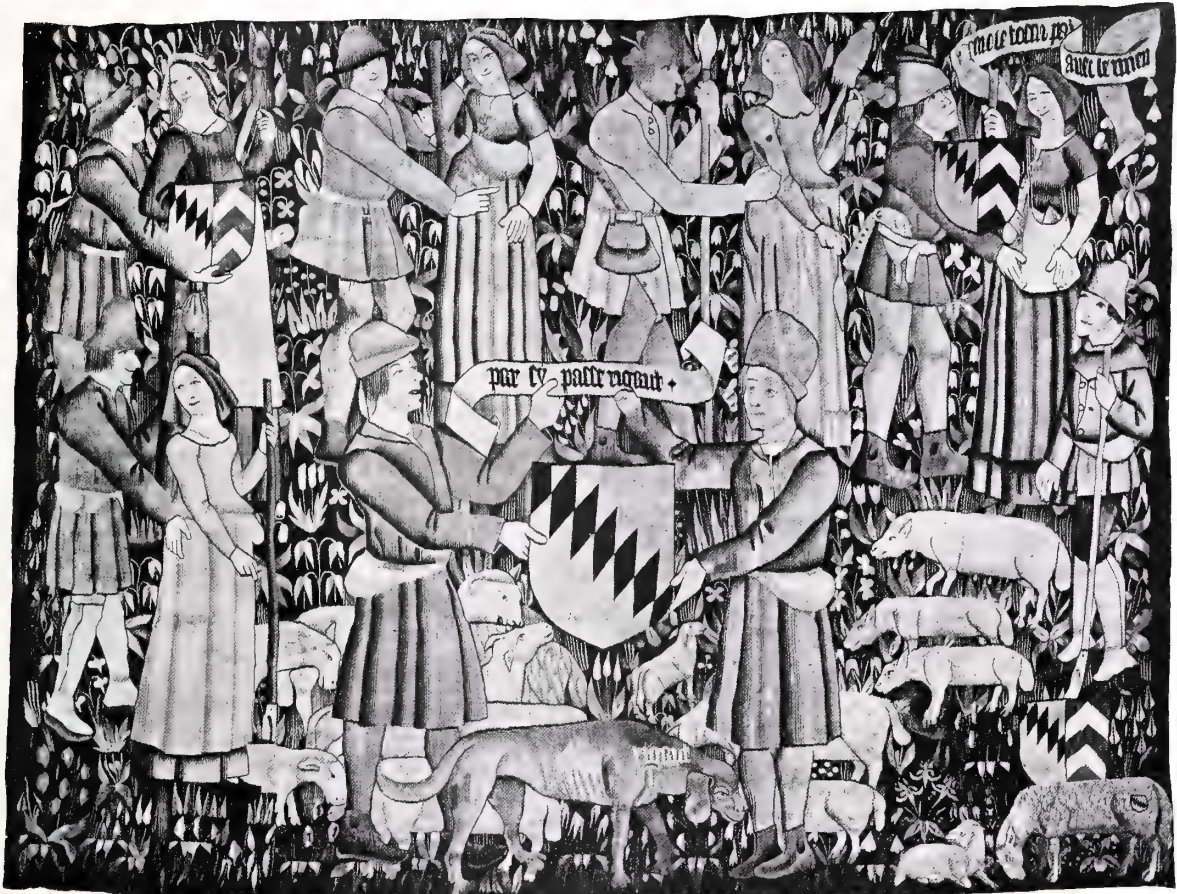
In the other very few pieces of the fourteenth century that are left to us and in the later pieces of the Angers set naturalism is overcoming architecture and religious traditionalism. The figures are taking easier and more dramatic attitudes, the folds of the garments swing more gracefully and the floriation is composed of real trees and bushes and flowers. Painting is taking the place of architecture as the guide to tapestry design, and painting, even of religious subjects, is becoming

profane and realistic. This growing naturalism found its most rapid development, however, not in religious scenes, but in the representation of secular subjects. All over Europe in the second half of the fourteenth century the awakening interest in the world and its manifold facts combined with the new demand for art for private homes to produce many realistic illustrations of contemporary life. In the earlier centuries daily life had been illustrated occasionally both in cathedral sculptures and in manuscripts, especially in the calendars of Books of Hours, but in both these it had appeared only as a pendant and example of religious ideas. Now it was portrayed for its own sake. Because these subjects were thus new there was no rigid tradition to predetermine their design, no long established iconography. So their rendition was free, full of observation and true to the facts.

Unfortunately we have no tapestries of the period with secular subjects, but we have a few examples of the early fifteenth century, and these are very similar to manuscript illuminations and fresco paintings of the fourteenth century. Because all of the artists came to the new task of depicting natural scenes with the same freshness of vision and the same training and habits of drawing, all the various phases of this illustration all over the continent were very similar even in details. Thus the frescoes in the dressing room of the Pope's palace at Avignon, the work of French and Italian painters about 1340, the illustrations of the "Tacuinum sanitatis in medicina" from the Veron School of the later fourteenth century, the sketches of Haincelin von Haineau of the same period but working in Paris, and these tapestries from the early fifteenth century are all very close in every one of the conspicuous mannerisms. So we are safe in assuming that the verdures, hunting scenes and illustrations of contemporary romances listed in great numbers in fourteenth century tapestry inventories were much the same.

The outdoor episodes in all of these are staged against a background of trees and flowers ranged flat beside and above each other with no perspective, often with no horizon at all. In this conventionalized landscape there are always little oak trees with sharply serrated leaves, little aspens with circular, pennylike foliage, another fern-like type of tree with long swaying trunk, grass in accurately drawn fan shaped tufts, every blade separate, and little wild flowers scattered like stars above a careful bunch of leaves. Often, too, there are little animals, especially engaging rabbits nibbling and burrowing, and active, energetic dogs. The lords and ladies who wander in these





flowered meads are all elaborately and carefully costumed, sometimes

"THE RIGAUT SHEPHERDS" LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY FRENCH TAPESTRY  
*Mille fleurs made on provincial looms often have a quaint naïveté that make them seem more primitive than they really are*

(Courtesy P. W. French and Company)

being accompanied by peasants in simpler garb. The figures are all very flat in drawing with heavy continuous outlines. Gestures and occupations are recorded with naïvely faithful verisimilitude.

In the tapestries, as in the Avignon frescoes, these lords and ladies are usually enjoying the pleasures of the country, most often hunting or falconing. In the earliest pieces of the type known, two strips in the Musée des Arts Decoratifs, they seem to be merely promenading, and the artist has added to his properties a quaintly flowing brook. But more often the gorgeously costumed mannikins sit or stand still with boar-spear or falcon. And in all of the earlier pieces there are only a very few figures, with the exception of two famous pieces in the Duke of Devonshire's collection in which many figures in many different episodes are crowded quite close together. The type became a well established tradition and was produced without fundamental variations for forty years or more, probably at many different looms. But undoubtedly the center of their production was Arras. For Paris had now been seized by the

invading enemy, the English, and her weavers were dispersed far and

wide through a troubled land. Arras had long been a tapestry center. The industry was, as a matter of fact, as old there as in Paris. So with the destruction of her greatest rival she easily took first place.

Religious subjects in this manner from the early fifteenth century are rare, very rare. The naïve naturalism of the vertical landscape with the minutely outlined trees was essentially an adjunct of the *genre* school. But there is in America one religious piece of the type that is very early, certainly not later than the first years of the fifteenth century, possibly even from the end of the fourteenth. It is an "Annunciation" with the Virgin seated in a marble portico, the Angel just alighted in a heavy flutter of green drapery without. In the Heavens, that are quaintly striated in three shades of blue and white, is God the Father, holding the globe and giving blessing. Outside the portico at the left is the familiar vertical landscape with dark bluish green oaks and laurels, red and white star flowers and the grass in brown, longer and more informally dashed in than usual. The colors are





exceptionally rich and strong, the Virgin's robe deep blue, the brocade behind

her chair crimson with gold thread, and gold thread again in the halo, a rather unusual embellishment in pieces of this type. The power of emotional expression in this piece is quite exceptional. Decoration is not forgotten, but it is subordinated to the portrayal of a sincere religious experience. The Virgin's wistfulness and reflective expectation is conveyed by a slight droop of her head, a sensitive mouth and a lightly poised suspense of her body. The beautiful strong wings of the Angel hold his weight almost wholly off the ground so that he seems waiting but a moment. And the portico standing out white and clear against the dark verdure seems illumined by a heavenly light that removes it from the actual world.

The cartoon must have been drawn by one of the followers of that Paris school whose most noteworthy product is Jean Malouel. It is not, by any means, by Malouel himself. It has none of the earthy solidity that he achieved. But it shows kinship to the work of his followers and more especially to that of one of his contemporaries of the late fourteenth century, two of whose panels are in the Cuvellier Collection in Niort with others of the same set in the Mayer van der Bergh Collection in Antwerp. It is in fact very close to these latter pieces, so close that it might almost be the work of the same hand. The shaggy roughly indicated grass, the strangely primitive Eternal Father in the Heavens, the tilt to the Virgin's head, the rather uncommon angle of the Angel's wings and the long, limp fingered hands are all the same. Even the Virgin's reading desk is almost identical. The carefully reproduced majolica tiles in the portico in this tapestry are especially interesting, for they represent a floor thirty or forty years older than

"THE ENTOMBMENT" LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY FRENCH TAPESTRY  
The finest mille fleurs were woven in Touraine. Religious subjects of this type are uncommon

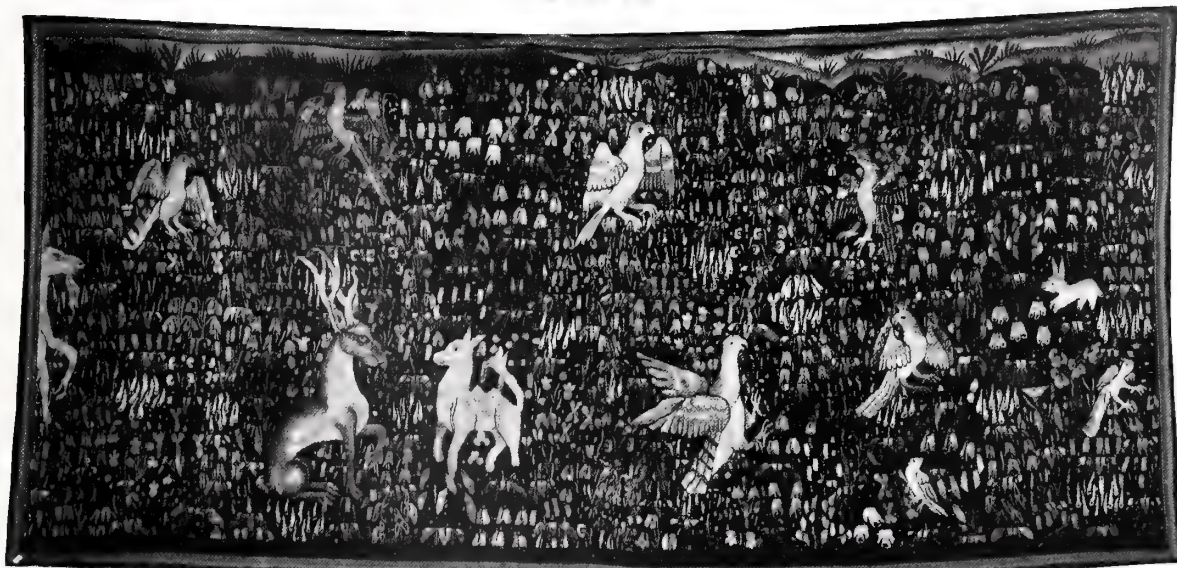
(Courtesy of Demotte)

any actually still in existence, yet very like both in color and design the oldest ma-

jolica tile floor known, that of the Caracciolo Chapel in Naples. The brown, blue, red and green of the tapestry tiles is a fair approximation to the manganese purple, blue and green of the Naples chapel, and some of the designs, notably that of Mary's initial and the crude star, are just the same. The majolica jar, too, is interesting and unusually carefully rendered in shape, relief design and painted decoration.

About the middle of the fifteenth century there appeared an original and independent designer who experimented with a striking variation on the established tapestry designs. He used still the customary flowered ground with single courtly figures, but in some of his designs he substituted for the conventional blue ground or the ground half red and half blue that some of his predecessors had tried, a broadly striped ground. These stripes, either red, white and blue or, in the most famous examples of the type now in the Metropolitan Museum, the personal colors of Charles V, red, white and green, he strewed with blossoming rose vines. His lords and ladies he set about on this unusual decoration without any formal relation to the stripes. In addition to the striped grounds, which he only occasionally used, this designer introduced, also, a more fundamental variation in tapestry styles, changing the cartoon in essential characteristics from a painting to a tinted line drawing. In the older hunting tapestries a dark, dense color is laid on in broad masses, as it would be in a tempera painting, and the structure is built up primarily from these planes of color. In the work of this designer the representation depends entirely on the outline, the color, in paler, thinner tones, being washed in subsequently. His personal





FRENCH MILLE FLEUR TAPESTRY, LATE FIFTEENTH OR EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*In La Marche were made many of the simpler mille fleurs with animals**(Courtesy of Mr. Dikran S. Kelekian)*

idiosyncrasies in drawing are very

marked. All of his characters have very large, very heavy lidded eyes, mouths with thin curved upper lips, and hands with solidly drawn, rather spatulate fingers.

This man, who remains unidentified and whose name is probably forever lost, was very productive. In addition to the three pieces in the Metropolitan, fragments of similar pieces were in the Heilbronner Collection. His most famous series, not on striped grounds, are those of the Knight of the Swan in Cracow and the Life of Saint Peter in the Beauvais Cathedral, one piece of which is in the Cluny Museum. Other fragments are in Cluny, in the collection of the Count of Valencia and in Notre Dame de Nantilly. Another very fine example of the work of this Master of the Knight of the Swan is at present in New York. It shows the Annunciation at one side with the Nativity beside it, a quite exceptional tapestry. It, too, is treated as a line drawing, with rather light, translucent colors. The draftsmanship is remarkably good, the architecture skilfully drawn and the perspective into Mary's chapel unusually successfully handled.

The Knight of the Swan series is known from inventories to have been made for Philip the Good, whose portrait it contains. It was woven at Tournai under the direction of the Grenier family, one of the most famous families in tapestry weaving. Similarity in the character of the strong hatchings and the heavy outline indicate that the New York "Annunciation and Nativity" was woven there, also. The St. Peter set, how-

ever, shows a different rendition

and was probably the work of another loom.

About this time—the middle of the fifteenth century—there began to grow from the common root of the Franco-Flemish art the two distinct branches, the French and the Flemish, and as they grew they got ever further apart. The French stemmed directly in drawing, design, space arrangement and quality of detail from the early hunting pieces. In the French compositions there continued to be only a few figures set side by side, seldom superimposed. The clothes of the personages were rendered, not as draperies or robes or masses of fabric pattern as they were in much of the Flemish work, but as individual costumes, exactly and delicately reported with a real feeling for dress as an art. For fullness of ornament the French designers continued to depend on natural plant forms, getting ever more naturalistic and specific in drawing, and on charming little animals portrayed with sympathetic intimacy. The spirit of the French tapestries of the fifteenth century is that of a direct and limpid narrative that flows too easily and gracefully to feel any need for dramatic emphasis.

At Tournai, an important weaving center at this period, the two qualities of design continued for several decades to exist side by side. Tournai work is at the borderland between the French and the Flemish. Yet even here the two distinct styles are sharply marked, for at the same time that the work of the Master of the Knight of the Swan was on the looms the work of Jean van Room, also, was being woven there, a designer who was as typically Flemish as the Master of the

Knight of the Swan is characteristically French.

The most famous pure French Gothic type, the mille fleur, that were woven in great quantities in the second half of the fifteenth century, are the direct and unmistakable children of the early hunting tapestries. In them the little star flowers of the earlier pieces have taken up most of the field, sometimes all of it, and they have become specified into a wide range of common wild flowers, pinks and violets and columbines and daisies, all carefully drawn. Occasionally the old oak tree or the laurel reappears. Sometimes it has become an apple tree with round red fruit. The lords and ladies are dressed in another fashion now, but no less luxuriously and no less lovingly designed. And they still hunt and fly the falcon, but sometimes, too, they walk about or ride horseback or play at chess or listen to a concert given by their attendants on organs and harps.

Though Paris by this time was again set free, thanks to the heroism of La Pucelle, the court of France was still wandering, settled now here now there in the region of the Loire. With the court went the industries of luxury such as the weaving of tapestry. The most important center seems to have been at Tours, and many of these mille fleurs, most of which date from the last quarter of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, were made there or thereabouts.

The Gothic mille fleur decoration was so well adapted to tapestry technique it was fitted to many purposes. Though the personages were usually court ladies and gallants, occasionally one finds, also, mille fleur pieces with religious subjects. Practically all of these, of which there are relatively only a few, are small pieces used for antependiums. Frequently the mille fleur was used as background for armorial shield. Often, again, it was used plain, with just the flowers and little animals covering the whole surface. This latter type seems to have been woven in La Marche, where there was a very old industry, especially in Aubusson and Felletin. These looms specialized in the less expensive work for the bourgeois trade. Occasionally mille fleur pieces were made, also, on lesser provincial looms and some of these have a delightful archaic flavor. For fifty years after the close of the fifteenth century mille fleurs, particularly the closer grades from La Marche, were still produced, but the flower became ever more and more conventional, the animals became cruder and heavier and the colors duller, brown now predominating with a dark blue that is often blackish and flat. In some of the

very late pieces interesting bits of landscape are introduced along the top of the tapestry.

In another late fifteenth century French type the personages have been lifted out of the mille fleur background and given the whole field with only a more or less lightly indicated landscape setting. This landscape always shows some perspective. In most of these pieces the lords and ladies that dominated the earlier scenes have been set aside and if they appear at all are only spectators to the work of the peasants, whose daily tasks are the main themes. So we see in these pieces grape gathering and pressing, wood cutting and sheep tending. It is interesting to note in all French designs how skilfully the distinction of the classes is conveyed. Nobles are differentiated from the workers not only by occupation and costume, but by physiognomy and bearing.

From the French looms of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries came also a number of series of Lives of the Saints that were woven at no one place but in almost every large city of the country to the order of the local churches. These differ widely in quality of drawing and of weave, varying, of course, with the skill of the local workmen and designers, but they all show the common French characteristics. Though of necessity more episodic than most of the French Gothic pieces, they still have the limitation in the numbers of the characters, the wide, flat spacing of the figures, which are very large in proportion to the height of the tapestry, the carefully and elegantly drawn costumes and the lightly indicated landscape background, varied at points with simple architectural settings. Similar in spirit and in treatment are a number of pieces of the period in long narrow strips made for choir stall and other minor church decoration with a sequence of simple scenes, as, for instance, the "Life of the Virgin," in the Louvre.

Such was the tapestry of France in the Gothic period. First, there came the architectural religious scenes, of which the only great example left to us is the Cathedral of Angers set of the Apocalypse; second, the hunting scenes against a landscape ground without perspective; third, the work of the Master of the Knight of the Swan, very individual but nevertheless quite French; fourth, the mille fleur of many different subjects with many minor variations; fifth, the vivacious illustrations of peasant life; and sixth, the Lives of the Saints and the choir stall backs in various types of designs. And the first center for the weaving of these was Paris, the second Arras, the third Tournai and the fourth Touraine, with a subordinate





"THE CHASE" EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY FRANCO-FLEMISH TAPESTRY

*Illustrations of scenes of daily life were very popular in the late fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries. Tapestry examples are very rare*

*(Courtesy of Demotte)*

industry throughout the fifteenth century at La Marche and

minor looms at the end of the century in a number of different centers.

As the sixteenth century advanced supremacy in tapestry became more and more decisively the property of the Lowlands, with Brussels at their head. France for a time almost entirely lost her place in the field. A singularly beautiful example of the Franco-Flemish type of tapestry, "The Annunciation" is seen in the early fifteenth century piece illustrated in one of the color plates. Here is combined the richness of the mille fleur background with the characteristic Gothic architectural element of the period, and, in addition, a gracious rendering of figures. Landscape is a very important feature in this tapestry, giving greater scale to the decoration, and marking the beginning of complete naturalism in tapestry design, breaking away from the conventional backgrounds of

the earlier mille fleurs. The elaboration of the interior shown in

this tapestry is peculiarly interesting in its faithful delineation of detail and its naïve perspective.

Such delineation, and perspective of this type, as well as the minute elaboration of every part of the design, furnished the substance of English Pre-Raphaelite revival, as seen in the tapestries of Burne-Jones and William Morris. Italy, in the sixteenth century, intruded her influence more and more through cartoons supplied to the Flemish weavers by her great painters. The obvious effectiveness of these Italian Renaissance cartoons combined with the turgid dramatic spirit and material lavishness of the Flemings to create a new manner in tapestry which displaced forever the limpid simplicity, that yet was so strong and spontaneous and decoratively rich and resourceful, of the fifteenth century French.

# THE PUBLISHER • HIS MARK

"By their smaller works ye shall know them."

I am not sure that there is any such aphorism in the Bible, but if not, the writers of the Good Book missed a point. Genius, to be sure, is likely to be known by its larger works, by those direct, driving, tremendous works, careless of detail, that go beyond all rules and calculation. But the rest of us, who perforce live by rules and calculation, are much more likely to reveal ourselves by little things, to exhibit our artistic taste, or lack of it, by the design of our bookplates, the color of our neckties, and the wallpaper and paint of our houses. By our smaller works are we known.

Publishers, I take it, are not, as a class, geniuses. When one becomes intimate with them, they turn out to be very much like the rest of us. I know one who has a very bad temper, another with false teeth, and still another with a weakness for musical comedy. And they live very much by rules and calculation—indeed, the ones I know best are continually bothering me by calculating the probable public demand for books that I want them to publish. And by the smaller details of their bookmaking, one may judge their publishing ability.

Now a publisher, although human, by the very act of going into the publishing business sets himself up as a leader of thought and an arbiter of cultural tastes and standards. By so much are his good works enlarged, and his faults and omissions magnified. Wherever his business or craft touches aesthetic problems, he has an unusual opportunity of service and a corresponding responsibility. It is important that he be art-minded. It is, unfortunately, one of his sins of combined

*This minor detail of the art of the book is cultivated more in Europe than it is in America . . . by*

SHELDON CHENEY

"marks" by which he identifies graphically his publications, the design that he places over his name on the title page of each book he puts out. It is a small matter but a revealing one.

A Boston firm, to be sure, has given us a notable exception to the rule of negligence in this field of minor design. The well-known "piper"

mark of the Riverside Press of Houghton-Mifflin, in its various attractive forms, comes near to being a model for conservative, well-established publishers everywhere. It is dignified, always clearly and prettily designed, and in many of its variations it has a decorative beauty that fits perfectly with the excellent book-making of which it is a part. But after Houghton-Mifflin, what of the other old conservative publishers? Does one remember the marks of Century, Scribner's, Harper's, with any aesthetic thrill? There is dignity in them, to be sure; but is there any distinctive quality,

style, beauty in any sense? The Harper's mark in its extreme sim-

plicity has its points at times, but it is not measurably above those of the other publishers either in originality or effectiveness.

One might run through most of the list—Little, Brown with one of the most satisfying because least pretentious devices, Holt, Doubleday, Duffield and a dozen others with obvious designs that are good enough to get by, but without ever suggesting a flicker of interest in creative book-making, Macmillan with nothing more than

## F.H.EHMCKE ZIELE DES SCHRIFT- UNTERRICHTS

*Ein Beitrag  
zur  
modernen Schriftbewegung*



*Verlegt bei Eugen Diederichs/Jena*  
MCMXI

A MODERN GERMAN TITLE PAGE





a mechanical trade-mark—and so down to the “younger publishers” who obviously have tried to put a touch of style into their make-up and bindings: to Mr. Knopf, who has used his distinctive “Borzoï” mark with excellent effect as an advertising medium, but hardly with full capitalization of its aesthetic value on his title pages; and to Mr. Huebsch, whose candelabrum mark is a bit shopworn in its symbolism, but so decoratively drawn that it surpasses most of the others mentioned in freshness and attractiveness. But none of these others measures up to the Riverside Press design, nor do the American marks as a group come within speaking distance of those used by the better class of publishers in certain European countries.

It was while I was in one of those European countries recently that I collected the publishers’ and printers’ marks that appear on accompanying pages. Germany is more or less of a paradise for the impecunious lover of well-made books just now. For a matter of twenty-five or fifty cents one can buy almost any of the ordinary run of books on modern art, copiously illustrated, and usually very attractive in make-up. And for less than that one can pick up pamphlets and smaller books that are typical of the best printing and book-craft. Having a particular interest in these minor arts, I found myself buying a volume now and then simply for the sake of the cover design or the publisher’s mark.

The quality that is most strikingly apparent in the dozen or more examples shown herewith is, perhaps, *style*. Or that may stand out in our American eyes because style is exactly what the marks of our own publishers lack. There is a commonplace note in our home products of this sort, an obviousness, that is disquieting in view of the distinctive and beautiful things being done not only in Germany but in several other foreign lands. Even when the designers there take one of those obvious old symbolic sub-

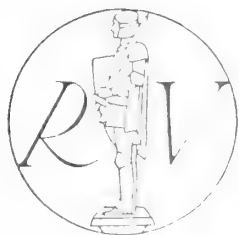
jects so dear to our own publishers, like the tree of knowledge, the torch of learning, or the lamp and book, they are likely to conventionalize it in the handling, to make the decoration and not the subject the thing that strikes one first. They put style and individuality into the rendering.

But the present tendency among German publishers and designers is away from that sort of subject entirely, and toward something that will suggest the name of the house, or else toward pure decoration. Of the examples shown it is easy to see how several originated from a play upon the name: the admirable Kurt Wolf Verlag, with the wolf of Rome suckling the babes; the Georg Verlag, with the rider slaying the dragon; the two Delphin Verlag devices; and the Roland Verlag designs with their ornamental knights. The “Artibus et Litteris” mark is used by F. Bruckmann, the Munich art publisher, which makes the significance clear when one remembers that “brücke” means bridge. The simple and decorative barley head of the Wilhelm Gerstung device is similarly explained by the origin of the name in the German word for barley.

More obviously a direct reference to the firm name, and thus a standing advertisement for it, is the neat and excellently rendered little design of the Tempel-Verlag, which has a remarkable decorative value considering its simplicity. Almost as obvious—at least if one knows one’s classic mythology—is the sun-chariot design of the Hyperion Press. These two marks both have a very fine typographic quality—a point not always remembered by artists in this field. That is, they have, in addition to the values apparent here where they stand alone, a special suitability for composition with type.

Each one, moreover, suggests a definite distinctive style of book: the Tempel design a dignified, solid, perfectly-balanced volume (such as our own Bruce Rogers might produce), and the Hyperion





design a "lighter" typographic treatment, a bit less conservative in make-up, a more open page—and yet as well-studied and "elegant" as the other. I think that any student of the book crafts, taking these marks as keynotes, could name for you the kinds of type, the grades of paper, almost the sort of literature, toward which these two presses tend. One may repeat, it is a small matter but an extremely revealing one.

Of course, it is not necessary for the publisher's name to stand out of the design, as is the case with all the examples so far described. If the artist makes the mark striking enough, if he achieves enough individuality, it sticks in the reader's memory for all time with the associated thought of the publisher's books. From the day when I first saw the fine decorative lion on the title page of a book published by Eugen Diederichs, I remembered that publisher, and incidentally came to associate his name with good books and good book-making.

The Genius mark is typical of the sort of work over there that is represented by Alfred A. Knopf's Russian wolf-hound in America; and I can't help feeling that this highly conventionalized deer is more effective than anything that Mr. Knopf has yet devised out of his running "Bor-zoi"—which is both distinctive in idea and full of greater decorative possibilities than any other American mark that comes to mind. Even when the subject matter is nothing more than initials, the German designer ordinarily endows the device with a surprising amount of vitality and freshness. Again it is that indefinable quality called *style* that counts most. It is worth while to study not only the G M signet, but the incidental lettering on the Roland-Verlag, Delphin and W. Gerstung designs, for their clean-cut, brilliant effect. Such a monogram as the familiar Macmillan one, I am sorry to say, looks very feeble and stodgy in such company. As an example of decorative lettering of the publisher's name used as a mark, the Rudolf Koch and Rudolf Gerstung of Offenbach device is shown. It is highly effective on the book page, but suitable, of course, only to



use in connection with Gothic letter.

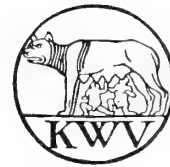
Returning again to American publishers for a moment, what is it that has kept us many years behind Europe in this minor art?

One can hardly come to any other conclusion than that our publishers, as revealed thus in their marks and in such other fields as that of the book cover, are men who know the literary and commercial sides of their business but (with a few fine exceptions) have no creative interest in the craft of book-making. They are content if their books are dignified and follow

the accepted methods of make-up, if they are as good-looking as the books that their fathers put out—which were a bit dull-looking in most cases. They leave make-up largely to "manufacturers"; they have not enough interest in art and design to know or care whether their trade marks are good or bad; they (exceptions noted again) are business men first and artists not at all. The answer then? They should call in the artists.

That is exactly what Germany has done; the publishers there called in the best graphic artists to design for them in this humble field. Five of the designs shown, the Genius, the Kurt Wolf, the "C" mark, and the two for the Roland Verlag, are by Emil Pretorius, who is internationally known as a pen draughtsman. No less than five of the others are by F. H. Ehmcke, who has been for years a leading figure in the fields of artistic lettering and typography in Germany. In addition to his designs for the Delphin Verlag, the Bücherstube, and Jos. Feinhals, there is reproduced the title page of one of his books published by Eugen Diederichs, showing two of his type faces in arrangement with the publisher's mark of his making. The Diederichs firm again and again has called in artists who were proving themselves creative designers in the book-making field, giving them full freedom to work out volumes with all the originality and skill they could display. It has even been said that no man with sound and original ideas about book-making need fail of seeing his talents concretely recorded, so long as this firm existed; and there are others in Germany of





similar idealistic and liberal vision, some leaning toward simplicity and betterment of widely circulated "commercial" books, and others among them specializing in richly illustrated and ornamented special editions.

Aside from Pretorius and Ehmecke, there are illustrations of marks done by Walter Tiemann, Rudolf Koch and E. R. Weiss, all ranking artists among European typographers. There are others among the plates shown which I have been unable to trace to the designers\*—but it is hardly necessary to bring further evidence that the German publishers have brought recognized artists into the field with the most excellent results.

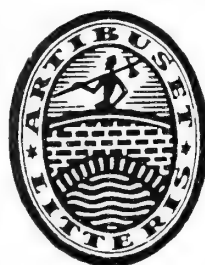
The only outstanding example in America of this sort of wisdom and vision was the service with the Riverside Press of Bruce Rogers, who is probably our foremost figure in typographic design. The books printed under his direction are as fine as anything that has been done in this country, and his influence on the later work of the Press incalculable. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, not a publisher in the ordinary sense but constantly issuing catalogs and other printed matter, has set an example which might well be pondered by the publishing trade. It has called in the most skilled of typographic designers to advise and work on its publications, even having certain of its pamphlets composed and printed by such exceptional plants as the Merrymount Press. The result is that no regular publisher's "line" can compare with its publications for sheer typographic beauty. But aside from Houghton-Mifflin and its Riverside Press, publishing firms have been exceedingly shy about consulting with artists about their books. There has been considerable talk lately to the effect that "art pays"—a phrase that sticks in the crop of some of us—but very evidently no echo of it has as yet reached the ears of our publishers.

A curious angle of the case is that we have in America typographic artists worthy of international ranking. Almost wholly apart from the group of commercial book firms, there has developed a group of designers who are doing extraordinarily

fine work in the book crafts field. Bruce Rogers is already known on both sides of the Atlantic. Less a decorative designer, and more austere in his devotion to the architectonics of printing, is D. Berkeley Updike, whose Merrymount Press will demand generous space when histories of the art in this country are written. Completing the leading triumvirate of printer-designers is T. M. Cleland, whose type composition and restrained decoration are of the highest order, although his recent work has been largely in the fields of advertising design and privately published volumes. One might go on to men like John Henry Nash in the far West, or, in the type-designing field, a man like F. W. Goudy with his widely appreciated original type faces, or to T. B. Mosher, a "special" publisher who set the regulars an unheeded example of individuality and taste in his many books and monographs. There are, too, private presses at which artists and amateurs are experimenting and at times producing unusual and notable publications.

It is doubtful, too, whether the German publisher has a choice of fine type faces so varied as that offered by our own commercial foundries and individual artists. And for such incidental ornament as the title page mark there is a wide range of talent not only among artists like Rogers and Cleland, but among the wood engravers and other outside black-and-white designers. I imagine that A. Allen Lewis could devise as pretty a publisher's mark as one could ask for; and Rudolph Ruzicka could be relied on for similarly distinctive work. And why not Rockwell Kent? For a publisher who is more venturesome, too, there is Hunt Diederich, the Zorachs, and Zoltan Hecht.

Personally I feel a real satisfaction and pleasure in the sheer craftsmanship of a well-made book. After that I find a pleasure in seeing and studying over incidental designs of the sort represented by the illustrations shown. It seems a legitimate sort of pleasure, this one of enjoying decorative surface design for its own sake, and it is a thing that doubtless brings satisfaction to many a reader and art lover. That in itself is reason enough for reproducing the marks shown herewith which afford a definite suggestion to the more progressive and imaginative publisher.



\* This is true, of course, of certain plates taken direct from title pages. Where designs have not been secured from this source, they are reproduced from Hans Loubier's "Die Neue Deutsche Buchkunst" and from the periodical "Das Plakat."

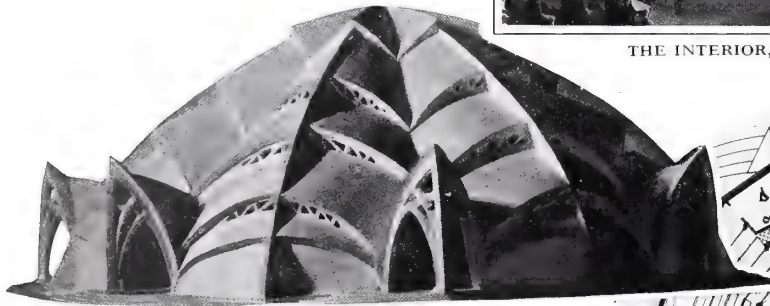
# Futurist Architecture in Germany

*Central European architects are carrying the "Expressionist" idea into structural forms of plastic character*

TO the existing orders of architecture a recent writer on this subject added that of "dynamic," a term applied to some of the newest manifestations of the architects of Central Europe. Possibly this "Star Church" by Otto Bartning might be worthy of bearing such a novel appellation as of the Dynamic order, assuming the legitimacy of the term, if it were not somewhat sug-



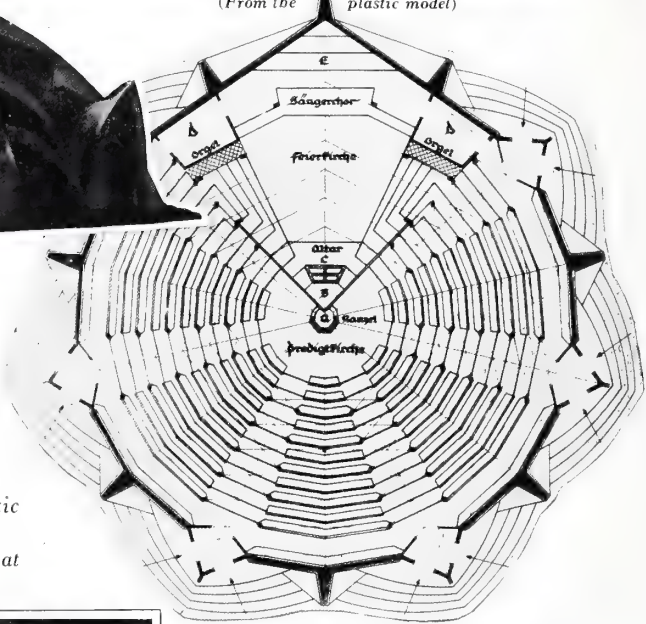
THE INTERIOR, LOOKING TOWARD THE CHANCEL  
(From the plastic model)



THE EXTERIOR OF THE STAR CHURCH  
(From the plastic model)

gestive of the Byzantine order as the source of its origin. The ground plan of the "Star Church" reproduced on this page will immediately suggest that of the famous Byzantine church of San Vitale at Ravenna and the same impression would be created by the view of the interior looking toward the pews, were it not for the strange plastic treatment of column and arch.

One of the notable contrasts in this design is that



THE PLAN OF THE STAR CHURCH



THE INTERIOR  
LOOKING TOWARD  
THE PEWS  
(From the plastic model)

afforded by the interior and the exterior. The lines of the interior have the Gothic quality of leading upward, whereas the exterior suggests religious thought as something that clings to the ground. If this design represents the Dynamic order, it appears to resemble the strange architectural character so marked in two German motion pictures recently shown in this country, "The Golem" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." Church plan and moving picture sets both, apparently, find their origins in an effort to give European expressionism an enduring permanence.



# An Altar Panel by Benito Martorell

*A Catalanian primitive, partially modelled in gesso, recently acquired by The Art Institute of Chicago*

AMONG a group of Spanish primitives now on exhibition in the Art Institute of Chicago is this panel by Benito Martorell, a Catalanian artist of the fifteenth century who returned to Barcelona between the years 1415-1458 after a period spent as a student in Florence. Works definitely known by this Spanish master are the altarpiece of San Nicolas of Bari, in Manresa, Catalonia; the "Transfiguracion" in the Barcelona Cathedral; and the altarpiece of San Marcos in the Basilica of Manresa, the church so intimately connected with the life of St. Ignatius Loyola. In 1905 the Louvre acquired four episodic panels describing the martyrdom of St. George which formed the sides of a triptych. Emile Bertaux found in the painting now in the Chicago Art Institute the missing central panel of the altarpiece and Marcel Dieulafoy, another French authority on this school, attributes the painting definitely to Martorell.

From details of the costumes of the figures in the panels the painting of it is dated as of 1430. The little princess who is being saved by the gallant saint wears a crown of lilies in full bloom, a similar crown appearing in a miniature painted by the Van Eycks in 1419 and in another of their works in 1432. Jan Van Eyck is supposed to have visited Spain in 1428, and it is from him or from his work that Martorell is believed to have acquired his knowledge of using oil pigments as a glaze, a thing unknown to Florentine painters of the period when Martorell visited that city. The picture is almost a painting in relief, for the mailed hand of the saint, his lance, the wings and snout of the dragon are modelled in gesso, a method essentially Spanish.



ST. GEORGE  
Combating the Dragon

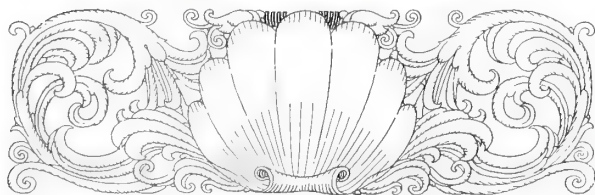
Central Panel of a Triptych  
by  
BENITO MARTORELL  
1430



# CHRISTY *turns to the* PORTRAIT



PORTRAIT OF MRS. WILLIAM T. DEWART  
BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY



*Artist quickly wins for himself a new reputation after lifetime spent as an illustrator . . . by*

WILLIAM B. M'CORMICK

"**P**AINTING and illustration cannot be mixed," Howard Chandler Christy remarked one day while talking about his recent appearance in the art world as a painter of portraits. And as proof of how firmly he has held to this principle it may be mentioned that only twice up to the beginning of 1921 (in a period of twenty-five years during which time he was regarded by many as the leading illustrator of America) had he ever violated it. The first of these gratifications of his lifelong passion for portraiture occurred about fifteen years ago when he painted a portrait of Charles T. Shone, and again in 1920 when he painted a likeness of Mrs. Christy. But when he made up his mind to paint portraits seriously, he pursued his new vocation with such ardor that during 1921 he completed thirty canvases, and this year he has already done a proportionately large number, including his impressive portrait of President Harding.

To speak of Mr. Christy's passion for portraiture and the ardor with which he works at it is not to indulge in phrase-making. His quality of earnestness is the pervading spirit of his life as an artist; and the gusto with which he pursues painting now, after all these years of self-restraint, is only a resumption of his practice during his boyhood days of study in the schools when he was often advised, in all seriousness, "not to paint so much." Of his capacity for sheer, unremitting work his career as an illustrator bears witness. He says: "I simply can't remember how many books I've illustrated, nor how many stories. I can't be idle. When I was painting with Chase out at Shinnecock, in his summer school, I used to make three sketches a day. They thought I did too much. Well, I simply had to work."

All through his comparatively brief career in the New York art schools this capacity and desire for work had its reward in many ways. He came from Ohio when he was fourteen years old and when he was sixteen entered the Art Students' League school in the days when it was on Twenty-third Street, going next to the school of the National Academy of Design, where within a month or two he won a medal and an honorable mention in the competitions. But it was in the

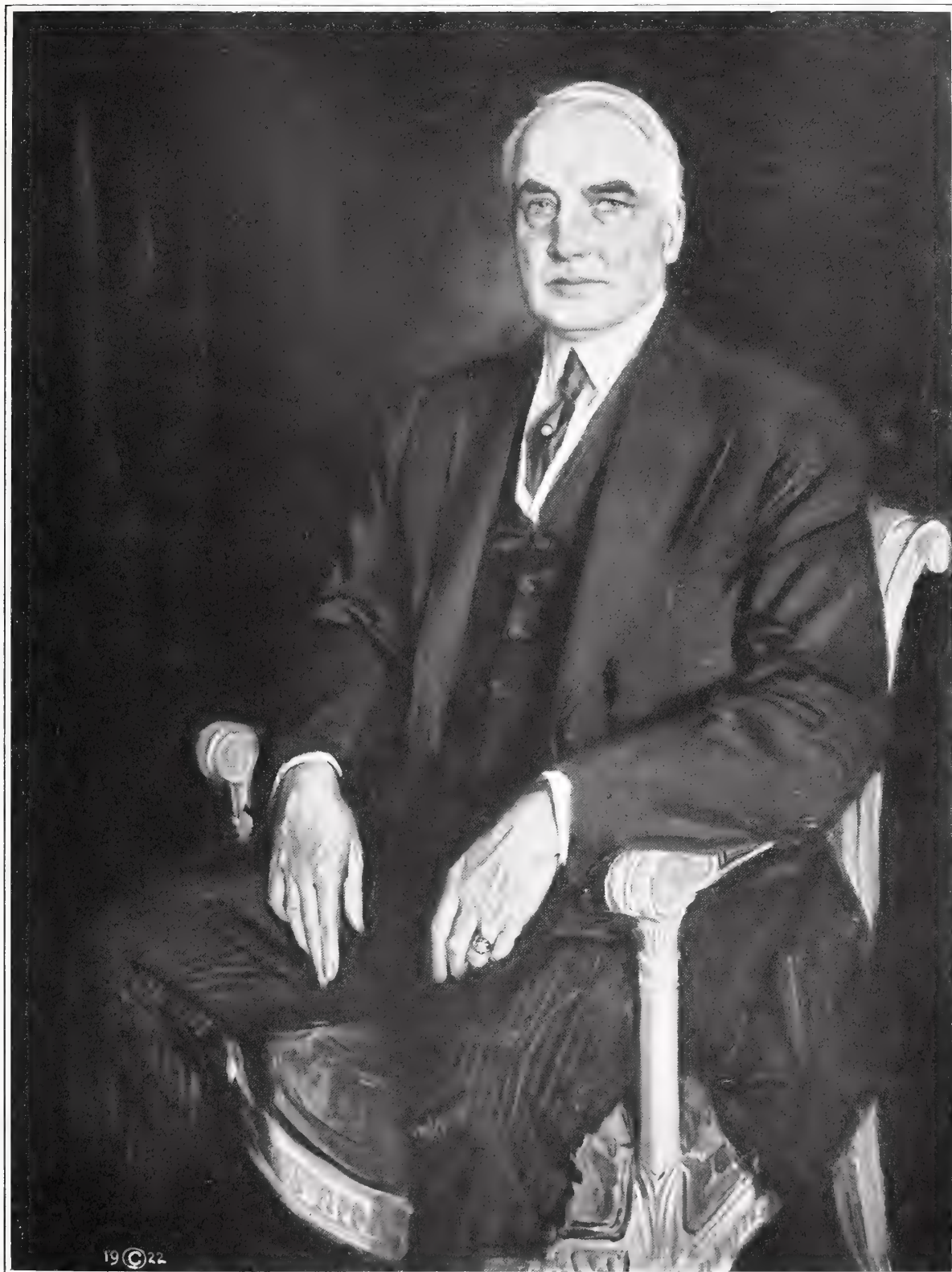




*Portrait of*  
*Mrs. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST*  
*by*  
*Howard Chandler Christy*







*Portrait of*  
*President WARREN G. HARDING*  
*by*  
*Howard Chandler Christy*



Chase class that Mr. Christy not only

MRS. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY  
BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

made the most progress but developed the feeling for style and color quality which is already so noteworthy in his portraits. He worked with Chase for two years and a half and as a result of that intimacy holds an admiration for the elder artist that still glows with fervor in his reminiscences of him.

These memories are so varied and so vivid that once he was asked by Chase's biographer to tell her some anecdotes; and it is with modest pride that Mr. Christy relates how all his stories appear in the life of Chase, not for their narrator's sake, but simply for the reason that they help to make Chase's lovable and admirable character, as man and teacher, better known to the world.

Mr. Christy's recollections of his master go back to the famous Tenth Street studio. And he tells, simply as an illustration of the way he was already working in those days of his very young manhood, of a visitor coming one day and, after watching him work for awhile, asking how long he had been painting. When Chase mentioned the very few months that his pupil had been studying, the visitor burst out with, "By golly, he paints like a feller who's been painting sixty years."

Elegance of style was the leading characteristic of the art of his favorite teacher and style together with the dominant characteristic of his original are the noteworthy elements of Mr. Christy's portraits. To study his presentment of President Harding is to feel these things, to have them impressed on the spectator most deeply. Although it is necessarily an official portrait, it is

redeemed from the angularities of its class by the simple ease of the pose, its humanness, the clarity of its representation of the President's charm of character. Most highly successful of all the achievements in this portrait is the modelling and painting of the hands, that are character representations in themselves in their ripe suggestion of infinite patience and patient strength. If the rest of this portrait were destroyed, these two hands alone would identify President Harding to all who know him or who have ever talked with him when he was seated.

The "grand manner," a supreme achievement of elegance of style, is to be found in Mr. Christy's standing portrait of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, which is reproduced in color on another page. Since this is a casual age, most contempo-



rary American portraits of women have that air impressed upon them, unduly but quite naturally. But Mr. Christy willed otherwise, by right of the tradition he holds highest in esteem and practice. He meant this portrait to be elegant, as befitted his subject and her attributes of formal garden and luxurious costume; he meant it should be in the "grand manner" of the tradition of Van Dyck and the great British portrait painters of the eighteenth century. And he has succeeded wholly and completely—partly, it may be assumed, for the reason that his subject helped him in the tacit recognition of the fact, so seldom realized or admitted nowadays, that to have one's portrait painted is a great occasion. When artist and subject hold this idea in common the achievement of the "grand manner" in portraiture is half accomplished at the outset.

When a painter mixes affection with his colors a note creeps into his work that is as striking, but in a very different vein, as the "grand manner"; only then it has a grave tenderness that would be entirely out of consideration in conceiving a portrait in that style or in the mood of the official. This feeling of tenderness is markedly evident in his portrait of Mrs. Christy and in that of little Miss Millicent Roberts, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Roberts. It glows in the wistfulness of the eyes of the artist's wife and in the fondness with which one feels the lovely face was painted; and it is reflected, a reflection touched with sympathy for childhood's unconscious humor, in the sweet countenance of little Miss Millicent. The painter's sensibility is revealed alike in the seriousness of his young subject's face and air and in the introduction into the composition of a favorite doll. Mr. Christy's serious concern with the importance of the hand in



MISS LIETA NELSON  
BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

portraiture was never more strikingly conveyed than in the left hand of this little girl resting on her bare knee and, as a lesser and amusing note, the way he has arranged the hand of the doll in an attitude of appeal and protection.

Reference has been made here to the humanness of Mr. Christy's portraits even when his task has been to paint these for official purposes, to hang as souvenirs of past service in public buildings. This quality shines out of his seated figure of Thomas G. Patton, former Postmaster of New York, which was painted last year to hang in the New York post office. Not in disrespect, but in affection, to use one of Grover Cleveland's remembered phrases, the original of this portrait is always

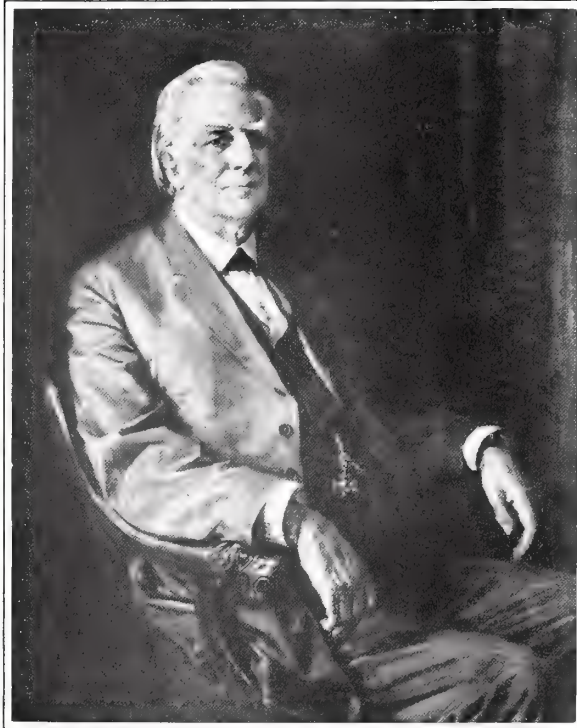


*Miss MILLICENT ROBERTS*  
by  
*Howard Chandler Christy*



referred to, and generally addressed, as "Tom" Patton. And it is "Tom" Patton with the quizzical, genial face and the emphasizing hand that has been perpetuated here — the American political type, given to anecdotes that compel laughter, partly from their content, but more from the dry manner of their narration. Talent of a very high order shines in the painting of that right hand, a hand bespeaking the American trait of story-telling and which is as much a vital part of the subject's whole nature as is the expression of the powerful, yet kindly face. A souvenir of a political and social life now almost passed from the stage is set down in the portrait of Colonel George Soule, of New Orleans, which Mr. Christy painted in that city early in 1921 while spending a few months in the South. His original is a Civil War type of American, his powerful head and face and hands being as much a part of his time as his old-fashioned cuffs, his jewelled shirt-pin, and his low collar and black tie.

It has been said that with "style" Mr. Christy insists on realizing the spirit of his subject; this is especially the case in the maidenly gayety and lightness of spirit of his "Miss Lieta Nelson"



COLONEL GEORGE SOULE  
BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

and the formal gracious stateliness of the full-length figure of Mrs. William T. Dewart. In both of these portraits he has carried intention to realization with a suavity of brushwork that is as ingratiating as is the charm of his originals. A quality added to this suavity is the quality of fresh spontaneity which is a direct outgrowth of Mr. Christy's work as an illustrator and exponent of the American magazine cover—an art peculiarly national. The creations of American illustrators, in fact, find Europe with but little in comparison, for

this field of illustration has been and is vigorously stimulated by

the multiplicity of American periodicals. To

this painter, color quality should be like a tone in music, lustrous, plangent, significant. And he carries this theory out through a palette ranging from the sobriety of Bach (to preserve his figure) to the stately sonorities of Wagner and the sweet amenities of Gounod, with an ear and eye leaning and glancing toward color evocations awakened by Debussy and Charpentier. Mr. Christy's taste in music, as in form and color, stops at a very sharply defined place. But it is a place that makes for strength in his art as a portrait painter.



THOMAS G. PATTON  
BY HOWARD C. CHRISTY



"PAYSAGE D'HIVER" BY CHARLES HALL THORNDIKE

## The Indépendant • THORNDIKE

THE direction of the modern movement in landscape is toward strength. Rising from Cézanne, whose *paysages* show the distortions of the struggle for realization, or the necessary unfinality of research, it gives us a sense of the static indifference of the natural world to man's restless desire to possess. It broke sharply with that smooth peace of the pastoral earth we find in Daubigny, or with the grandiose theatrical scene of Courbet. The will to control nature to aesthetic ordinance in painting became with the young men an assigned and conspicuous order, conventional when opposed to Impressionism. The result has often been the dry magnetism of the ugly, and the order, when not fundamental, has appeared chaotic. But a perusal of the diligent topography of the *Artistes Français*, 1922, can hardly fail to convince the wavering that the "new" art has conferred upon us aesthetic values in its comprehension of the landscape, co-related to the contemporary human spirit. "Modernism" ripens. A few men have already found themselves with respect to it. In them, personal self-expression begins to function authentically and

*Work of American artist, who has achieved fame in France, epitomizes modernism . . . by*

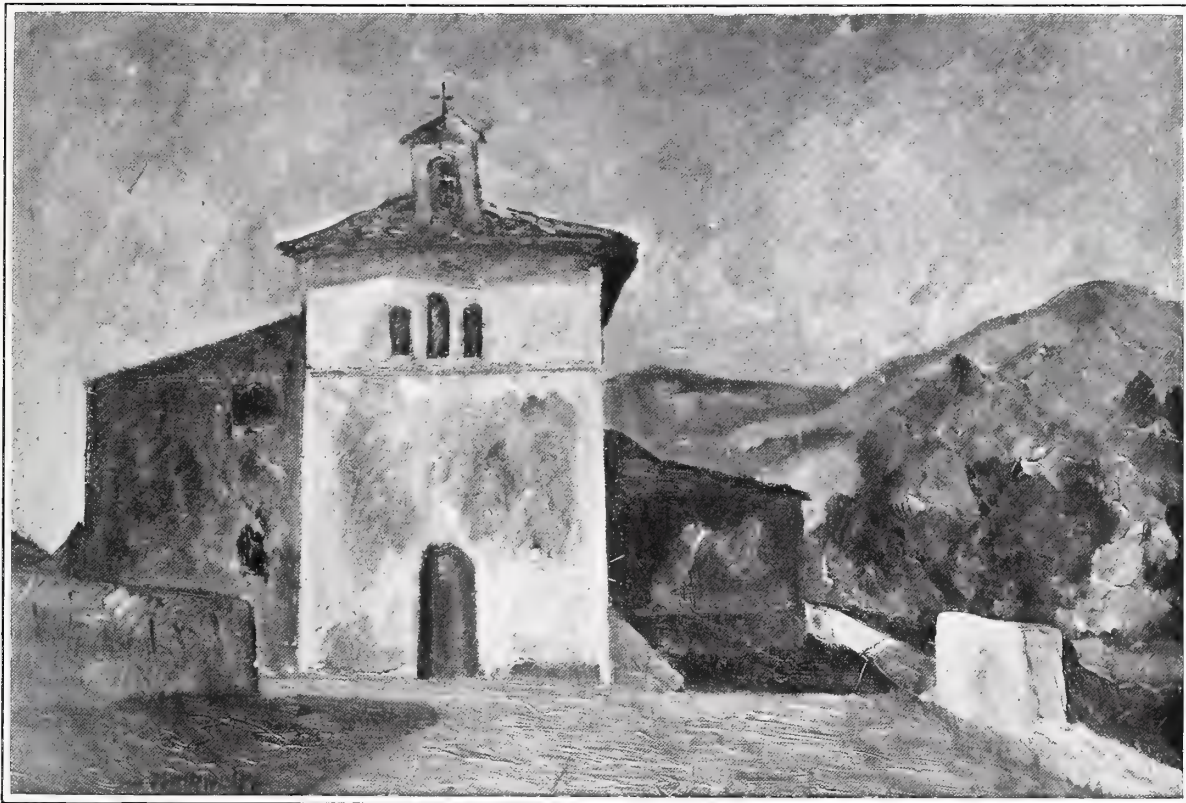
• LOUISE G. CANN •

to manipulate and qualify laws that by their unexplored and novel potentialities overpowered and, in a measure, sterilized, the activities of the group, as we see them in the rank and

file of the *Indépendants*. Among those who have thus digested the radical elements of the last twenty years is Charles Hall Thorndike, remarkable for his somewhat isolated devotion to pure landscape and indifference to the figure, in a day when his colleagues by applying their technique to every genre have avoided specialization. Given the affinities of his work, its limitation places concretely before us the exact contribution of the modern movement to landscape, and with especial interest, because we see it through a defined temperament.

Born in Paris of American parents, Mr. Thorndike early came under the influence of the *École*. He studied at Julien's, in the *ateliers* of Jean Paul Laurens, Benjamin Constant, but soon sought outside the official academies a different understanding of painting from the one they taught. At a time, when, as he himself says, it was necessary to hide in order to admire the master





Impressionists, such as Monet, "CHAPELLE SAINTE ANNE, PROVENCE"  
Pissarro, Sisley, he was drawn BY CHARLES HALL THORNDIKE

with the majority of his French comrades by the charm of this movement that brought in a new emphasis and broke with the tiresome tradition of the school. Later he was filled with enthusiasm for Cézanne, proclaiming, "He is our god!" but he remained outside Cubism. Now he feels that a technique conforming to exactly determined rules is not suitable to every temperament, and, moreover, the choice of means is secondary. He aims to paint honestly and sincerely, to seek a good composition with unity of values, to avoid the tricks that make painting agreeable to the ignorant and insignificant to the connoisseur.

In 1914 Mr. Thorndike had a sensational success at Reitlinger's with landscapes that were analyzed by the French critics as "brutal" (a word dear to the Parisian), daring in color and exuberant. The four following years buried him in the war and in spite of a *Croix de Guerre* for bravery and exceptional conduct, he emerged sensible of four years lost from his art. In his first one-man show since the war at Bernheim's last Spring, the same critics discovered that while still "brutal" in execution, his color had subsided to a lower key. Had I the space, I might remark that the so-called brutality of Mr. Thorndike is entirely an illusion. The hearty manner of a big man that masks a shrinking sensitiveness is easily

mistaken; and the vigorous brushing that carries a vibrating and passionate sensibility is by the unobservant misnamed. The tonality that has resulted in his last work is the maturing of the technique for a stronger personal utterance and by it is attained that rare union in modern painting, solidity combined with brilliance.

By temperament a *paysagiste*, Mr. Thorndike works in *pleinair*, and finds the self-expression at which he aims, involved completely in the objectifying of the scene. He gives us a powerful landscape, sure in execution and modern in style. A discreet splendor burns under the soft broad modulations of color with which he envelops the tormented planes of the modelled earth. The rhythm is curiously personal, as is the light saturating leaves or the bloom of almonds. One can hardly enumerate his many exquisite qualities, the value he gives a low rock-fence, masonry radiating sun; his reading of the many faces of the mountains under many aspects of sky. He has an impulsive love of a rugged scene. A red mountain and a swarthy green mountain are touched by storm: between is one of those gaps that lets the blue into a valley, a valley of slopes covered with gray-violet stones beneath gray rain-filled clouds. Mountains silhouette many of his horizons. They are rooted there, solid, a volume against a usually frank, clear azure, with





is as simple and humble toward his art as Corot is said to have been, as, indeed, we especially find Corot in his exquisite but little known nudes. But Thorndike, having come to maturity of expression and having with will and effort defined his own being, attains this result, automatically, as it were, from the sensitive spectator.

What may prove to be the supreme message of landscape through the American character is here touched upon. We have no tradition of courtly parks, and as yet we do not associate with

a strong eye-like sparkle.

"FERME PROVENÇALE"  
BY CHARLES HALL THORNDIKE

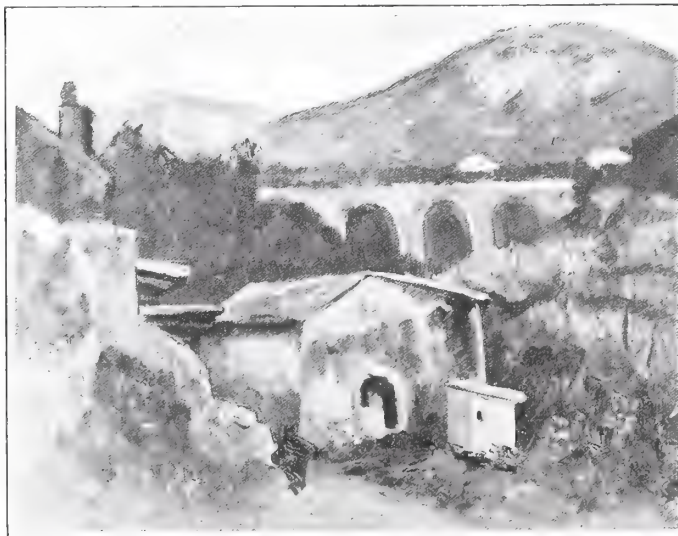
They present that physiognomy almost legendary in its emotional reach, an alluring grimness, that sets up in us the passion for climbing, the urge called aspiration and the ambitious desire of the beyond.

Such paintings provoke dreams in us, because they form an artist's world ordered according to his inner demand. Fervidly eschewing rhetoric, he nevertheless awakens in us a romantic response to the formal beauty of nature. This is the range of an artist who vigorously and out of a native and ardent impulse realizes for us through his medium the living reality of landscape. By it he disturbs in us a deep earth-instinct, our primitive and partly mythical attachment to our planet. Finding his own soul in the locality, he thus, by the subtle anthropomorphism of self-expression through painting, re-establishes in us a recognition of our perhaps forgotten intimacy with the valleys, the hills and the trees. Not that he claims these powers. Thorndike

any spontaneity the pastoral with our country; but we have Thoreau, Whitman,

Burroughs, not to mention the lesser nature-lovers in Emerson, Hawthorne, Bryant and a host of poets and *prosateurs*, such as Frost, Arlington Robinson, Lanier and the neglected Hovey, Americans in their literature and in their painting have expressed man's relation to the wilderness, or the pantheistic fusion of self with the earth's moment. Even their farms have a touch of "wild Eden" in them; and Thorndike, though he has transposed the Corsican scene, the Provençal, shows, by his choice of *motif*, his insistence on the opposition of the tamed and the untamed, with the consequent emotional emphasis, that the New England vision—the sense of the farther

wilderness, and the romance of it—is in him. His portrayal of Brittany, as we see it in "L'Ile-à-Bois," as we see it in certain uncompromisingly reserved and rugged sketches brought from the Côtes-du-Nord this summer, enforce the estimate. This intrinsic quality, the power to express man's primitive joy in nature,



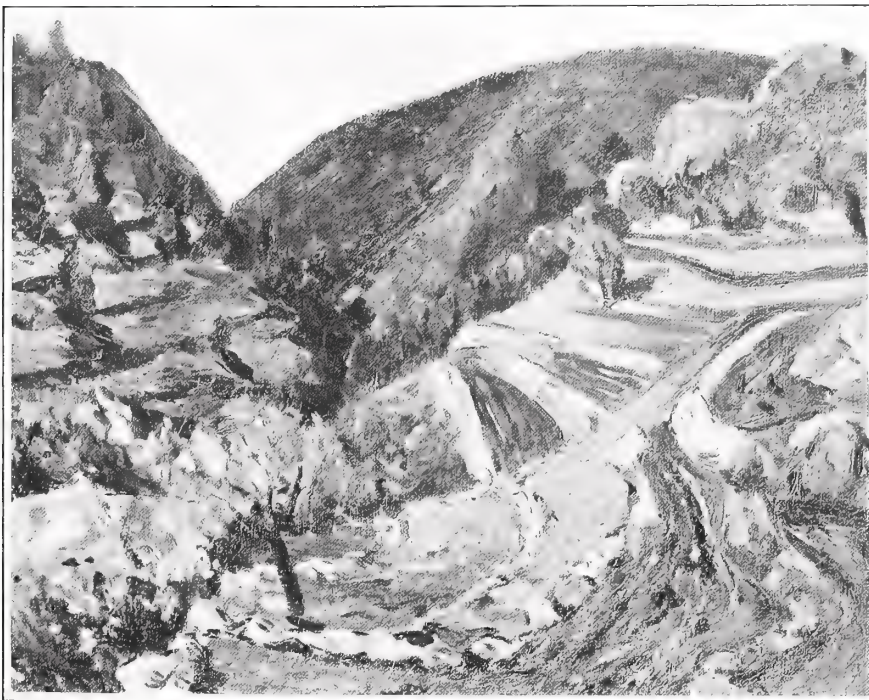
"VALLÉE DE LA  
LUBIANNE" BY  
CHARLES THORNDIKE



has never flourished in the French *paysage*, which tends to suggest man's artful refinement of the land. Belonging to what doubtless will be classified historically as the school of Cézanne, in which we find De Segonzac, Marchand, Vlaminck and most of the members of the *Indépendants* and the *salon d'Automne* who have not followed Matisse, he differs from them in the emotional essence underlying his specialization. Marchand imposes his conscious reason on the landscape and is seen to better advantage in the *faubourgs* of Paris.

De Segonzac uses the *paysage* more for a means of squeezing out tubes of pigment and thus producing a bas-relief of plasticized color, than as the objectifying of an inner need for woods or mountains. The transversals and uprights of Vlaminck, carrying the bitter reds and sooty blacks of his palette, are remote from the mystical (and characteristically American) association with nature that we feel even in Thorndike's backgrounds to villages and churches.

Thorndike has achieved the immensely difficult: he has assimilated all influences and yet remained personal. His Brittany paintings are fine evidence of this. Those he has just brought back show an even further development of his will to unaffected and honest expression of the veritable self. One in particular embodies his frame of mind, a distaste for verbalism, a clean-to-the-bone writing of his own Brittany mood, with its trees thick and tight with foliage massed in the middle-ground, its hard white sky reflected in water, its modelled foreground. In these trees *contrejour*, the presentment of volume reminds us of Theodore Rous-



"LES TERRASSES, PROVENCE"  
BY CHARLES HALL THORNDIKE

seau. But the ambience of light, fluid and softly gleaming, that confers the living quality of the verdure, is of Impressionism. *Bretagne*, withholding in acquaintance like her canny people, is here interpreted out of the artist's vital experience with her. Sustaining this veil of elastic and polychromatic air is what we call "construction," the conscious relation of the planes, that resistance of earth, the objects it bears, the very clouds above it, which results in cohesion. In this way we have not merely the static force of breathless nature as Rousseau conceived it, but that potential dynamism of the outer world Cézanne so stubbornly sought to realize. His form is further nourished and qualified by an ineradicable Anglo-Saxon sympathy that gives him in-

creasingly fundamental reactions to Constable and Crome. I am not afraid to predict that the ensemble he shows this fall at the Kingore galleries in New York will confirm in the minds of serious American critics his exceptional meaning as a landscapist.

"MAISON BRETONNE"  
BY CHARLES THORNDIKE







*An OLD SALEM MANTEL by SAMUEL McINTYRE*

*The interesting example of the work of this famous wood carver and designer was originally in the Elias Haskett Derby home, one of the finest mansions ever built in Salem, and is now in the Cook-Oliver house. Its setting, with the background of pictorial wall paper dating from about eighteen hundred serves to enhance its charm*





FIREPLACE WITH MULBERRY TILES IN THE ROYALL HOUSE IN MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

## CLASSIC *Colonial* FIREPLACES

WITCHERY lies centered in the blazing log that sings so cheerily on the hearth, in the lurking forks of flame that dance so merrily up the chimney breast, sending jovial, flickering fingers of light into the room, casting fantastic shadows over furnishings and walls. In the dusky gloaming, what a luxury to gather familiarly around the fireplace, dreamily watching pictures fashion themselves in and out of the glowing frame, pictures that are our rare memories of days long passed and gone, that carry us back to the period when some emigrant ancestor lighted the first hearth fire in the humble log cabin that he called home. In imagination we open the batten door, entering that pioneer room with its huge fireplace in which are piled logs that crackle merrily, leaping into white sheets as the boys throw handfuls of hickory shavings on the fire or punch the back log with a long iron, wishing they had as many shillings as there were sparks darting up the chimney. In those old days the light played over smoke stained joist, decorated with twisted rings of pumpkins, strings of scarlet peppers and festoons of apples, and even by

*Their simple beauty was derived from England and lost in the nineteenth century . . . . . by*  
MARY H. NORTHEND

reflection lit up the pewter chargers that stood at attention on the wooden mantel. On the settle inside the fireplace grandmother would sit knitting homespun stockings, while the

good wife, dressed in linsey-woolsey gown and red petticoat, would step lightly back and forth beside the spinning wheel and the good man would patiently whittle handles for axes and plows and spades, tines for cradles, or stocks for guns.

But it is not of the first fireplaces that we would dwell upon, fascinating and dear as the subject may be, but rather of their artistic successors, so beautifully designed when wealth had flowed freely into the community and better houses replaced the humble dwellings of the first settlers. For the large square mansions built in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, oftentimes by merchant princes who had amassed large fortunes in trade with foreign lands, contained wonderful hand-tooled fireplaces, masterpieces of interior woodwork designed by craftsmen who had a sure instinct for beauty and simplicity. They were in perfect harmony, with mouldings showing crisp, quaint carving—worthy



MCINTYRE MANTEL IN THE ASSEMBLY HOUSE IN SALEM,  
WHERE SOME OF HIS FINEST CARVING IS SHOWN

souvenirs of a cultured race of art workmen whose handicraft still continues to please and delight the eye.

These abounded in graceful lines and classic details. They were at first English interpretations. Those inspired by the Elizabethan period allowed the introduction of impressive carving, which became modified in the eighteenth century to meet architectural problems. Many of them, too, had pictorial tiles set into the fireplace, a

A SIMPLE MANTEL IN ONE  
OF THE CHAMBERS IN THE  
COOK-OLIVER HOUSE



style dating back to the Dutch models that were in high favor during Grinling Gibbons' régime, more especially in the reign of William and Mary; they depicted either Bible scenes or classic figures in colors. These stood high among the many fireplace motives in the home, more especially when the glittering brass fender and fireplace fittings were added, including the fire-side chair, often a reproduction of an old Flemish one. Thus was constructed a snug ingle nook, both charming and inviting.

With the increased use of panelling, formal employment of it was introduced over the fireplace. Many overmantel panels had crude paintings on them, following the example of English country houses. One of them still in existence shows a hunting scene in which the horses and riders are all quaintly out of drawing, but smoke and age have so darkened both wood and pigment that one has to imagine the former rich coloring.

It was in the Royall House at Medford, Massachusetts, built in 1735, that mulberry colored tiles first faced the splayed sides

of the fireplace, and there was a small iron fireback, a rare luxury in those times. The arrangement of this fireplace and deeply recessed windows, still preserved, is particularly impressive, retaining a classic feeling of restraint along with the vigorous air of ship carving.

In the Lee Mansion at Marblehead, Massachusetts, built in 1768 from timbers brought over seas in the owner's vessels, we find several beautiful fireplaces. That in the living room, faced with marble, is characterized by foli-



ated brackets and by festoons in the panel. The shallow heavy mantel shelf and squat brackets are typical of the eighteenth century mansions designed by English architects. The carving has a special interest as it reflects the individuality of the English woodcarver, Grinling Gibbons, for it differs markedly from all the later relief decorations that expressed the Adams' influence. Here the carvings show a certain bold unity, while the pendant bunches of grapes and the festoons of roses are surely typical of the work of Gibbons' followers, although it is by no means fine enough to be from the great woodcarver's own hands, as shown in an overmantel decoration in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. As said, before, there are many fireplaces, in fact one in every room, in this old mansion where Washington was entertained so lavishly. One in particular with two heavy panels above the fireplace showed a facing of colored pictorial tiles, above which is a heavy molded frame but no mantel shelf. On either side of the fireplace are fluted pilasters mounted on a high base and supporting a projection in the cornice.

With the advent of wood carving as a fine art in the latter years of the eighteenth century, the fireplace reached the zenith of its popularity, and it was when the large square Colonial houses in Salem came into existence that the designers, more especially Samuel McIntyre, realizing the extent to which it could be used, made it a fascinating object of art by endowing it with a wealth of simple orna-



FIREPLACE AND MANTEL-PIECE SHOWING THE GRINLING GIBBONS INFLUENCE



mentation. There is in the Pierce - Nichols house at Salem, built in 1782, a fine example of this artist's work. Small pilasters surmount the mantel shelf and another shelf runs from mantel to cornice, the variation in detail being charming, as the larger outer ones are fluted and stand on projections of the dado as bases. Their composite capitals are in sympathy with the square form and are unusually ornamental,

A MCINTYRE MANTEL SURMOUNTED BY A GILT AND WHITE MIRROR

picked out with daisy medallions to match those in the frieze of the room, while the architrave bears a delicate floral festoon and cameo-like medallions enclosed in a bead molding. The most charming fireplace of all in this historic house, however, is in the old time parlor. The mantel shows garlands and delicate ornamentation. Particularly interesting is the mantel mirror in white and gold, that fits so charmingly into the delicately hand tooled frame, a wedding gift to the first bride of the great mansion, for whom the parlor was fitted up.

After McIntyre came under the direct influence of the design book of the brothers Adam, there was a change in his workmanship: it became more conventional, as is shown in the Cabot-Lowe house in Salem, built in 1802, where a very fine mantel with detail has historic interest. It takes as a motif the American eagle, which did not appear in carving or in mirror frames until about the year 1800, several years after the close of the Revolutionary War. Sheaves of wheat and delicate festoons, together with oval medallions and bead moldings, upheld the old McIntyre standard of sturdy beauty, which was soon to

depart from American decoration. The later type of McIntyre fireplaces are marked by a thinner and broader mantel shelf, while the slender colonnettes are typical of the excessive refinement that in reality came from France, and one might almost claim that most of the mantels designed after 1800 belonged to a decadent period, in which perfection of detail and devotion to convention brought about a pleasant daintiness that was in no wise comparable to the vigorous quality of the earlier examples.

Various new motifs began to appear in the embellishment of early nineteenth century mantels. In the center of the architrave eagles, or insignia compounded of the eagle and other patriotic emblems, often occupied an oval moulded

medallion or were simply carved in relief. Now and again festoons or horns of plenty occupied the spaces on either side of the central design. Baskets of flowers and bow-knots might appear in the center or be used in a smaller scale for other spaces. The projecting parts of the architrave above the colonnettes, or pilasters more often bore sheaves of wheat, but sometimes flowers or medallions of various motifs were found. There were also classic figures, seated or dancing, in a central panel, as well as triglyphs and bosses.

One of the most interesting of the many McIntyre mantels is found in the Cook-Oliver house at Salem. This was originally in the Elias Haskett Derby house, that stood on Market Square in the historic old town—the most elegant mansion ever built in the city, with elaborate gardens terraced down to the water's edge. In its present home it stands a poem of classic architecture, and above it is a wonderful wall paper in bright colors that was placed there about 1800.

There is an especially good reason for Colonial classic detail in mantels, the composition of which eliminates efflorescent, distracting, or top heavy design. A mantel of this



A TILED FIREPLACE WITH TYPICAL GIRANDOLE MIRROR IN THE CHIMNEY BREAST IN THE SALTONSTALL HOUSE, HAVERHILL

type naturally suggests as complements simply a clock and a pair of candlesticks; for the reason that these objects carry out and repeat the basic lines—something which numerous and haphazardly placed vases do not. Early fireplaces framed with moldings were in the purest of taste. Even in the later ones, such as that in the Royall House, which maintained not only the fireplace structure but the added support of the cornice, there was preserved a beauty and vigor which the congealed styles that finally took their place sadly lacked.

The final debasement came with the introduction of machine made mouldings. Mantels became a frame, any frame, for a hole in the wall in which a gas log or an asbestos grate took the place of a fire.



# Would You Like to be "Cubed"?

*While other sculptors used Cubism as a structural starting point, William Wauer of Germany has remained true to its tenets* · by **SHELDON CHENEY**

**M**ANY great sculptors have toyed with the principles of Cubism only to turn back into other fields, and still others have gone through a Cubistic period to emerge on the other side with a definite and permanent gain in structural values and in simplicity and strength of modeling. Such are Archipenko, Scharff, Brancusi and Metzner. But of all those who have remained substantially true to the tenets of the original Cubists, who have stayed in the fold, doubtless the greatest is William Wauer, whose portrait busts are illustrated herewith.

In his geometrical vision of things, his accentuation of planes, and his sharpening and shaping of the angles separating planes, he is patently relying chiefly on Cubistic means. If there is at times an arbitrary playing-about with the angles for ornamental effect, an occasional bit of flourish for its own sake, as instanced in parts of the Bassermann head, such purely surface qualities disappear at other times in the well-realized structural solidity of a piece like the Rudolf Blümner bust.

The very angular "Self-portrait" might be guessed as belonging to an earlier period, when the sculptor was devoting himself more to the study and realization of the creed of Cubism than to the expression of something of his own: it has a theoretical and academic look. But in the other two busts he has



PORTRAIT BUST OF  
RUDOLF BLÜMNER  
BY WILLIAM WAUER



SELF PORTRAIT  
BY  
WILLIAM WAUER

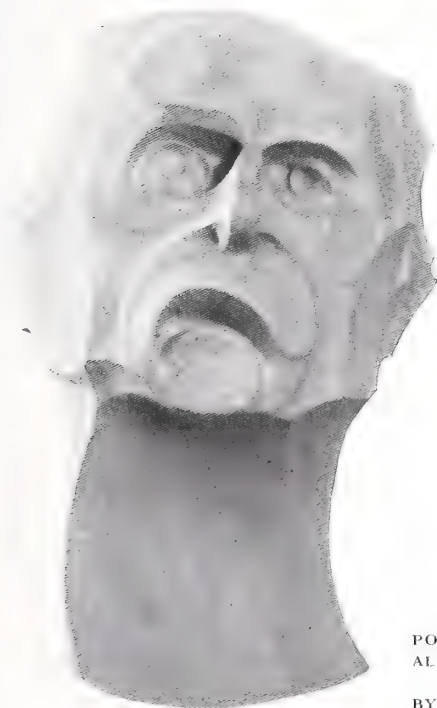
made his technical method more the tool of his own vision. They mark not only the high point touched in this particular sort of sculpture but an achievement that would be interesting and arresting in any company. The Bassermann portrait has an additional extraneous interest in the fact that the subject is one of Germany's foremost actors—what we would call a great "star."

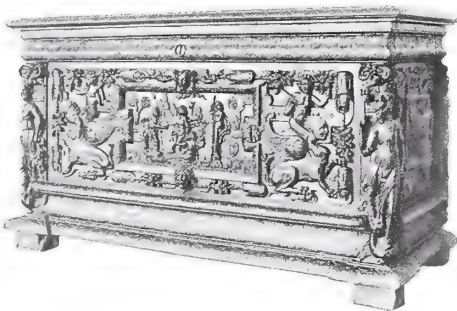
In America the work of J. Mowbray-Clarke is most comparable to Wauer's. In the sculpture of the American artist, particularly

in his portraits and symbolic figures, there is a marked similarity of feeling. In France, those of the sculptors who have remained in the Cubist tradition have, in general, a more analytical quality in their work. It is more abstract and the forms more purely geometrical, seeming to have greater design and more internal movement, and less of the representative element.

Wauer's work is known chiefly through exhibitions at "Der Sturm," one of the most conspicuous radical art centers in Germany. It is by courtesy of Der Sturm Gallery that the photographs are reproduced.

PORTRAIT BUST OF  
ALBERT BASSERMANN  
THE ACTOR  
BY WILLIAM WAUER





At the top of the page is shown a sixteenth century Italian marriage chest, the panels representing an allegory of war and peace; at left, a sixteenth century Brescian cassone illustrating the development of sculptural ornamentation (photograph by courtesy of P. W. French and Company); below, a High Renaissance chest, carved and gilded, with panels depicting the Journey of Tobit. (Photograph by courtesy of Duveen Brothers.)



## ITALIAN CHESTS OF CARVED WALNUT



# The CHEST in ART HISTORY

**I**N some remote day, ages before artists thought them worthy of pictorial notation, man created the chest. Of what its earliest form was we have no record, although

we can surmise that its origin was not unlike that of the primitive canoe, since there is still preserved in England a rude chest coming down from Saxon times in which the lid is fashioned out of the trunk of a tree with the bark remaining on the halved and hollowed log. But, ages before this crude specimen was made, the chest in ancient Egypt had risen to the dignity of being used by the priests in their ceremonial processions, the earliest of these recorded on her monuments being a very ornate receptacle, with a figure of some goddess standing on the lid, that is borne by two priests.

Religion, finance and domestic utility all used and developed the chest from the earliest times; and under the first and last of these three influences the chest grew to be an object of wondrous beauty. The coffer of the Middle Ages, sometimes called a "treasury," was the forerunner of the great bank vaults of to-day and there was such a demand for these strong-boxes that there appears even to have been a Guild of Coffers. The church used these treasure chests in profusion; and the life of François Vil-lon was tragically encoiled in the robbing of such a receptacle in the chapel of the College of Navarre, in Paris. Herewith is reproduced a superb example of one of these strong-boxes or coffers of the late medieval period with the lid raised to reveal the elaborate lock. This masterpiece of the cofferer's craft has a plate of pierced and polished iron that covers the lock, the boss in the center showing through it when in place.

Classic Rome knew and preserved the chest, Juvenal and Ovid both make ref-

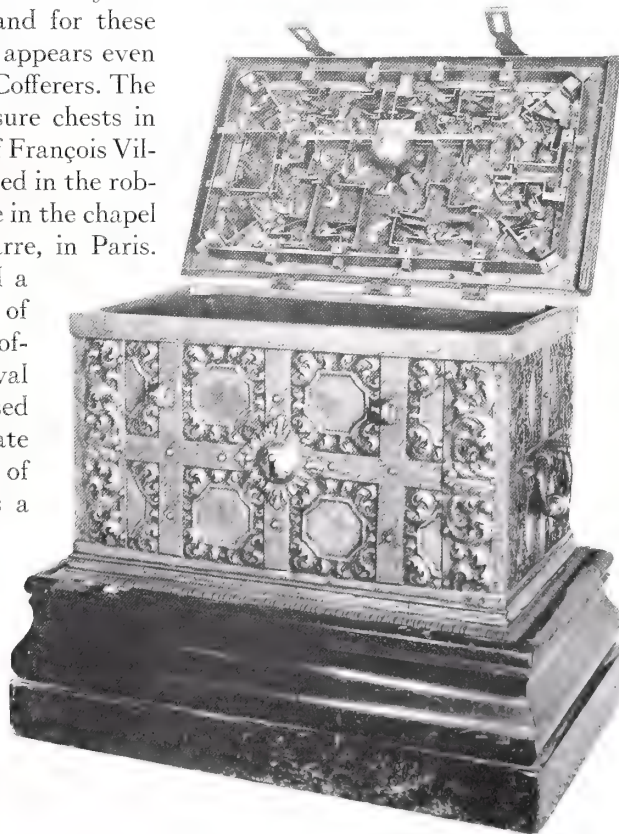
*It has always reflected the style and civilization of the times of its maker and original owner . . . by*

WILLIAM B. M'CORMICK

erences to them, and their use and numbers grew through the Dark Ages, one of the various forms of chests in use then and for centuries after in Eng-

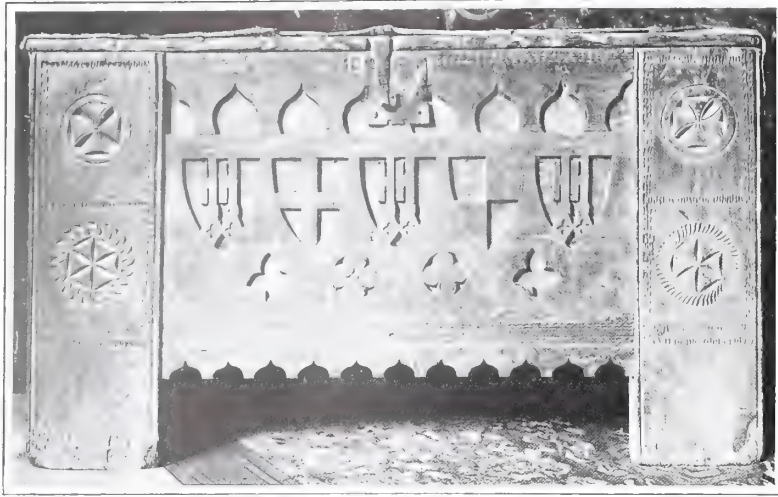
land — the "almerie" or "dole cupboard"—being illustrated in Froissart's Chronicles and mentioned in the Morte d'Arthur.

Picture and legend ends, and actual examples of ancient chests begin, with the twelfth century, some of which are in a remarkable state of preservation considering domestic conditions in that era. The combination of rush-covered stone floors and the habit of throwing table refuse down into the rush floor-covering created a mass of matter that rotted the lower parts of these chests, as well as the other simple furniture of the time, until they became as spongy as cork and were discarded. But in French and English museums and old cathedrals and churches many of these early chests are still preserved. In the Cluny Museum there is a superb thirteenth century coffer, the front of which is decorated with carving showing twelve knights in complete armor, the lid being a marvellous example of Gothic wood-carver's craft. In the Louvre and in the museums of Orleans and Troyes there are chests that are marvellous illustrations of Gothic decorative art. And on the stalls of the Amiens Cathedral are miniature carved representations of the furniture in use in the first half of the sixteenth century so accurate that many modern reproductions of such pieces—including chests—have been made in France from these models in recent years. Spanish chests of the fifteenth



WROUGHT IRON COFFER  
OF THE SIXTEENTH  
CENTURY

(Courtesy of P. W. French & Co.)

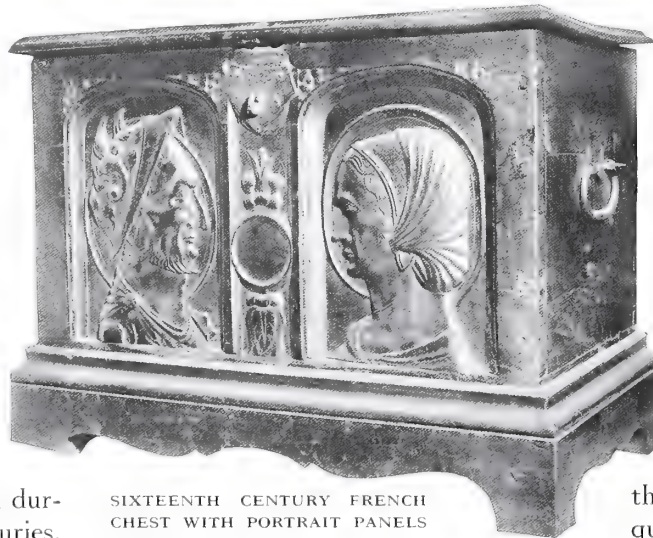


century are extremely rare. FIFTEENTH CENTURY FRENCH CHEST WITH GOTHIC HERALDIC CARVING

Their decorations, in which the carvings were gilded and colored, also included very elaborate painted subjects, invariably inside the lid.

England's earliest preserved chest (outside of the crude Saxon example) is in Brampton church, Northamptonshire. It is a coffer dating from the last year of the twelfth century and is bound with wrought iron work with a charming design of scrolls and flowers, a pattern which pointed the way toward what was to be evolved when the very human qualities of Gothic art bloomed during the next two centuries. The thirteenth century

coffers in the Victoria and Albert Museum and in the ancient churches of Stokes d'Abernon, Chipping and Saltwood are all very strong in materials and construction, the lids having no hinges but revolving on pivots, and the ornamentation being chiefly of the simplest Gothic suggestion and usually only on the front panel. In Westminster Abbey there is an admirable example of the conventual coffer of this century. And in New-



SIXTEENTH CENTURY FRENCH CHEST WITH PORTRAIT PANELS  
(Courtesy of P. W. French & Company)

boards," in which were kept food and other articles that were distributed to the poor as doles. There were also "trussing chests" or "bride's wains," in which a trousseau was packed, this last term being still in use in some parts of northern England. In France the word "bahut" was

sometimes applied to strong boxes used for travelling purposes. When these chests were used by nobles and gentlefolk in travelling they were carried by retainers on long poles thrust through what were called "heaving rings" fastened on the lid. The church kept its most gorgeous vestments in "cope chests" that were semicircular or quadrant in shape, the latter shape being used when the copes were folded lengthwise before packing.

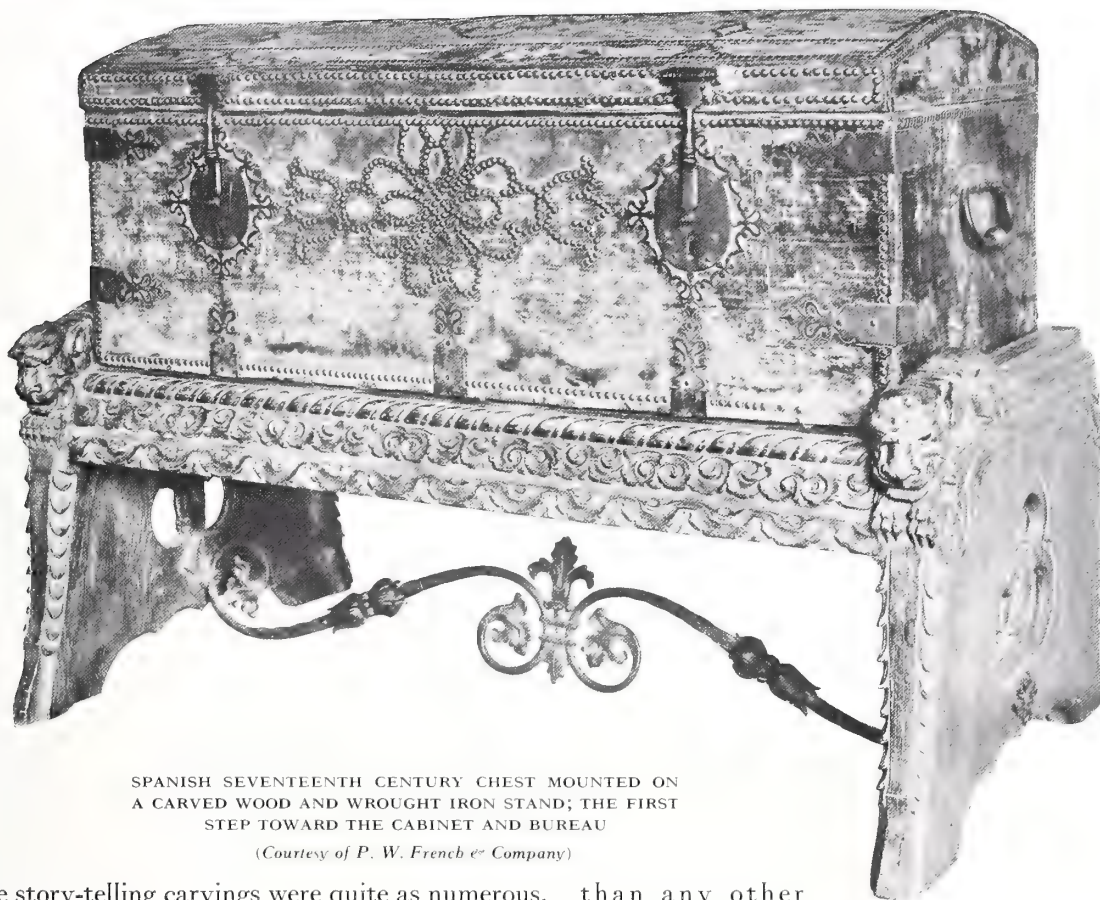
Fourteenth century chests that have come down to us show a remarkable use of Gothic carving, animals playing a conspicuous part in the pictorial designs. There were already, in the English coffers, evidences of the perpendicular Gothic and the transitional forms of architecture reflected in the designs, but



TYPE OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY CHEST

(Courtesy of P. W. French & Company)





SPANISH SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CHEST MOUNTED ON  
A CARVED WOOD AND WROUGHT IRON STAND; THE FIRST  
STEP TOWARD THE CABINET AND BUREAU

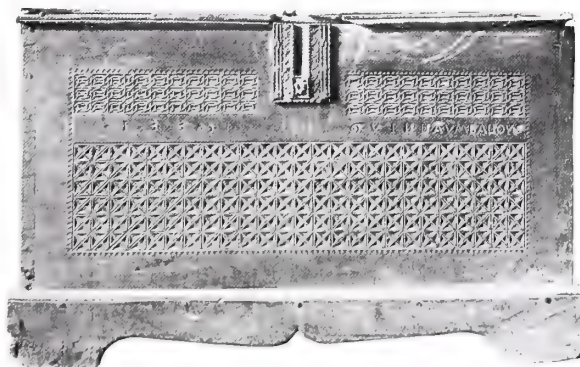
(Courtesy of P. W. French & Company)

the story-telling carvings were quite as numerous. These were chiefly relating to chivalry, one chest in the Victoria and Albert Museum from this period showing a naïvely humorous series of episodes in the lives of knights, and another, of a class that came to be called "tilting coffers," picturing knights engaged in tournaments. With the fifteenth century came an extraordinary increase in the making of chests. In all of Europe north of Italy living conditions tended to make for greater comfort in the home, while south of the Alps interior domestic architecture was concerned with little but sleeping accommodations and large empty-looking rooms for state reception purposes. And as a result of this difference between indoor living and outdoor living peoples, furniture grew to be of more varied kinds and usage in France, Germany, England and the Low Countries than in Italy and Spain.

If we are to believe the records of lists of furniture coming down from that time there were more chests in use

than any other pieces, for they outnumbered everything else in these inventories. Their profusion may be gathered from a list of chests and coffers owned by the Princess Charlotte of Savoy in 1483. These included nine chests for clothes, thirteen for toilet articles and household goods, five for brocades and other rich stuffs, nine for books, and two iron coffers which held valuable purses and jewels. It was in this century that the Flanders chests first began to make their appearance, and Flemish, Italian and German workmen invaded England where their craftsmanship "perverted," as one critic declares, English Gothic decorations either with the classic influences of Rome or with Germanic modes in carving and ironwork.

Color, beyond that of the wood and the small amount of inlaid work that was used, entered very little into these earlier and north-country chests. It was not until the Renaissance bourgeoned forth in Italy that real color began to be used in connection with these objects of



WOODEN CHEST DATED 1333  
CONVENTIONALLY CARVED





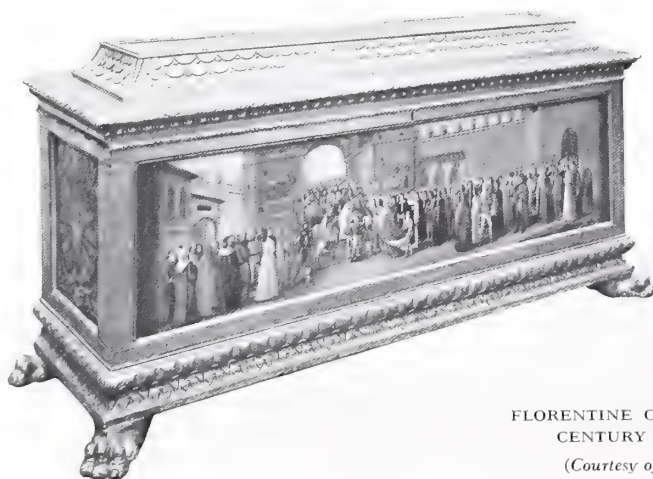
household utility. And then, like everything touched by the

A GOthic VENETIAN CASSONE OF ABOUT FOURTEEN HUNDRED, MOUNTED ON SOLID PANELS IN PLACE OF FEET

gorgeous spirit of that time, they took on a splendor of form and color hitherto unknown. "To attempt to describe the changes which took place at the close of the fifteenth century," says one historian of these pieces of furniture, "would be to write a history of the Renaissance." Whereas in the countries north of the Apennines carving and marquetry were almost the sole ornamentation, in Italy the craftsmen utilized wood-carving more gorgeously than ever before, covered the chests with velvets that glowed like semi-precious jewels, painted and gilded them, and—most striking of all—fitted painted panels into them that are among the most illuminating pictures that have come down to us from the Italian Renaissance, because they depict the life of that time rather than religious subjects. These painted panels, as is very well known, are so fine in themselves and so thoroughly characteristic of the various schools of painting in northern Italy that many of them have been removed from the old cassoni, or wedding chests, and hung in museums and private collections all over the world. We reproduce two splendid specimens of these precious

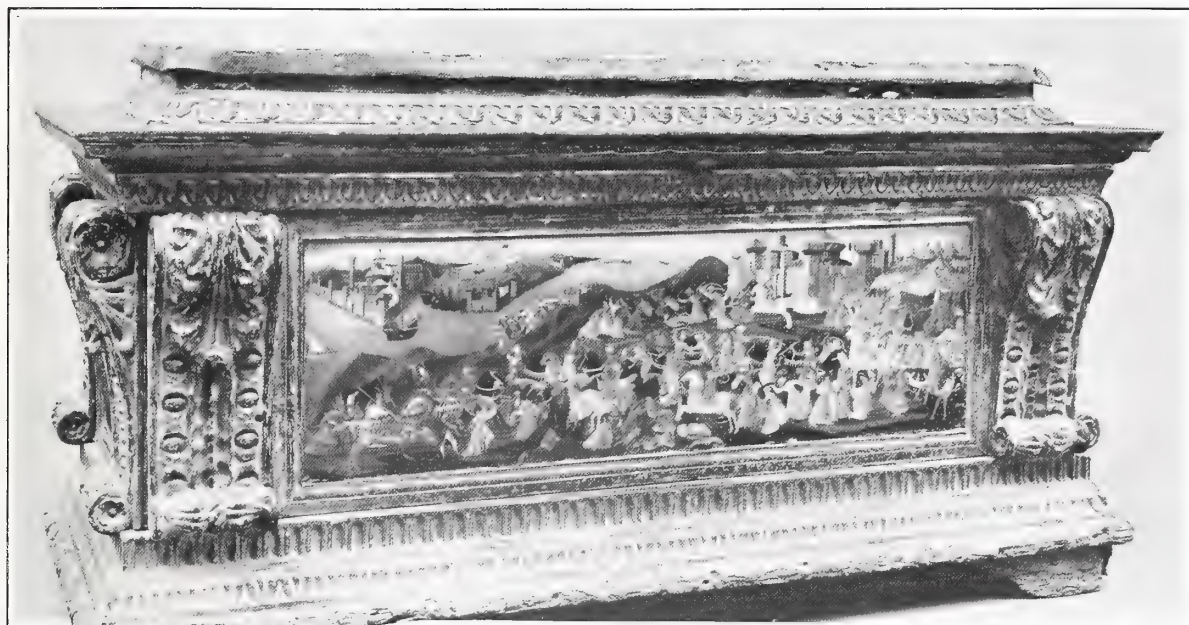
cassoni, one now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, its elaborate and heavy carving serving as a fitting frame for the painted panel showing an attack on a Saracen city by the Crusaders. The color on the carvings has faded, but that of the painting is still almost as brilliant as when it came from the artist's bodega. The second cassone with painted panels is more reserved in its scheme of decoration, the mouldings being very simple and the gravely painted panel showing the return of some ruling prince, welcomed by a throng of Florentines in the characteristic costumes of the greatest days of that city. How velvet was used in the decoration of these cassoni is illustrated in another example of unique form with a center panel showing the crest of the original Florentine owner, this cassone now being privately owned by an American collector.

Wood-carving as ornamentation grew even more elaborate as the spirit of the Renaissance became more florid, as did the application of gesso to these chests. We show here one of the finest examples of carved walnut cassoni that ever came to this country, the chest being in the permanent



FLORENTINE CASSONE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY WITH A PAINTED PANEL  
(Courtesy of P. W. French & Company)





SIXTEENTH CENTURY RENAISSANCE CHEST WITH PAINTED  
PANEL SHOWING A BATTLE SCENE IN THE CRUSADES  
(In the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

lids being elaborately  
carved with floral  
motifs, the corners

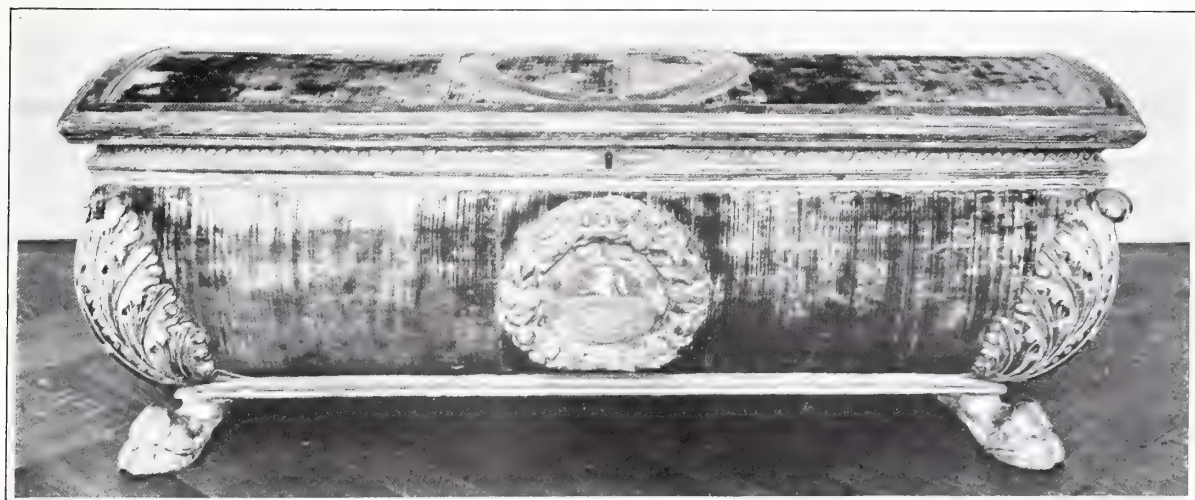
collection of the St. Louis Museum. This Italian piece dates from about 1560 and came from Bra-braham Hall, Cambridge, the family seat of Lord Hardwicke. The carving on the front panel pre-sents an allegory of "Peace and War," the base being ornamented with carved figures, as are the sides, large figures at the four corners typifying War and Peace in front while those at the back are in the form of sheathed terminals. The front panel is divided by an escutcheon bearing a coat of arms. Two other extraordinarily distinguished examples of wood-carving as applied to these Renaissance cassoni are now owned by Duveen Brothers, one of which is illustrated here. The carved and gilt panels il-lustrate the story of the "Journey of Tobit," the

ornamented with female figures in classic robes in front and the base members with female masks, the "fenders" composed of alternating cherubs' heads, lions' masks and shallow vases resting on the floor.

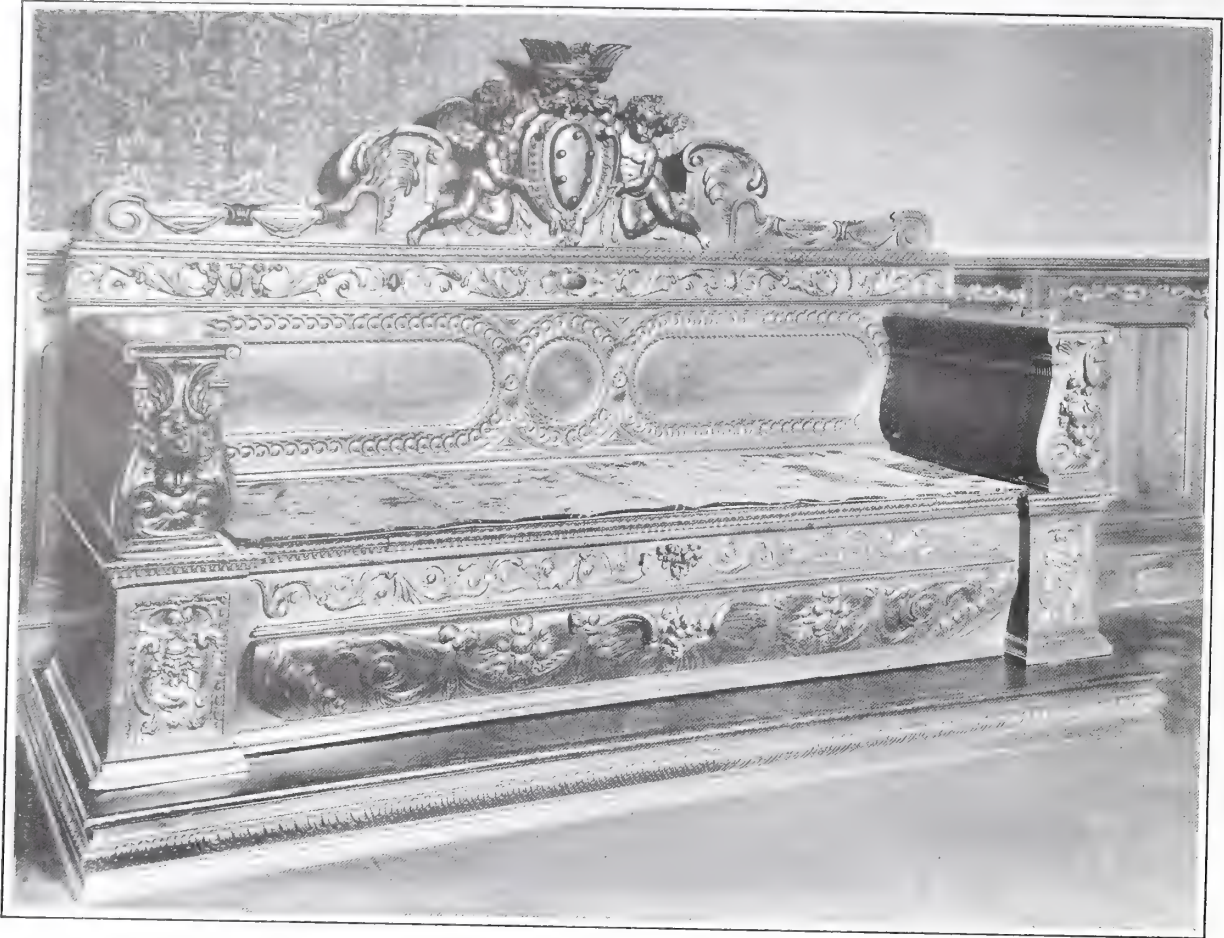
When any one opens a bureau-drawer to-day he may not realize the fact, but that omni-present article of furniture is the last develop-ment of the original chest. At first these pieces simply stood upon the floor, but as they began to be used for more valuable things it was desired to protect them from the dampness and plain blocks of wood were attached to them for this purpose. Then, as the spirit of the cabinet-makers responded to the

growth of ornamentation as applied to household

SIXTEENTH CENTURY ITALIAN RENAISSANCE CASSONE  
COVERED WITH VELVET, WITH CREST IN CENTER PANEL  
(Courtesy of P. W. French & Company)







furniture, feet in the form of animals' paws were used, this indicating that they were movable objects. There is illustrated here with a Gothic Venetian chest,

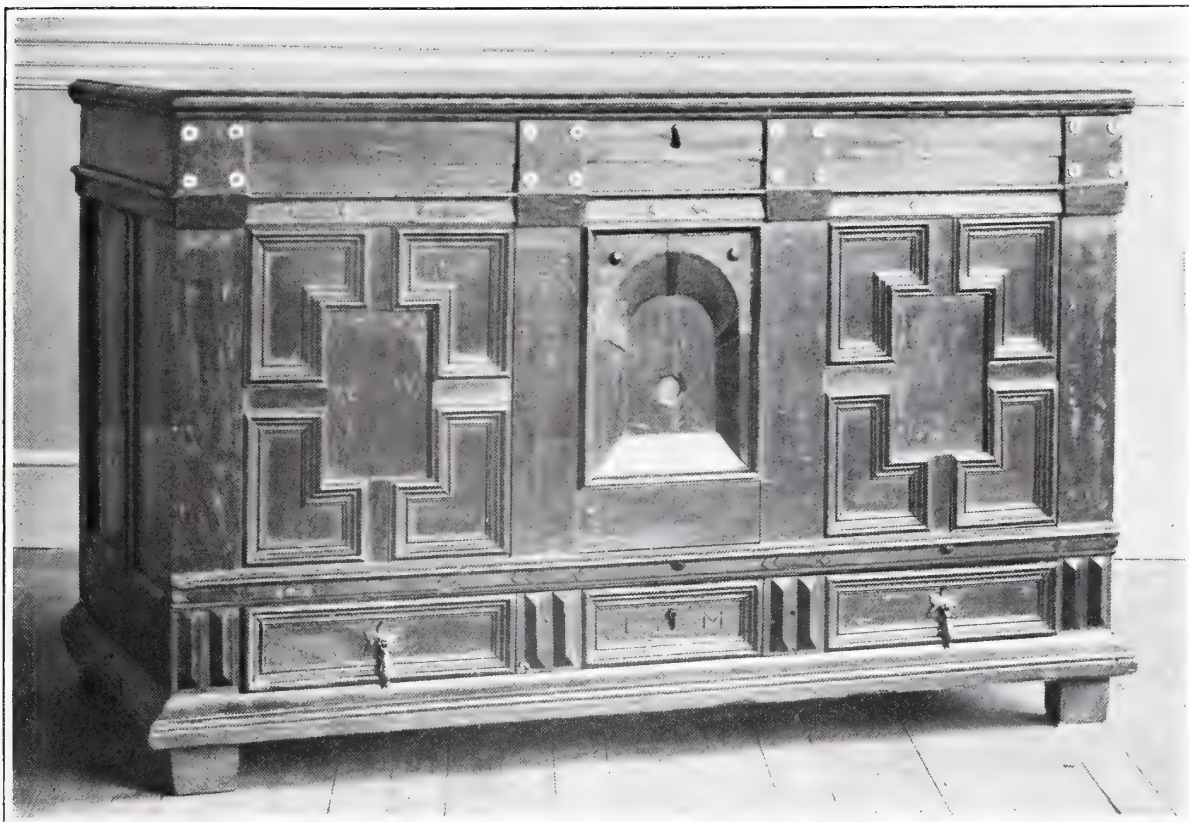
SIXTEENTH CENTURY SEAT-AND-CHEST DEVELOPED BY RENAISSANCE CABINET MAKERS. COAT OF ARMS OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI

EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY ITALIAN CASSONE DECORATED IN GESSO  
(Courtesy of R. W. French & Company)

fifteenth century, which shows a further development of this idea of raising the cassone off the floor, the "legs" being solid panels







EARLY ENGLISH CUPBOARD IN WHICH  
DRAWERS WERE ADDED TO THE CHEST  
(Courtesy of W. & J. Sloane)

and a simple ornamentation of open Gothic arches being fitted across the open space below the bottom of the cassone, this ornamentation being developed later into the "fender" of the cassone described above as picturing the Biblical legend of Tobit's journey. Sometimes the chests were placed on ornate stands of carved wood and wrought iron, as illustrated here in such a combined Spanish piece acquired by P. W. French & Co. Standing as the chests did in state rooms and the halls of Italian palaces, their convenience as seats was made very evident, and another development of cassoni in Italy was the combining of them with backs and arms until they became the forerunners of the modern sofas and davenports. One of these joint cassone-and-seat pieces that comes from the sixteenth century and bears the arms of Lorenzo de' Medici is

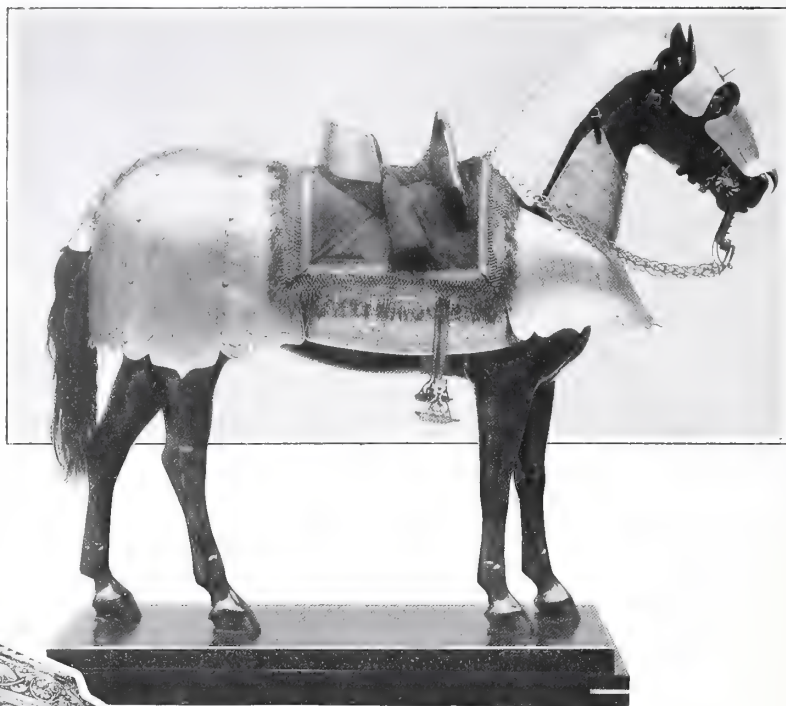
herewith illustrated, this having been in the Jules Porges collection. English cabinet-makers developed the chest into a low cupboard with drawers, the earliest form of the "lowboy," as shown in the Early English piece that has a simple ivory inlay ornamentation and a severely plain carving. This is in the collection of W. & J. Sloane, as is the antique oak Stuart cabinet inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which is the next step toward the chest of drawers, the highboy and the commode. This chest has been fitted with doors and on the top another smaller chest has been superimposed. One striking feature of these chests-grown-to-seats is that they exemplified the decorative arts, no less completely than they typified the manners of the peoples in whose times they were fashioned.



ENGLISH STUART CABINET  
(Courtesy of W. & J. Sloane)

# Ancient Armor Saved from recent War

*Carried to Austria from  
a besieged Italian castle,  
it was sold to the Metro-  
politan*



NORTH ITALIAN ENGRAVED HORSE ARMOR  
DATING ABOUT 1560



PANELS OF ENGRAVING  
ON EARLY HORSE ARMOR

To the collection of armor in the Metropolitan Museum of Art there has been added two horse panoplies, raising the number of these suits in the collection to five, the rarity of these panoplies being shown by the fact that the largest number in any of the armories abroad is seven. Dating from about 1560 and 1575, these harnesses are of North Italian workmanship and illustrate the beauty of the armorer's craft of that time. When they came to the museum the frontplate of the saddle of the earlier harness was missing as

HORSE ARMOR, PROBABLY  
VENETIAN, DATING ABOUT 1575



was a flankguard of the later suit. These have been restored by the armorer in the museum. The figure shown in the illustration of the later panoply is clad in horseman's armor with an engraved saddle which is nearly of the same date and workmanship as the panoply.



ART BY THE WAY *Guy Pène du BOIS*

A GREAT many successful painters are old men who work on, dragging the photograph of their first loves with them. These, as reference to a time when they felt strongly and thought a little. First loves, they are, that, like morons, never grow old and become with the painters, whose intellectual pace they do not attempt to keep, the young darlings of infatuated old fools. The temptation is to say that this race of painters is our own special product. It is, as a matter of record, the special product of every art producing nation. Most men weary after one conception. They weary with even greater rapidity when it happens that their first conception is marketable. The examples are men like Ziem, Thaulow, Henner, Murphy, Ballard Williams and at least one of the New Hope group; perhaps any one out of that little settlement of prize winning pupils of Redfield will do.

The repetition in the most obvious instances is technical, the continuance of a craft habit, a thing which by the rigidity of its demands obstructs vision. If it is imperative, as in this case, that the style or the vehicle be unswayed by the idea, that the old box continue to be the container of whatever new matter is manufactured, then we shall find that new matter pulled out of recognizable shape, stunned and deadened beyond value. Webster's language will not easily be made to explain Freud.

In less obvious instances, instances in which the man's hands retain a certain nimbleness or

escape the rheumatic tendency just mentioned, there will be a cerebral or emotional lethargy to which no linguistic somersault can for any palpable length of time lend an appearance of growth. John Daub on his feet or on his head remains the purveyor of a saccharine ideal. This last is as much the nation's as Daub's fault. He is of those painters who meet a demand with a supply,

a supply to which there is added a flourish or two more than is demanded, the good measure of the old time merchant. Daub is one of a great many Americans. There is no intention here to mark him or to mark any one particularly. He is indeed probably the most intelligent in his class and one whose manual dexterity has few equals. These men after all, and in any country, are smoke which speaks of a fire somewhere, a fire which produces them. I am constantly tempted to refer to our most popular



"MISS MARY BELFORT"  
LITHOGRAPH BY TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

stage idol Georgie Cohan who for a very long time has been capitalizing very old jokes. There is, there must be about him, either a very great naïveté or a very great sophistication. Either he fools his audiences by giving them the gold bricks they demand or else he is himself tricked (and he must weigh them sometimes) into the belief that the gilt cardboard is really gold. In any case the laugh that comes of hearing an old joke can be easy and unrestrained for it is a proved joke, one that requires no thought and can therefore be received and acclaimed with perfect safety. The repetitive painter is in Georgie Cohan's class. It is not so very long ago

that no American collection was considered complete unless it contained a Ziem.



But all national art has a certain repetitive quality. There is one already in the American product which, by the way, did it do nothing else might still stand as evidence of the beginning of art expression here. Its salient characteristic is innocence. There are literally more old fools' blue-eyed darlings on canvas here than in any other country in the world. We cling to innocence with something of desperation. The man grows old, sees life or lives it, becomes sophisticated; the painter does not move in his tracks, no blots mar his original purity, no new huskiness is added to his original soprano, no scars on the rosy pink of the first flesh. Art is here and life is there. An interdiction, a fence separates them. The first must not be contaminated by the second. They are not, or they must not be in any way congenial.



We have built an isolated niche for the esthetically sensational. It is a glove we take on Sundays like a church service. We wear an art suit for an art occasion, despite the democratic tendency to dress in the morning for any exigency that may arise, for life has apparently smirched our other clothes. I have no idea whether we are right or wrong in this. I have a suspicion that we are wrong. But then it is quite possible to prefer an ideal to a fact and to produce a truth out of the first which will consistently deny the second. The average American, this is probably unquestionable, does not face life or its facts squarely. He has not been forced to. As an undefeated nation we are one whose ideals have never been punctured. We cannot abide irony. We claim a great sense of humor but our humorous magazines

are filled with puns, and stubbornly avoid any reference to life. Perhaps this is a Puritan heritage. Perhaps the Puritan disgust for life still lives in us. Life has a way of destroying the most symmetrical designs of idealism. "Doors," a very successful American banker once said, "are made to shut off prying eyes." The ideal must be kept clear and clean at all costs. Life must neither be talked about nor seen. It is a creator of shudders in outraged sensibilities. It is mire: walk in it if you must, and probably you must, (a new admission this one) but keep your eyes on the stars. The stars are in the art galleries where never a mention is made of the mire or, even as a back hand bit of subtlety, of the monstrous things that go on in it.



All this leads by contrast and therefore naturally to a little exhibition of the lithographs of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec which will be held soon at the Kraushaar Gallery along with two drawings by Honoré Daumier and a few from Forain. Daumier is the father of

the other two, a father whose influence is rather initiative than coloring. He may be said to have started them as satirists and nothing more. Daumier and Lautrec particularly are widely separated. Daumier is temperamentally of the people, of the solid substantial people, knowing their faults but talking of them in a point of view and language made of their own solid qualities. Lautrec is temperamentally of the aristocracy, a man who talked incisive and malicious things with the fashionable airs of those duellists who wiped blood from their rapiers with cambric handkerchiefs and fastidious annoyance. Forain is less republican than Daumier, a greater generalizer and quicker to make classifications, to deal in man rather than men. There may be more socialism in Forain. The forms are squarer and more solid than with Lautrec. The humor



"GUY ET MEALY DANS PARIS QUI MARCHE"  
LITHOGRAPH BY TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



is not of the buffoon order, not slapstick, but it has a journalistic tendency, a wide appeal, which Daumier's was never without; a greater breadth and health than will ever be found in Lautrec. Lautrec is pernicious, malicious and precious. He is more like Huysmann's artist (often mentioned by James Huneker) who worked contented with an audience of twelve. One might catch him, if watchful, laughing at himself up his sleeve. This is a serious art but it is presented with no sign of that ponderousness with which the bourgeoisie associates all serious thought.

The attitude, perhaps all artists strike them, is one of a well-bred man who shocking us would palliate the shock a little by conveying the notion that it was, after all, negligible, that we are not to accept it as a truth of great might and weight or, horrors of horrors, as a discovery. He could say the "terrible" things he says in fashionable salons. It does not matter that he might have been found more often in outlawed salons. His people, his women particularly, belong to an especially sophisticated society, the most sophisticated in the world of his time. But their sophistication is less than his. He finds something naïvely frank there in masque form, often as not; sometimes it is the brazenness of professional immorality and, at others, the gleam in the eyes of a jaded cynical poseur or in those of a rich and pampered sensualist.

His fat women do not perspire. They have a cure for that just as they have a disguise for natural decay. Daumier's heavy woman has weight, richness, corpulence, heat. She wipes her brow. She is productive, stolid and stupid. Her heart is whole and healthy. Daumier was without a social attitude or rather a class one. He was bigger and broader if you will and never made a fashionable gesture though he could report them. Lautrec made many. He could shudder in the

presence of a stylistic *faut pas*. He could mince his words and his walk. His line stings with the incisiveness and crispness and delicacy of a serpent's fangs. His murders may be cruel and relentless, but the job is done with neatness and precision. It has a foppish air and is a technical delight.

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He would be impossible in the America of the old fools' darlings who are as innocent or more innocent than Thackeray's Amelia, or Fielding's for that matter. The artist and the man in this instance, as with Daumier and Forain, keep pace and are inseparable. The artist is not busy denying himself and life. His esthetics far from wilful are unavoidable. His morals? He has none. He is neither preacher nor modifier. He does not draw for children. He may be a critic. But behind his cruelty and malice there lurks a great fondness for life as it is, never a blinding



"AU CONCERT"  
LITHOGRAPH BY TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

sun to him, never a thing which one faces from behind glasses darkened by religion or morals in order that its vitality will be dulled, along with its profundity and beauty. His method is deductive, an empirical attack.

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It may take years for the appreciation of Lautrec to reach America. It may never arrive. But, in fairness, it will probably never reach extensively into the masses of any country. Lautrec is precious as Beardsley but never so impressed by his own thesis. The Englishman was himself rather pleasurably shocked by his own daring. Lautrec is the product of a less self-conscious civilization. There is a wilful decadence in Beardsley. He throws his iconoclastic darts with a not exceedingly secret joy

despite that he was a *cabinet noire* thinker. Besides he sentimentalizes in sin. He could not help being English. He robes his maladive moments in Persian pageantry. In the strictest sense the Frenchman is undecorative. The force of the idea alone lends compositional brilliance to his pages. Like Goya he could be made impatient by the padding required, in Beardsley as an example, to the completion of a canvas. He padded less than Goya. He was quicker, more incisive, wittier. Goya was born of the people and was never satisfied to touch a page with a feather. Exhilarated, he strode it mightily. When bored, which was often enough, he continued to the completion of the job, continued when style had left him and he fumbled like an amateur. In Lautrec culture had given consciousness to the machine. It never goes beyond its ability, directs the man's passions, restricts them, gives precision to the tumble of words. Lautrec is too civilized, which may be to say dry, to roar a faulty human note. This is assuredly not a republican art. It is one that might be of profit to those Americans, beginning to require style in their drawing, who go to the works of other men for reference, to objective sources, when they might to greater advantage be developing the spirit of it within themselves. However it is doubtful that this spirit, as it is beginning to show itself here, is entirely instigated by other work. It is much more likely that a reaction against the emotional slops of the past decade has set in, that the pendulum has swung and that we are to have an art which will reflect the progress or the change in the nation.



Two thousand words or a million could go easily in devotion to the mouths of Lautrec's people, vicious mouths on girls of forty-five and fifty, tight and loose and twisted, almost invariably twisted, hard and false. None of the generosity in them of De Quincy's tubercular gutter girl and none of the English author's personal (it is also traditional) generosity in the Frenchman. There must have been a cruel twist in the latter's own mouth, one forced there, it is imaginable, by pain, a pain that threw off vitriol with the twinges of unbearable moments. There are no greater refinements in any one than in this man's cruelty. A definite pleasure went with it. And yet, somehow, this is not the work of a sadist. He reports with understanding. He may, sentimentally to be sure, even be suspected of sympathy. He relates histories in the twists of mouths. They are a procession of pasts, of emblems of vice.

Generally, they are tense and thin lipped, forced into smiles, goaded into grimaces, and masques torn off by him even as he copies them.

But what are the thoughts behind them, the ideas back of the baby words they emit? They live a social nightmare in a series of never ending poses, mannerisms propelled by necessity. Imagine the frightfulness of their relaxations: hanging mouths, loose words, a horrible corsetlessness. This alone could be the other side of that slate, the other side of artifice. It is impossible to conceive these women in a *svelte* repose or in any decent repose with no man to watch it. Revulsions of actors they must have, along with the coincident back scene vulgarities. Their stage life is lived on their toes. They move their fingers to please men. Calculation can never rest with soldiers of fortune. And ironically, while living by art, their fortunes decay with their bodies. Daumier would have had a fondness for their bodies. He liked nature, substance, weight. Lautrec pays them a greater compliment when he practically disregards their bodies and reports the gesture which is to say the art.



The fear of over-elaboration is probably the greatest Anglo-Saxon fear. It crops out in everything that we do but more particularly in those things where taste leaves itself open to question. Good taste with us is an Anglo-Saxon product. That means that when we are in doubt we wear black. It is indeed because we are largely in doubt that we so generally dress in black. It is probably because we are so largely in doubt that our homes as years roll by become simpler and simpler. It is apparently in simplicity that safety lies. The question of taste which enters so very little into the making of pictures is the predominating factor in architecture. Were there no other way of proving this we could turn to the fact that whenever an architect desires to put a decorative motive on a building he goes to an ancient one which has been tried and found true; and that whenever there is a doubt about using a decoration at all the decoration is omitted. In architecture, good taste to-day is generally proved by an omission. The interior decorator uses the same method. The first thing that he does on entering an established home is to back a moving van up to the front door. After that his fun begins.

In the Italian Renaissance when the decorative spirit was in full bloom the question of taste was never raised and men were without fear. Motive was piled upon motive by full hearted and full





"LE VENTRE LÉGISLATIF"  
LITHOGRAPH BY HONORÉ DAUMIER

throated singers. We of this timid period may think of them as scoffing at restrictions but it is much more probable that they had never heard of them. A thin art is the product of a thin spirit. Elimination is the decorative device of sick rooms. Weak health is very readily downed by any sort of elaboration. The phantoms of the analysts of taste wear sheets hidden under ribbons and tinsel. Most of those we see to-day are mid-Victorian. It is our fear which makes us forget that they are dead. It is our fear which has created the love of the Colonial house and of the Florentine interior. In their simplicity and rigidity both these styles are essentially chaste. We may question then whether for us, they are not hypocritical or, at best, misrepresentative. Each period should draw its designs, its rhythms out of its wealth and health. Ours, drawn with our fears, is a negative expression. It is possible that the architect and the interior decorator are responsible for this. It is certain that they have placed a taboo upon modern pictures. These are born of reactions from contemporary life. They are the records of a man in a certain place at a certain time. The modern interiors are dug out of the past. The most expensive of them still retain some of the dust of that past.

At the Century Club last year there was held an exhibition of two interiors. One of these was arranged by painters and the other by architects.

The painters claimed that modern pictures could be hung in an ancient interior. The architects were imbued with the logic of remaining consistently within a given period. Their room was historically correct. It could have been placed in a museum. It was dead, a denial of progress in life, a rebuttal of the idea of change. There were pieces of furniture from ancient China and pictures by Degas, Glackens, Lawson and others in the painters' room. It contained the wealth of the past and of the present and was on that account a live room, an active presentation, in symbol, of contemporary thought. That it was without period logic is in its favor. It is entirely probable, in any case, that neither one of the contending parties was convinced by the other. But the painters achieved something which they had long wanted. They have been permitted to decorate the entrance hall of the club. Like the entrances to most men's clubs this had always been rather solemn and drab. There are only two panels inserted at this writing. One is by Kenneth Frazier and the other by Bryson Burroughs. There are more to come. Of these one will be the work of Gifford Beal. But the two set in place now, it seems to me, have already done their work. Members linger in the hall who had always rushed through it. The place is lighter, more free, gayer. It has become an entrance instead of a passage way. Mr. Charles D. Lay helped it to happen.

It is recorded that Marie Louise, Empress of France, slept during the hours that Pierre Paul Prud'hon devoted to the vain task of teaching her to draw, and one wonders if it was because he tried to be serious, as serious as he was in his painting. If that were true, one can scarcely blame the Empress, for very few of his paintings arouse interest. The part of his work usually regarded as important has been very largely forgotten and neglected: there were many men of his time who were better painters. Fortunately, however, Prud'hon was not always the court painter of made-to-order pictures. For those same pictures he made life-size cartoons in crayon and chalks, studies of heads and figures that have the superb qualities of those other master draughtsmen, Correggio, del Sarto, and da Vinci. In many ways he is comparable to del Sarto, "the perfect painter," whose drawings have a freedom from the restraint so evident in his paintings. Prud'hon the painter may well be forgotten but the artist of the crayons and chalks has a message for all time. In fitting recognition of the centenary of the artist's death a comprehensive exhibition of his work is being held in the Petit Palais. Nine of his finest drawings will be reproduced as a special insert in the November number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.



Prud'hon, the record of whose life is well known, is gaining recognition through his hitherto unknown work. The paintings of Alphonse Monticelli have for a long time been recognized as the work of a master, but the master himself remains a mystery. Many legends surround the life of this painter whose work proclaims the artist, but gives little clue to the man. In the November number Louise Gebhard Cann unravels, as completely as it is possible to do, the skein of rumor and story that surrounds him, and in a profusely illustrated article has written a timely appreciation of the production of this artist who "painted in crushed jewels."



The Flemish Gothic weavers and the splendid products of their looms will be discussed in the second article of the series on "Tapestries of Five Centuries," by Dr. Phyllis Ackerman, which will appear in the November number. Another series, written by Arthur Upham Pope, on "Oriental

Rugs as Fine Art" will be begun in that issue, and will be illustrated by two color reproductions of unusual beauty, and many halftones. Rugs and tapestries are among the highest expressions of textile art, taking esthetic rank with the finest painting and sculpture. Few things have equalled or surpassed the beauty of color and design found in the products of the rug and tapestry looms, and these two series dealing with the best periods and examples of their respective arts, will form an unusually complete and interesting commentary on these important subjects.



Readers of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will need no introduction to Sherwood Anderson, and will be interested to read a letter from him that is included in F. Newlin Price's article on the work of Carl Anderson, his brother. Carl Anderson is one of America's foremost painters, and there is a haunting charm in his canvases of quiet interiors and peaceful open air scenes that is as satisfying as it is rare. A color reproduction of a splendid example of this artist's work is included in the article.



Frieske is best known as a painter of people in sunlight, whose canvases are a glitter of brilliant color and gay costumes, a fact that should give added interest to the specially printed insert on India paper showing two of his studies of the nude in interiors, as well as one of his better known outdoor compositions.



An exhibition of portraits by Howard Chandler Christy, whose work in this field is discussed in this issue, will be held at the Ainslie Galleries, 677 Fifth Avenue, from October fifteenth to November first. It is the first collective showing of this latest phase of Mr. Christy's work, and should be of unusual interest as a new development in American portraiture.



The splendid painting, rich in finely balanced color masses, of "The Young Woman in Yellow," by Charles Hawthorne, reproduced on the cover of this number, is used through the courtesy of The Ferargil Galleries.

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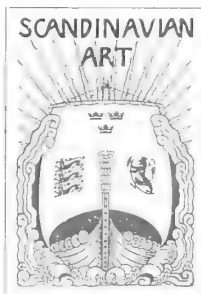
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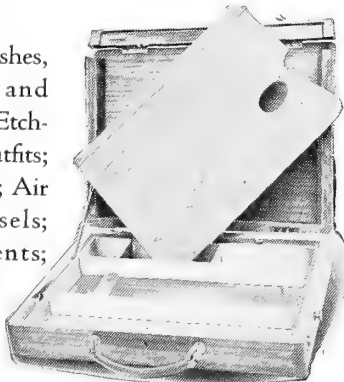
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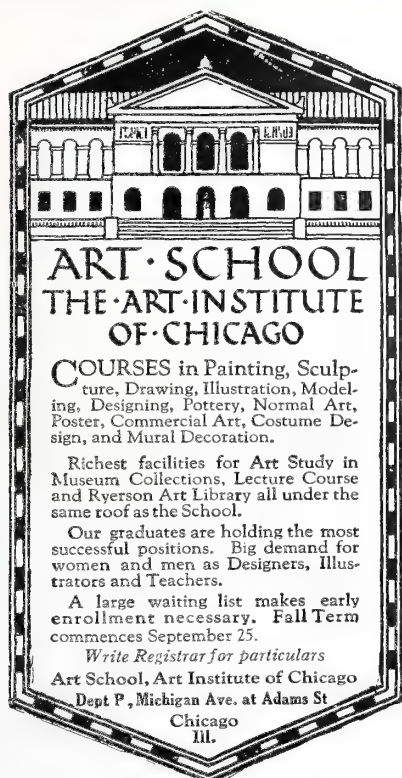
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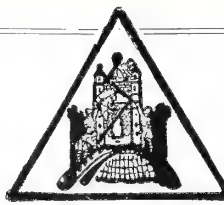
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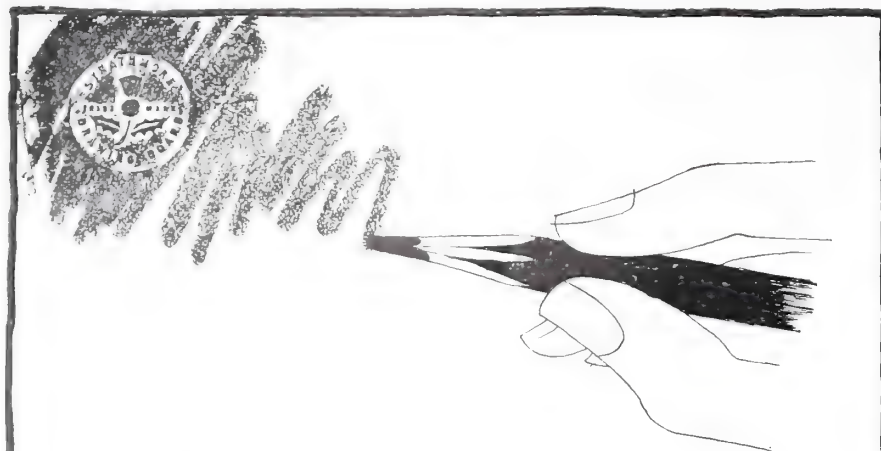
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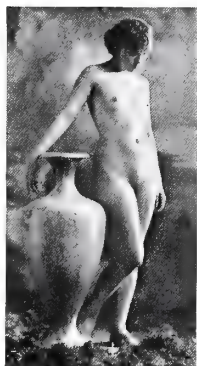
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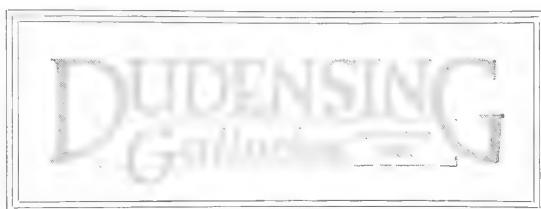
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*"FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE"*  
by  
*Adolphe Monticelli*

*(Collection of  
Mrs. R. C. Vose  
Boston)*



November 1922

# MONTICELLI'S *Baffling* LEGEND

**T**HIRTY-SIX years after his death, Adolphe-Thomas-Joseph Monticelli remains a legendary, disputed character, the scope of whose abundant and vigorous work is generally ignored.

The amateur who by means of thousands of francs acquires one of his elegant *crepuscules* or *contre-jours* in a park, rarely knows more about the artist's work than the scattered pages of his *Decameron*, the routs and pageants of the Court of Love, or the scenes from Faust. Provençal collectors alone, and especially those of Marseilles, his native city, are familiar with his series of marines, farm-yards, *natures-mortes*, flowers and portraits. But even his fellow townsmen cannot determine whether he passed from this world sane, abstemious, and well-to-do, or half-mad as a result of alcoholism and misery. Though his life extends to the last quarter of the last century, we have actually more incontestable facts concerning François Villon, who flourished in the autumn of that feudalism the gallant side of which Monticelli delighted to evoke.

In 1903, M. Camille Mauclair, the famous critic and art historian, wrote in the *Revue de l'Art ancien et moderne*,

*Less is known of this immortal painter's real life than that of François Villon*

by LOUISE G. CANN

that Monticelli lived from hand to mouth in the town of his birth by selling on the terrasses of the cafés one or two panels still wet from the day's work, in exchange for *louis* indispensable for the

renewal of the color of which he was so prodigal and to assure him a dinner in one of the taverns of the *Vieux-Port*. In the *Grande Revue* of 1908 M. Ch. Faure, who was in close companionship with the artist from 1874 to 1882, wrote in a similar vein, with the added information that an admirer often came to the painter's studio and "delicately placing ten or twenty francs on a piece of furniture, invariably made his choice of a painting, which he never forgot to carry away." He further narrates that Monticelli having one day two hundred francs caused a cabin to be built

on the sea shore. But the cabin had no roof, funds doubtless having given out when the walls were up. Rain came and the occupant, unwilling to see his canvases "weep," fled. Again in his little book *Les États de la Peinture française de 1850-1920* M. Mauclair speaks of Monticelli's having lived in misery and having died misunderstood and perhaps half mad.



"SELF PORTRAIT"  
BY  
ADOLPHE MONTICELLI



"A SUMMER'S DAY IDYL" ONE OF MONTICELLI'S  
SUPREME MASTERPIECES  
(Collection of R. B. Angus, Esq., of Montreal. Courtesy of the Vose Galleries)

Though he exhibited in the salons before 1870 and attracted the favorable notice of Théophile Gautier, he obtained no reputation or material reward. During the last twenty years a host of writers and critics from Robert de Montesquiou to André Gouirand in his *Les Peintres provençaux* have carried on the story with more or less variation, of the dire poverty, the vagabondage, the alcoholism and insanity, of the artist. And nobody protested.

Suddenly last Spring, as a result of a comment in M. Henry Lapauze's review, *La Renaissance de l'Art français et des Industries de Luxe*, on the neglect and misery in which Monticelli ended his days, a controversy, led in the attack by M. Louis Monticelli, the alleged cousin of the painter, burst out. According to this relative and inheritor of the artist, who states that he lived at the home of the latter from Easter, 1872 to the 29th of June, 1886, the painter, though never rich, was always comfortable. He was sober. He ended his days perfectly sane, surrounded by the attentions of his family. M. Louis Monticelli in a letter to M. Lapauze accuses the editor of "circulating errors concerning Monticelli that are disobliging to the family of the artist." He particularly objects to the statement that "Monticelli at fifty lived in frightful want in a little cabin on the shore

of the sea, for which he had paid two hundred francs, at the price of

how many sacrifices and how many paintings? Because the unfortunate man was happy to sell for twenty or even ten francs these canvases that to-day are prized as so many precious enamels..." M. Monticelli then undertakes to prove by legal documents and other facts that this "abominable legend of the frightful want" of the master is untrue. That the famous cabin ever existed, he denies, and asserts further that at the death of his cousin it was established by inventory that the artist left no debts, that his estate was composed of personal and real property, the latter consisting of forty-five thousand square metres of land in the suburbs of Marseilles, which had never been mortgaged and to which he had succeeded at the death of his father.

M. Louis Monticelli then claims that it is untrue that his illustrious relative was happy to sell his pictures for twenty or even ten francs. As evidence he affirms that he either accompanied the painter when he went to buy his colors and other supplies or went alone to purchase them for him. Twenty francs of colors were necessary every two days, which makes about three hundred francs a month. Two and a half oils a week were produced on an average, which means ten panels a month,





"A SYLVAN CEREMONY" BY ADOLPHE MONTICELLI

(Courtesy of the Vose Galleries, Boston)

for which he paid according to their dimensions seven, ten, or fifteen francs each, which panels, if counted at ten francs apiece, would amount to the sum of one hundred francs a month to be added to the three hundred francs of colors, the whole thus constituting a monthly expense of four hundred francs, exclusive of the cost of brushes and other materials. M. Monticelli then places over against this outlay the most favorable income allowed by the critics for the ten pictures averaged by the artist a month, namely, two hundred francs, and exclaims, "He could live like this, you say, since 1874, and at his death have been able to leave me the property, real and personal, which formed his patrimony!" He asks, "What did this unhappy man do to you that you inflict on him such treatment? . . . Unable to wrest from the tomb that knowledge you lack, you do not hesitate to transform the noble physiognomy of an artist into a humiliating caricature of a tattered vagabond, the outrage of which, in spite of his smiling philosophy, the painter in his lifetime would never have endured." What is the foundation of the "outrage" which in another place this exasperated heir attributes to "jealousies," with the comment that Monticelli himself laughed at these tales when they were reported to him, as the

"calumnies of the envious"?

Is it based on actual incidents in his career, or is it picturesque fabrication?

M. Pierre Cabasson, an artist of Marseilles and president of *La Société de Vulgarisation d'Art Provençal* (The Society for the Popularization of Provençal Art), founded by his father the watercolorist, Joseph Cabasson, himself a Monticelli expert and collector, tells me that it is, "extremely difficult to unravel the truth of the work and the life of Monticelli from the legends which have to-day taken on a certain consistence. . ." His father frequented the studio of Monticelli and M. Cabasson is himself in contact with the direct family of the artist and knows thoroughly the environment in which he lived. He feels that the "legend" has distorted the image of the painter, who though a Bohemian and a *bon viveur*, fond of his absinthe and leading a more or less irregular life, as certain facts too personal to reveal here show, he, nevertheless, was in no sense a vagabond or a madman. He was a man of culture, of a temperament, who enjoyed actually the patronage of Napoleon III. M. Cabasson is chairman of the committee that will organize the Centenary of Monticelli to be celebrated at Marseilles in 1924. On that occasion a publication will be issued by him in collaboration with M. Louis





Monticelli, for the purpose of "LA RONDE" BY ADOLPHE MONTICELLI  
(Collection of Pierre Cabasson)

rehabilitating the personal fame of the painter. At the same time, in company with other Monticelli experts, he will bring out an illustrated catalogue that shall include all the known works of the artist.

In spite of M. Cabasson's authoritative position, his opinion of the real character of the great Provençal is not shared by all Marseillans. M. Eugene C. Lambert, a fellow townsman, and the leading Monticelli expert in Paris, narrates that when a boy he often saw the artist, who resembled Meissonier in appearance, going from *terrasse* to *terrasse*, his canvas under his arm. With twenty francs in his pocket to insure his materials and his dinner, he was content. With a hundred, he left off work for three days. This is the reminiscence of a man who was fifteen when Monticelli died, who has made a life-long study of his work and knows every characteristic mark of the knife with which he modelled unctuous pigment into a rich phantasm of color that in itself is form. He asks, with M. Henry Lapauze, why did M. Louis Monticelli remain silent until yesterday, without so much as making his relationship to the artist known? Does a connection exist, as some one insinuates, between the recent law concerning royalties to heirs and the sudden advent of this cousin, nephew, brother—no one seems to know the precise designation—of the great painter?

The airing which the controversy has received in newspapers and magazines in connection with the Preyer gift to the Petit Palais has resulted in publicity for an artist whose name, as a rule, has been confined to inventories of sales and notices of catalogues. A Monticelli has an indisputable place. To mention that it changed hands or appears in an exhibit is enough. The poorest Delacroix (and there are some very bad ones) will call forth at least ten lines of spirited comment in a Paris art column; the finest Monticelli, perhaps not an adjective. A distinguished isolation, a silence of inertia that means "It-goes-without-saying" is accorded to it. Monticelli has been one of those artists whose work, sought by the amateur, has figured at almost every sale, but who has won little official recognition and who has not been, on the whole, seriously ranked in his native land except by his fellow townsmen, who have for him a veritable cult. Beyond the fragmentary reports now and again of the Monticelli "legend" and an obscure reference to him as a forerunner of Impressionism, or as a painter working in an extraordinarily rich manner in the footsteps of Watteau, Pater, Lancret, no literature illumines his name. Diaz, his master but his inferior; Ziem, not to be mentioned with him, as well as many another of lesser accomplishment, have volumes dedicated to them with entire rooms





given up to their exhibits in the Louvre

"ASSEMBLEE DANS UN PARC AU TEMPS DES VALOIS" BY MONTICELLI  
(In the Petit Palais. Courtesy M. Henry Lapauze)

with the superb, "Assemblée dans un

and other public museums. The one tiny monograph on Monticelli is now out of print and impossible to obtain. A small but unimportant work by him hangs in the Longchamps gallery of Marseilles, another is to be found at Lille, but his permeation into the public collections of the provinces is negligible. The Louvre possesses two of his canvases. They are small and are so inconspicuously placed that even the guardians of the palace hardly know of their existence. They were presented to the state in 1911 by M. G. Fayet, and, since the last official catalogue was issued in 1902, they remain unnumbered; and there is no record of their ever having been photographed until the other day, when M. Mario Ferrario, one of the heads of the Louvre administration, had them photographed for me. As will be seen by the accompanying cuts, which are here published for the first time, they are delightful and characteristic works of the master. Admirers in future will probably be able to find these reproductions on the stalls of the museum and inquiries for them will not be met with, "There are no Monticellis in the Louvre."

The "Baigneuses," a sun-blond pastoral, and the "Promenade dans un parc au crépuscule," in strong scarlet, turquoise, smouldering russets and mellow greens, are as fine as any of the *fêtes galantes* to be seen anywhere; but by their insignificant size and obscure hanging they may easily be overlooked. It is the contrary, however,

parc au temps des Valois," (Assembly in a Park at the Time of the Valois) of the Petit Palais. Dated 1874, (three years after its author's return to Marseilles, where he ended his days), it is one of the largest known Monticellis, approximating five feet by seven. It sustains Camille Maclair's estimate, when he writes, "There is no doubt that if Monticelli had been understood and given an opportunity to execute decorations, he would have produced in this genre masterpieces worthy of the greatest creators. All his works epitomize the decorative genius—one feels that it aspires from them—and even the jewelry-enamel of his technique is only a reduction of values which enlarged would have no trivialities and would triumphantly expand." It dominates by its size and brilliance the palatial gallery in which it is hung, though it faces the masterly "Siesta" of Courbet. As M. Lapauze, the conservator of the museum says, this fête of the Valois recalls the Venetians as well as Watteau, "a Watteau more vigorous and more sensual." We have in the costumes of the figures that pale and resplendent amber which we have already seen in the "Baigneuses" of the Louvre, but it is here interwoven with the most delicious, tender, yet rich corals, greens and ashen violets imaginable—a truly superlative loveliness that is opposed to masses of burnished foliage, turquoise sky and reflected light from a cloud. We distinguish couples, a prince and his lady, a court jester in scarlet, a hound. Spilled at their feet are





"EMPRESS EUGÉNIE"  
BY ADOLPHE MONTICELLI  
(Courtesy of the Vose Galleries)



"THE PEACOCK GARDEN"  
BY ADOLPHE MONTICELLI  
(Collection of Mrs. R. C. Vose, Boston)



"THE PET DOVE" INTRODUCING A  
PORTRAIT OF EMPRESS EUGÉNIE  
BY ADOLPHE MONTICELLI  
(Collection of Mrs. R. C. Vose, Boston)

fabulous fruit and flowers. Beneath the entire surface glows a soft fire as of a strange, permanent and polished gem.

This painting was for twenty years in the United States, whose connoisseurs have appreciated Monticelli for many years.

An important Monticelli retrospective exhibition of fifty paintings, organized by the *Société de Vulgarisation d'Art Provençal*, under the leadership of M. Pierre Cabasson, was held last Spring at Marseilles. A self-portrait of the artist was one of the most discussed pieces, partly for its revela-

tion of character. If the internal evidence of a man's work be admitted as testimony about his real disposition, this vision of himself refutes some of the most erratic portions of the "legend." It is the opposite of the gallant picture of himself in company with a young woman, belonging to his first period and now exhibited at Lambert's. The aged artist seated before his easel is presented to us with a thoughtful humility not always found in the portraits painters make of themselves. As will be seen from the accompanying illustration of it, the

"A GALA DAY"  
BY ADOLPHE MONTICELLI  
(Courtesy of the Vose Galleries, Boston)



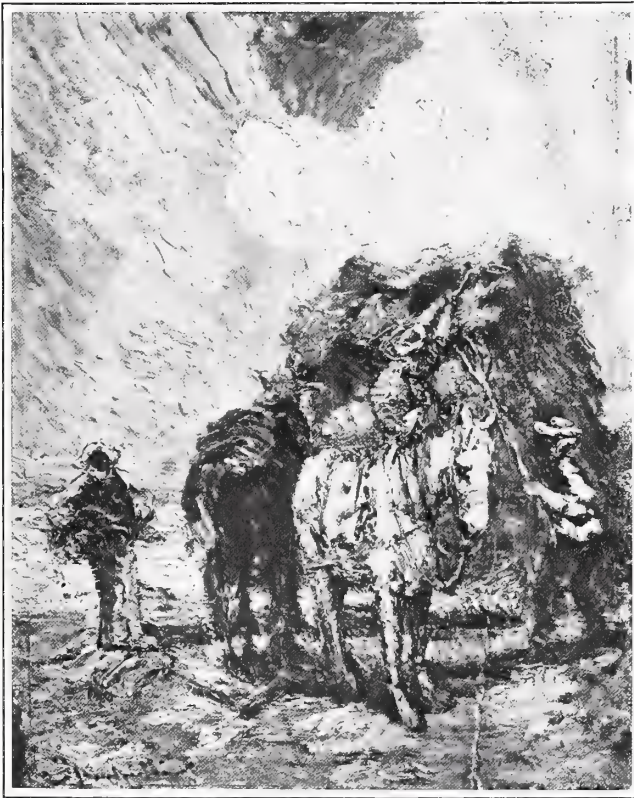


kindly composure of the face is in accord with M. Louis Monticelli's impression of his cousin's "smiling philosophy." The famous "La Ronde," from the Cabasson collection, was much admired, as was also a marine, radiating golden light, and a wagon loaded with hay, done by this lover of court pageants with a hearty bucolic joy.

Perhaps the good people of Marseilles are a bit jealous of their famous man. They keep as much of him as possible at home. In the main, Paris knows merely his *fêtes galantes*,

the amorous and courtly pastorals, the stately revels from the age of

the troubadour. However, there has been shown lately at Bourgeat's a portrait, "La Femme aux Cheveux Gris," (The Woman with Gray Hair) very Rembrandtesque and noble in feeling. Lambert displayed a "Madonna and Child," painted in 1860, which is considered by many to be the supreme achievement of its author. It recalls by its ecclesiastical emerald and sanguine the



"WAGON LOADED WITH HAY"  
BY ADOLPHE MONTICELLI

seilles retrospective, the ensemble constituted a fairly complete and thoroughly authoritative manifestation. All these events, of course, will be the cause for a survey of the entire performance of Monticelli with a definition of its relations and a more advised estimate of the place it occupies in the history of French painting. Certainly he is more than the forerunner of Impressionism. Like Watteau, whose work also shows the intimation of broken color,

Avignon school. There is in it an intensity of religious faith, a prophecy even, not born of these days. Knowing this painting we approach all the pictures of the master with a far greater comprehension.

The most important retrospective of Monticelli which has been held took place in Paris from May to June, under the patronage of the Countesses of Noailles and of Greffhule. The organizers systematically collected representative works of the six periods of the artist. Including as it does the Mar-

"BAIGNEUSES" BY ADOLPHE MONTICELLI  
(In the Louvre. Courtesy of M. Mario Ferrario)







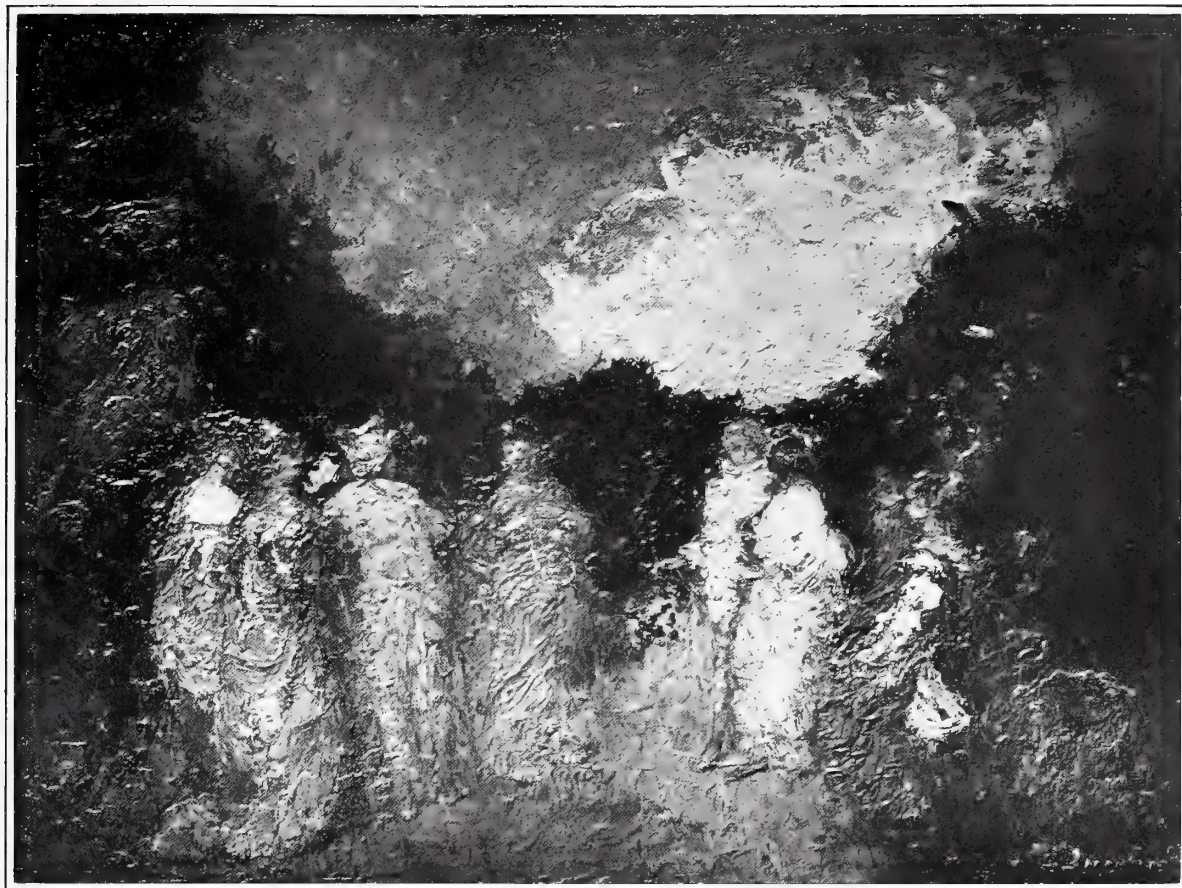
Monticelli is a great classic. "THE LARK" AN EARLY EXAMPLE OF MONTICELLI  
To-day Impressionism is (Courtesy of the Vose Galleries, Boston)

receding into history and in proportion to its recession its significance is diminishing. Many feel that it contributed, in its restricted Monet sense, nothing to art that art needed or did not already have. These contend that whatever excellence one finds in a Monet, or a Sisley of the Monet period, is that virtue pertaining to all good painting and extraneous to the theories propounded by their authors. Their depiction of light is weak as compared with the intense luminosities of Rembrandt. As for Monticelli, now that the fanfare of Impressionism is dying away, he looms up in his true place, not, according to M. Maclair, "as a genius uniting the finest tradition of the eighteenth century to Impressionism," but as one of the immortals of the French school, who has carried on its tradition in a manner absolutely personal and has held it, recreated and living through his temperament, intact for to-day and for to-morrow. He represents that spirit of national art that is aloof from fads. Individually he had a mind at home with itself, poised, assured. In 1870 he knew he had "realized." This is the temper of the true classic,

who does not imitate but who inherits and develops.

Monticelli's fate is still ironical. Dazzled by the "light" of the Impressionists, nobody saw the azure or golden splendors of his canvases, with their lustre and quality of hammered brass, of blond or fiery porcelains, a veritable sculpture of melted jewels. Then that other southerner, Cézanne, put his spell upon the generations. But a calm comparison of the Monticelli "Baigneuses" of the Louvre with any one of the "Baigneuses" of Cézanne (that of 1880 of the Henri Matisse collection is typical) and a *rapprochement* of the nudes of the former with those of the latter, will reveal that the great pictorial tradition of the *École française* was at work in them both through a remarkable difference in temperament as well as artistry. Cézanne often affects one as grasping in exasperation at the result he cannot reach. Monticelli attains. The "Baigneuses" of the Louvre is worthy of a place beside the radiant "Baigneuses" of Fragonard. In the refinement of nuance, the variety and richness of his execution, he surpasses Ricard, Gustave Moreau, and even Degas. His influence on the present generation of painters is pervasive but not sensational. The





bacchanalia of K. X.  
Roussel owe much to

"PROMENADE DANS UN PARC AU CRÉPUSCULE" BY MONTICELLI  
(In the Louvre. Courtesy of M. Mario Ferrario)

of beauty in this  
composition that de-

him both in color and execution, yet they lack that metallic and solid splendor that has made connoisseurs attribute to him a secret chemistry.

The ascendancy of this troubadour of painters, with his enigmatical life, is by its very retardation dangerous to more flaunting, spectacular reputations, for it reveals a force that is personal and yet eminently representative of the national genius, and by this symbolic character is more vital than fashion, "ism" or even the power of insidious propaganda.

If America chose, it could arrange in 1924 a "Monticelli Centenary" exhibition that would probably be comparable to the two retrospectives held at Marseilles and Paris, as many great examples of the master's work are in American collections. Indeed, it is probable that America so far has shown greater admiration for the art of the great Provençal than France itself. No finer product of his genius exists than "A Summer's Day Idyl" of the R. B. Angus collection, which was the crowning feature of the great Monticelli exhibition held in the Spring of 1921 at the Vose Galleries in Boston. Of this picture William Howe Downes wrote: "There is a quality

fies analysis. It is *sui generis*. The ideal character of the conception, its subtle charm of style, the ineffable lightness of the touch, the Arcadian atmosphere of the scene, and the manifold beauties of the color, combine to make an unforgettable impression. In the fullest sense of the much-abused term, it is a masterpiece of art. The great and growing fame of Monticelli is amply accounted for in such works as this idyl. Never were lovelier visions of the figures of beautiful creatures placed in a lovelier setting."

This description by Mr. Downes might very well be transferred to the "Fête Champêtre" of Mrs. R. C. Vose's private collection, which INTERNATIONAL STUDIO is privileged to reproduce in colors as a frontispiece to this article, or to "A Garden Fête: Sunset," from the Angus collection, which was shown at the exhibition in Boston.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO is indebted to the Vose Galleries for the majority of the photographs reproduced with this article. The Messrs. Vose have consistently specialized in the great Provençal's work, and have deserved the gratitude of the American art world for the consequent enrichment of the national heritage.





OVERMANTEL CARVED IN CYPRESS BY TRYGVE HAMMER

# TRYGVE HAMMER'S *Sculpture*

ONE of the most interesting features of New York group exhibitions in recent years has been the work of such sculptors as Trygve Hammer, Robert Laurent and Gaston La-chaise. There are, certainly, other fine sculptors in America, but these men, one of them of Norwegian birth, the others French, are of special interest. First, that America should attract to herself, permanently, such distinguished artists; second, and more significant, that the work of all three men, beside other fine qualities, has a distinctly original decorative side. We need that very thing badly in America at this moment. Our architecture literally cries aloud for it.

There is no doubt that in response to the modern demand for space, and the enlarged possibilities of modern building material, we are developing the earlier manifestations of an architectural

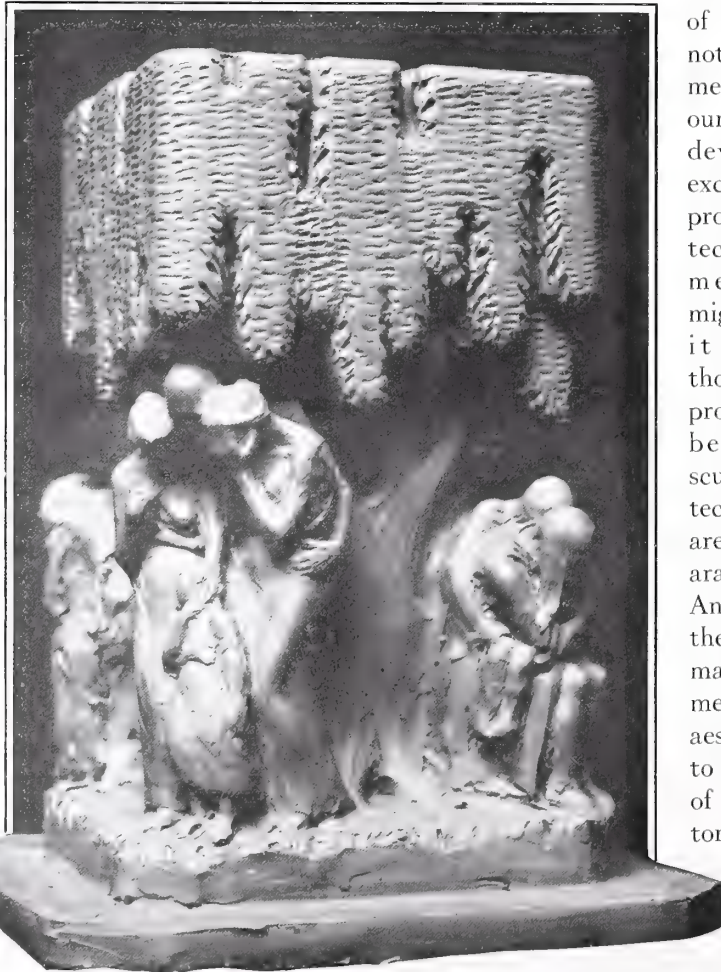
*Significance of this artist's work lies in his integration of decoration with architecture*

by  
EDGAR H. CAHILL

style—a style expressive of our national life, with its vibrant intensity and its peculiar restraints, its headlong energy and its very real feeling for solidity and balance. But the precipi-

tous pyramids of modern business have so far remained rather indifferent to sculptural decoration. They are bachelor buildings, mostly, cold

to the blandishments of sculpture. I do not mean for a moment to suggest that our sculptors should devote themselves exclusively to the problems of architectural embellishment. But they might very well give it considerable thought, for it is a problem that must be solved unless sculpture and architecture in our land are to go their separate ways forever. And it is a problem the solution of which may well give new meanings and a new aesthetic dimension to sculpture. Some of the noblest historic expressions of that art have been associated with architecture.



"THE TREE OF  
SORROW"  
SKETCH IN CLAY  
BY TRYGVE HAMMER





A BRONZE STATUE OF "A MOTHER AND CHILD," AND A MARBLE "MEMORIAL RELIEF" BY TRYGVE HAMMER

I find myself allowing these ideas to flow through my mind as I look at the work of Trygve Hammer. What if one of our more courageous builders had the vision to consult Hammer, and put into his hands the sculptural decoration of one of our great cathedrals of business? I will wager the result would be magnificent.

We would get decoration brushed by the wings of living thought, instead of the stuff which our builders are so fond of transporting across the oceans of time from this or that "period" which happens to be in vogue among them. Though Hammer's work is especially interesting in its decorative quality, there is much more to it than that. He is known through his portraits, since these have been exhibited most frequently. But the best of his work, in my opinion, exists in his studio, in clay studies, miniature plaster models, and the sketches for monumental and decorative groups which have not yet been carried out in stone or

marble, large cartoons which cover his walls.

Trygve Hammer was born in Norway in 1878, but most of his education as a sculptor took place in America. All his real work in his chosen field

has been done here. He studied decorative painting and modelling for three years in Christiania. After a

period of work and study in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, he came to America in

1904. Absolutely unknown here,

Hammer had to go to work as a house painter to keep at bay the pack of economic wolves that usually find the artist's door so attractive. But his

real life was in a little studio workshop

that he built for himself, and where he spent

his leisure hours in modelling,

in metal work, and in wood carving. He put his genuine feeling for

sculpture into this decorative work, and soon became known

among architects as a man who could carry out unusual

motifs in architectural



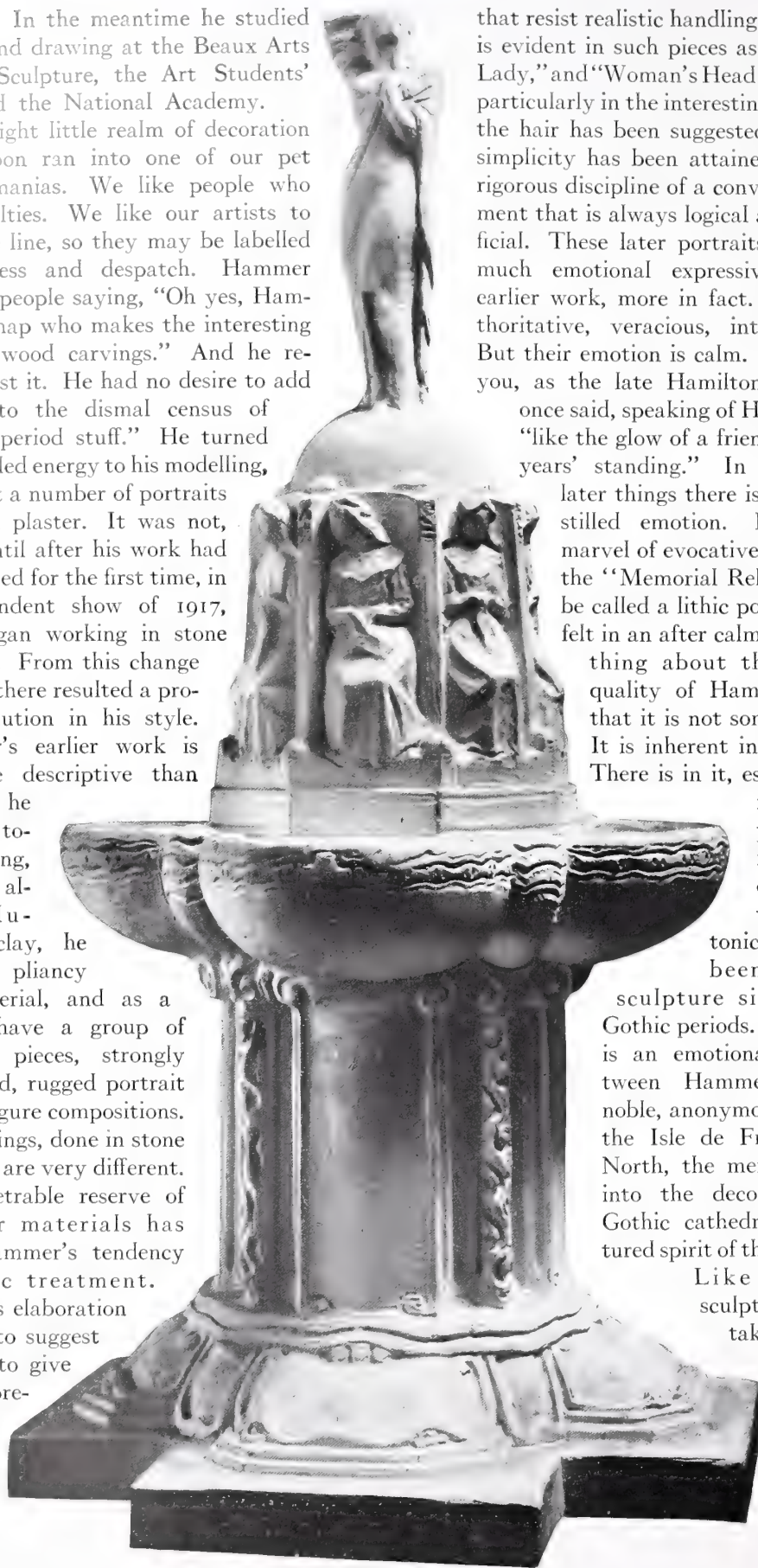
"HEAD OF A WOMAN"  
BY TRYGVE HAMMER

decoration. In the meantime he studied modelling and drawing at the Beaux Arts School of Sculpture, the Art Students' League, and the National Academy.

In the tight little realm of decoration Hammer soon ran into one of our pet American manias. We like people who have specialties. We like our artists to stick to one line, so they may be labelled with neatness and despatch. Hammer soon found people saying, "Oh yes, Hammer, that chap who makes the interesting Norwegian wood carvings." And he rebelled against it. He had no desire to add one more to the dismal census of American "period stuff." He turned with redoubled energy to his modelling, carrying out a number of portraits in clay and plaster. It was not, however, until after his work had been exhibited for the first time, in the Independent show of 1917, that he began working in stone and marble. From this change in material there resulted a profound revolution in his style.

Hammer's earlier work is much more descriptive than the things he turns out to-day. Working, as he did, almost exclusively in clay, he obeyed the pliancy of his material, and as a result we have a group of naturalistic pieces, strongly characterized, rugged portrait heads and figure compositions. His later things, done in stone and marble, are very different. The impenetrable reserve of the harder materials has checked Hammer's tendency to realistic treatment. There is less elaboration of surfaces to suggest texture, or to give a close representation of materials

SKETCH IN  
PLASTER FOR  
A FOUNTAIN  
BY TRYGVE  
HAMMER



that resist realistic handling in stone. This is evident in such pieces as "Portrait of a Lady," and "Woman's Head in Limestone," particularly in the interesting way in which the hair has been suggested. A beautiful simplicity has been attained through the rigorous discipline of a conventional treatment that is always logical and never artificial. These later portraits have just as much emotional expressiveness as the earlier work, more in fact. They are authoritative, veracious, intimately alive. But their emotion is calm. It grows upon you, as the late Hamilton Easter Field once said, speaking of Hammer's work, "like the glow of a friendship of many years' standing." In all Hammer's

later things there is this feeling of stilled emotion. Look at that marvel of evocative mass and line, the "Memorial Relief." It might be called a lithic poem to emotion felt in an after calm. A significant thing about the decorative quality of Hammer's work is that it is not something added. It is inherent in the structure.

There is in it, especially in the monumental pieces, a sure integration of decoration with architectonics which has not been frequent in sculpture since the best Gothic periods. Perhaps there is an emotional kinship between Hammer and those noble, anonymous sculptors of the Isle de France and the North, the men who worked into the decoration of the Gothic cathedrals the sculptured spirit of the Middle Ages.

Like the Gothic sculptors, Hammer takes a delight in solving problems in the conventional handling of natural forms. This shows in



his wood carvings and other decorative work, and appears on a grand scale in such sculptures as "The Tree of Life" and "The Tree of Sorrow." Successful handling of tree forms with foliage in the round is a very rare thing in Western art. "The Tree of Sorrow" is a study for a memorial to those dead at sea. The figures droop under the drooping boughs of a great weeping willow, as if to seek shelter. In old Scandinavian lore the tree is the symbol of shelter, and that symbolism is well carried out in this piece. "The Tree of Life" (Ygdrasil, as it is called) is also met with in Scandinavian mythology. But Hammer did not get his inspiration for these things from Norse mythology. He got it watching children playing in the park, their young bodies becoming one with the life of the trees.

These trees show the mingled spirit of observation and invention that inspires all true art. In them Hammer exhibits a remarkable power of abstracting and adapting natural forms to the needs of design. The sculptor has suggested nature, suppressing the inessential, preserving the essential. The design is controlled by the strictest feeling for order and sequence, and yet it is never mechanical. Vitality and freedom are achieved through the constant and beautiful use of slight variations. These trees are both monumental and expressive. The figures catch up more intimately the great rhythms of the architectural masses, repeating the music of the whole, like the lyrics in a Euripidean drama. Art that has a distinctly decorative quality has been at a very low ebb amongst us. With us decoration has been something adventitious, something pasted on the outside. One feels in Hammer's work that the decorative quality, like the design

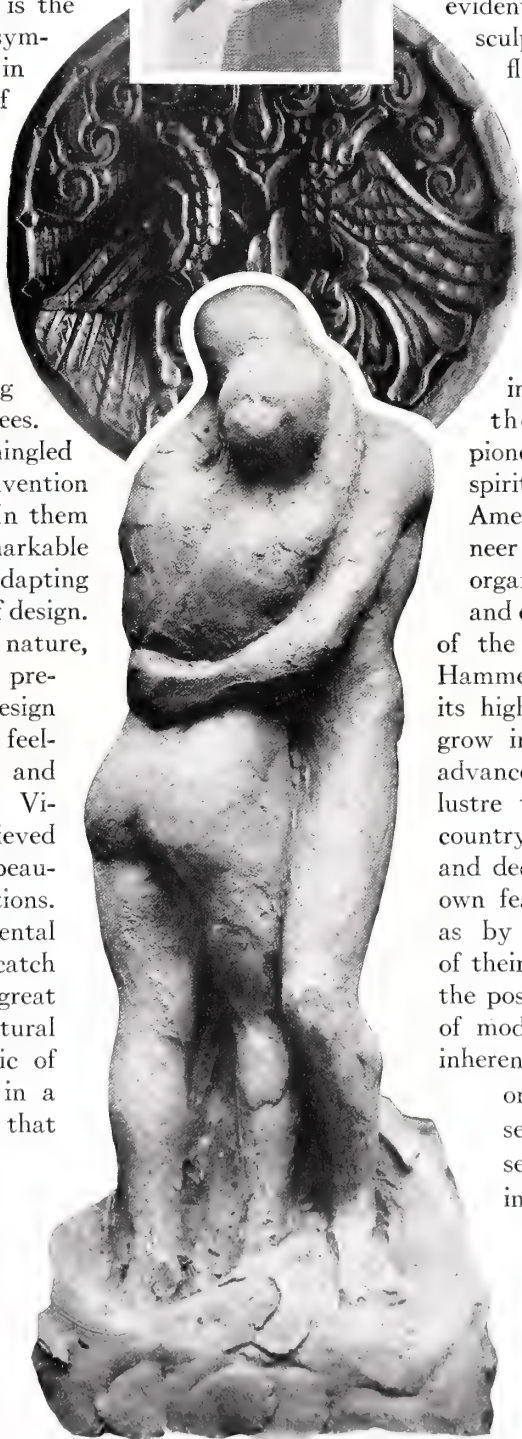


"THE HAWK" BY  
TRYGVE HAMMER

itself, results  
from an inner

compulsion. It is as if a living force had animated the material, and, sweeping over it in revealing rhythms, had established in it the organization which defines and relates the lines and planes and masses that give it its form and its emotional content. Hammer's work is never fussy. It does not show that fear of the pause which is so evident in the work of many of our sculptors. Volumes and spaces flow into each other with rhythmic unity. Mass answers to mass across dividing spaces, like the responses of an antiphonal chant.

Though Hammer was born in the Old World he will become a part of the American tradition. His work is full of the intense spirit of the North, the North of Vikings and pioneers. The northern pioneer spirit is very strong in our America. And what is the pioneer spirit but man's creative and organizing will working unity and order and design in the midst of the chaos of material things? Hammer represents that spirit in its higher reaches. His work will grow in our esteem as the years advance. Already it is adding lustre to the art of his adopted country. If only the architects and decorators, hampered by their own fear of untried forms as well as by the conventional timidity of their clients, can be made to see the possibilities for the enrichment of modern buildings and interiors inherent in Trygve Hammer's decorative forms we shall then see his work in its proper setting, taking its place as an intrinsic part of architectural composition. For the credit that would result to architecture it is an eventuality to be greatly hoped for.



DETAIL FROM "THE TREE OF  
LIFE" BY TRYGVE HAMMER



# ARS EGYPTICA

*By Edna Worthley Underwood*

## I

The Temple Singer's Son of Ammon—thou,  
So black, so cruel, so chaste in basalt carved.  
Superb . . .  
Mute . . . young.

The blazing noons of Egypt bend again;  
Thebes towers, pink-lotus-topped, rich-ribbed in stone;  
Lithe maidens seek thee, where the shadows curl.



## II

*O Uresh Nofer—how the serpents sing!*

And kneeling, naked maidens shake like flame  
Whose dancing feet announced the end of thee!

How tapers kindle in the temple gloom,  
To light thee on thy journey long and wild  
Across that darkness man may measure not,  
Throughout the hollow caverns of the dead!

*But be not lonely—Priest of Goddess Muth!*

Nine temple dancers, hued like sandalwood,  
And swaying as the reeds beside the Nile,  
With amethyst, with amber, in their hair,  
And oiled and silken bodies swept with light  
Bend by thy side. Behind them lions come,  
With heavy heads, with supple, swinging tread;  
Proud youths shake ancient flags of Egypt's kings  
Or lift up serpents—ribboned—radiant.

The members of thy House of Priests are here,  
Solemn and stately, as thyself in life,  
With pale, thin faces; black,  
ecstatic eyes.

The bird- the dog-faced Deities of the Dead.  
About whirls thick the wild, red, desert dust  
That marks thee one now with eternity.

*But be not lonely—Priest of Goddess Muth!*

O Uresh Nofer—how the serpents sing!  
And how the desert dust relearns to dance,  
As they come forth now—men and maids and youths—  
To mime the fury of thy loves, thy lusts.

*But be not lonely—Priest of Goddess Muth!*







They place upon thy mouth the mask of gold.  
They call thee shrilly to come back to life.  
They try to tempt thee with such proffered gifts  
As wine, as fruit and flowers, white honey-cakes.

A royal woman lifts twin arms to thee,  
As sweetly cool, as pale as porphyry.  
And murmurs plaintive words with painted lips,  
While round her naked hips gold scarabs shake.

But thou art with the wild, red desert dust  
Where none are lonely—Priest of Goddess Muth.



*O Uresh Nofer—how the serpents sing!*

### III

This frieze here where you dance is faded now:  
Faint wash of saffron, across graying stone.  
One crumpled lotus leaf lies at your feet,  
Which are as thin, as young, as that fine line  
That curves your back and warns the dance was wild.

Across the broken stone that marks your lips  
I catch to-day your sly, slow, cat-like smile Egyptian.

### IV

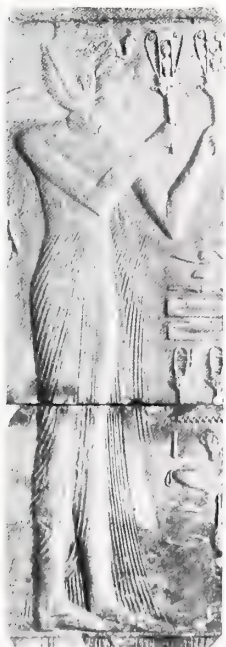
Abydos . . . where the temples bit the sky  
And poets sang in stone.

For Rameses dead they made thee, Glorious One;  
In gray stone—like a lily—naked, pure:

Two shrilling sistrums silent in thy hands;  
With grave, long eyes; with slender limbs.

Among the offerings that grace his rest  
They placed thee first. . . .

He might awake—of course—  
He might recall, how, when the battle rolled,  
His warriors fled, and hope was lost, he laughed—  
He paused—he bent to pluck a flower that grazed  
His chariot's gold . . . . Rameses the Great Lord  
Over Life and Love—who  
*kept but only love.*



Three thousand years since then  
are gone,  
O Glorious One—O Flower of  
Fadeless Stone!

### V

Artemidora, flashing eyed, of Flavian  
Rome,  
Black, queenly browed, with swaying  
hips, and tall,



Who died at Meir, at the Nilus flood—  
Greeting!

They wrapped thee in a linen Egypt wove.  
They wrought thy mummy  
case resplendently.

Dog-faced Anubis at thy feet  
keeps guard,  
And barks across a moon of  
yellow gold.

High at thy head, a scarab—  
gem of gems—

Of lapis lies—a scarab, fondly  
blue

As eyes of him, thy blond, thy last, Greek love.



Then over thee strange prayers to Isis swayed,  
Who had forgotten—in the Lotus Land—  
The roses of the shrines. . . .

I beg that grim  
Egyptian Gods be gracious unto thee,  
Gay One . . . of Flavian Rome.

## VI

The tiles of Thebes, magnificently blue,  
And rimmed with gold, and rich with gems,  
Bend o'er thee, Seti, lithe, lion hearted,  
And colored like the desert sand.

Outside tonight, on Karnak, stars look down—  
Grave—grand—and gray—in templed Thebes.

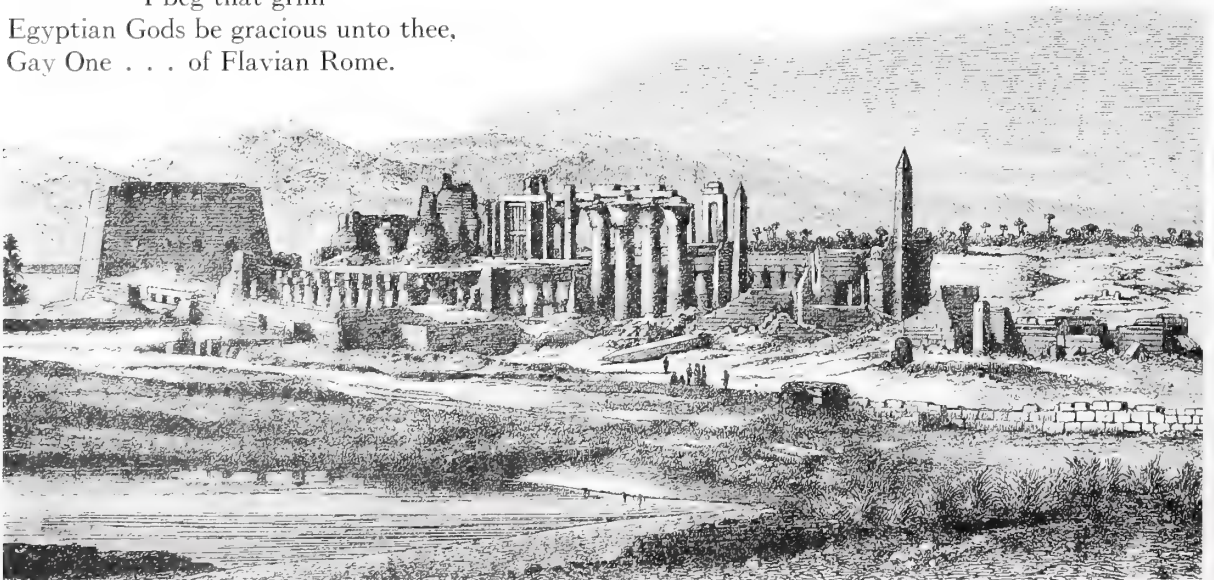
A flute.

Across the dusk there slowly creeps  
To thee the wail of Israel.

Thou seest

Sweet eyes—as iris, blue . . . Within thine  
own

Rise now wild stars—of longing . . . love.





PRUD'HON, *Master Draughtsman*

A black and white illustration of a woman sitting in a chair, leaning forward with her head bowed, appearing distressed or in pain. She is wearing a long, flowing dress. The illustration is framed by a decorative border.

CHARCOAL PORTRAIT  
SKETCH BY PRUD'HON

their kindly patronage that he received his early training in the monastery and later at the art school of François Devosge in Dijon, where Rude, the sculptor, studied. In 1780, he won the Prix de Rome and spent the next nine years in Italy.

He returned to Paris in 1789, the year of the outbreak of the Revolution, but took no part in the violence of the next few years. His fortune seems to have been linked with Napoleon's, for in 1799, the year of the future emperor's ascendancy, he was granted free residence in the Louvre.

He was not, however, without his troubles. His wife, the daughter of a notary, whom he married two years before going to Rome, was as unamiable as the wives of Dürer or Rousseau. Of his pupils, Marie-Louise, the wife of Napoleon, slept during his lessons, and Mlle. Mayer de la Morinière, his pupil and assistant for fifteen years, committed suicide because he told her that, were his wife to die, he would not marry again.

Prud'hon the painter is only a part, and not the greater part, of Prud'hon the artist. His paintings were not popular even in his day, and his influence on the art of his time was far less than that of David or Ingres. His drawings, expressive of his greatest qualities, were for the most part unseen or neglected, and it was not until 1874, when an exhibition was arranged for the benefit of the artist's daughter, that a comprehensive collection of Prud'hon's work was shown.

It is in the drawings in white chalk, black crayon, and charcoal that he attained a purity

of form setting him apart among the painters of his time. The majority of his paintings are labored, though his sensitiveness to youth and beauty and his delight in delicate flesh tints produced some splendid bits of painting, and his completed canvases, painted to order as they were, are full of trickery and affectation. To be great a man must be master of his tools, and Prud'hon was neither at ease in oil nor did he have that tremendous force which surmounts all obstacles and triumphs in spite of faulty technique. It is

only in his drawings that, being master of his medium, he was content to be simple, and thereby achieve greatness.

Figures and portraits were his primary interest, and his comprehension of the figure differed from that of contemporary artists as radically as Poussin's understanding of landscape differed from that of the Barbizon school. Less classic in the external characteristics of his work than David, he caught more completely the fundamental beauty of the classic ideal.



"LE ROI DE ROME"  
DRAWING BY PRUD'HON

"Prud'hon's lesser productions (those which we might call most ambitious to-day)," wrote Delacroix, "show a man steeped in that sense for beauty which we associate with antiquity, and some of his paintings contain a feeling which transcends mere skill and erudition. But in few of the drawings is he not also moved by the guiding example of him who was supreme in the abstraction of form, his god among the masters, the poet-philosopher who painted the Gioconda?"





"HEAD of VENGEANCE"

by

*Pierre Paul Prud'hon*



PORTRAIT SKETCH  
*by Pierre Paul Prud'hon*





*"VENUS et ADONIS"*

*by Pierre Paul Prud'hon*



*"FEMME NUE"*  
by  
*Pierre Paul Prud'hon*





*ALLEGORICAL FIGURE*  
by  
*Pierre Paul Prud'hon*



*"TORSE d'une FEMME"*

*by*

*Pierre Paul Prud'hon*





"THE CITY OF NOBLE WOMEN"—GOTHIC TAPESTRY DATING FROM THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

# TAPESTRIES of Five Centuries

## II. The Flemish Gothic Looms

FLEMISH decoration of the fifteenth century was a rich and teeming art. The earlier Gothic art all over Northern Europe, especially as exemplified in the great cathedrals, had been complex and multiple, but it had been, also, strictly controlled and very systematic. The multiplicity of the Cathedral sculpture came from the wealth of meaning in the world, the fact that every aspect of our common surroundings illustrated, according to the belief of the time, some phase of the great underlying meaning of the Universe. Since all had significance, all must be represented. But since all was significant only in relation to the universal system, the various details and episodes were exactly arranged in a fixed pattern dictated by the underlying logic. Therefore even in the vast manifold of cathedral decoration there was no confusion. The complexity of fifteenth century Flemish art, on the other hand, came, not from the meaning of all things, but from the absorbing interest of the things themselves. Things, all things, were fascinating because, as things, they had but recently been rediscovered by the artist. The naturalism of the fast coming secular age had just opened his eyes to the world about him with all its amusing variations. So he seized all he could from all sides and crammed it pell mell into his art. And because there was no underlying

*The vigorous naturalism of Flemish painters was skillfully translated by the weavers . . .*

by  
PHYLLIS ACKERMAN

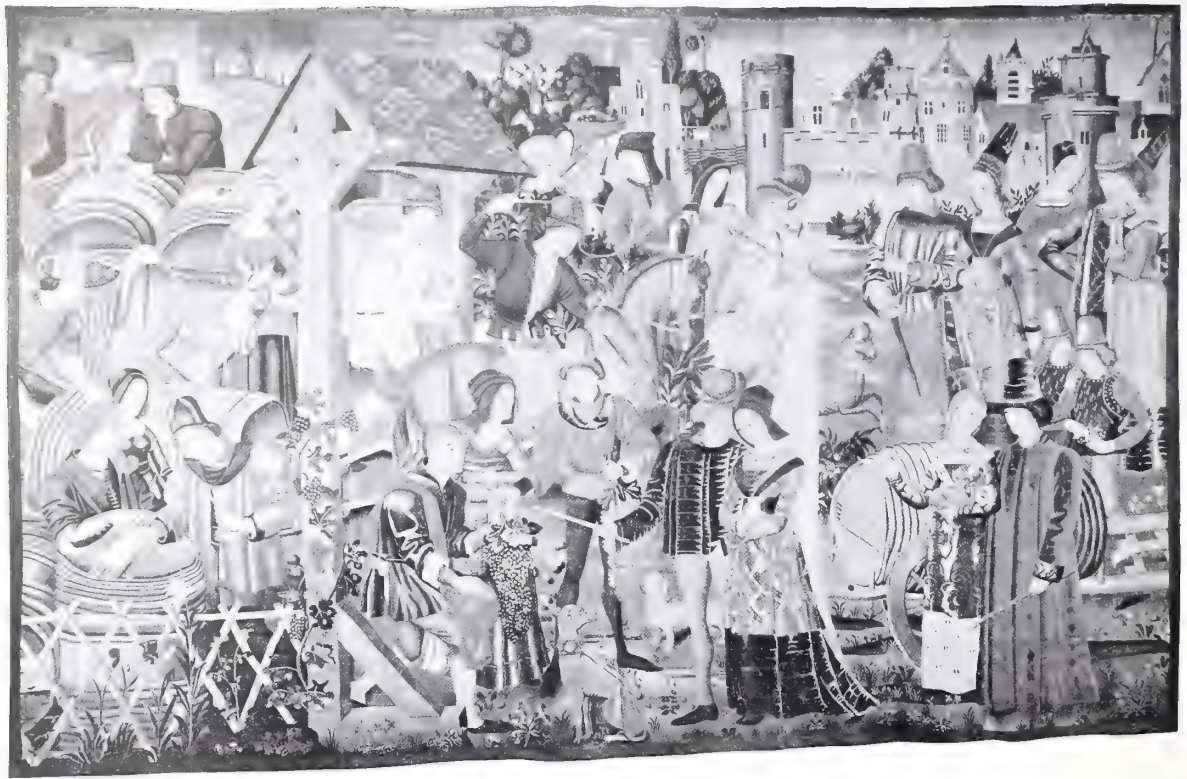
philosophy to shape his material according to some plan, he created often a crowded, swirling confusion.

The artists of all the countries of Europe, France, Italy, Spain and Germany,

as well as the Low Countries, were experiencing this reawakening to naturalism at the same time, and responding to a new interest in the world without regard to symbolism or significance. But the artists of Flanders were especially greedy for the new material. The Lowlanders seemed to be native realists. They respected and understood facts and enjoyed the feel and pattern and fashioning of materials. As soon as they were released from religious traditionalism they became genre and still life painters, filling the compositions even of their religious themes with things and people poured in without restraint or plan. The logic, the clear precision, the restraint of the French, the graceful feeling for decoration of the Italian, the homely simplicity of the German, were all lacking. There was nothing to curb the Fleming's omnivorous instinct for reality. Sturdy and energetic, he found and reproduced the fulness of life.

So in the Flemish tapestry of this time personages pile head over head, close packed together. Episode runs into episode in chaotic excitement. The pattern streams back and forth from edge to edge with tumultuous power. And when the story itself did not give the designer





"THE VINTAGE"—FLEMISH TAPESTRY, DATING FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

*This tapestry, probably after a design by Loysot Lyedet, is one of the most vivid illustrations of the life of the period that has come down to us in tapestry form*

*(Courtesy of Jacques Seligmann & Company)*

the wealth of human fact that he wanted—as it did in a battle scene or the throng about the Crucifixion—he made up for the lack by filling his spaces with endlessly varied objects, furniture, household utensils, textiles, architecture and pure ornament. This tendency to multiplicity appeared sporadically early in the Franco-Flemish School. It is evident, for example, in the Saint Piat and Saint Eleuthere series of the Cathedral of Tournai, woven in Arras in 1402. Here, against the background of round trees and simple architecture that was customary at the beginning of the fifteenth century, there are, instead of single or widely spaced figures, compact little groups, each representing an episode, with the episodes pushed close together. But throughout the first half of the century the Flemish influence was counterbalanced by the more orderly instincts of the French element. It was only toward the middle of the century, when the two arts were separating, each to follow its own way, that Flemish complexity crowded unrestrained into tapestry design. From 1440 to 1460 were produced innumerable tapestries each, regardless of its subject—battle, homely incident, feast or Crucifixion—more rich, more complicated, more elaborate than the last.

A number of the Flemish tapestries of this

period show a close relationship to manuscript illumination. It seems almost certain that illuminators made at least the original sketches for some of these pieces if not the finished cartoon. Indeed, an individual tapestry now and then can be very credibly attributed to a specific illustrator. There is, for instance, in America now a tapestry showing scenes of the Vintage. Lords and ladies stroll about inspecting the work of the peasants who gather and press the grapes. The scene is presented with such convincing animation one feels almost that he has stepped back into a fifteenth century countryside. The drawing of this tapestry shows every evidence of it being the work of one of the most facile and vivacious illustrators of the time, one Loysot Lyedet who did a great deal of work for the Dukes of Burgundy. Lyedet worked so rapidly that he stereotyped his figures, so that his few types are readily recognizable. His accessories he drew with careful detail, lavishing on them more interest than on the people themselves. But he excelled in the natural portrayal of action—the short hand reporting of minor incident. In all these three respects the tapestry accords completely with his manner.

Many tapestries of the period, however, can be even more definitely identified than this. The production of all kinds of works of art had at this



time, in response to the tremendous demands of the four sons of King John the Good—King Charles V of France, Louis Duke of Anjou, Philip the Hardy Duke of Burgundy and John Duke of Berry—and their followers, become a thoroughly organized and rather extensive business. Large studios for the production of different kinds of art were conducted by *entrepreneurs* who were sometimes only business managers, entrusting all the designing to the craftsmen under them, but who were more often themselves artists and personally undertook the most important parts of their commissions. The most noted of these artist-*entrepreneurs* who specialized in tapestry cartoons was Jean van Brussels, more often designated as Jean van Rome. Fortunately this man had the habit of signing his work in the inscription on a garment hem or some other obscure place, so that a large number of his designs can be indubitably identified and many more can credibly be assigned to him by comparison with these signed pieces.

Jean van Rome's remarkable productivity (there are fully a half hundred tapestries known to-day to which his name can be attached) can be accounted for not only by the fact that he was undoubtedly largely assisted by subordinates and apprentices, but also by the fact that he worked through a period of over fifty years. During that time his style changed markedly, undoubtedly to meet the changing tastes of his clients. His early pieces, such as the "Passion" of the Musée du Cinquenaire, are typically Flemish, crowded from edge to edge with personages and incident, rich with decorations of elaborate armor, heavily embellished harness and large patterned damasks. His latest pieces, such as "The Mass of Saint Gregory" and "David and Bethsabe," both in the Royal Spanish collection, are relatively simplified, the personages more elegant, the draperies more suave and flowing, the decorations, though still abundant, in finer scale. The Italian influence had restrained and refined him and, by the same token, diluted his vitality. Intermediate between



SCENE FROM "THE WARS OF TROY." BRUSSELS—MIDDLE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

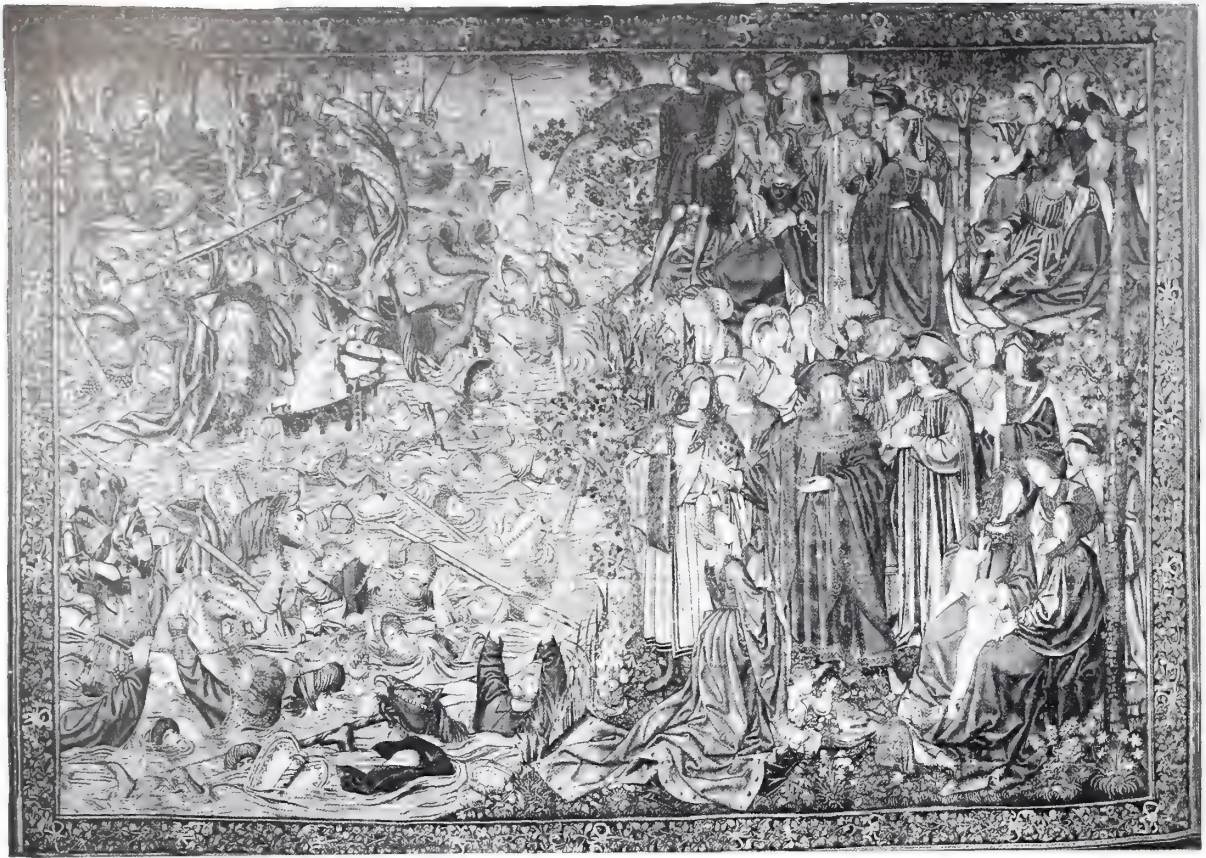
*In designing this famous series Jean van Rome followed illustrations by Jean Le Taremier. These tapestries are unusually pale in color with predominant white and light blue, a scheme that may reflect the influence of Taremier's grisaille drawings*

*(From the Edson Bradley Collection. Photograph by Hewitt)*

these is the Herkenbald of the Cinquenaire, in which the infusing Italianism has not yet completely transformed the old Flemish ruggedness.

Undoubtedly this startling revolution in Jean van Rome's style is due, not only to the change of taste of his public, but even more largely to the differences in the painters whom he was following. For van Rome was in no true sense a creator. He was a craftsman, skillfully adapting the painting or drawing of another man to the medium of tapestry and even when he himself made the original sketch he wielded the pencil of a copyist. Two of the painters whom he followed have added their signatures to his on the completed piece. One of these is Van Orley—Valentine, father of the better known Bernard. The name appears clearly on the tapestry showing the Battle of Jerusalem in Notre Dame de Nantilly at Saumur and less clearly in the Passion tapestry in Angers Cathedral. The other is Michel Coxcie, whose





"THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA." FLEMISH—END OF FIFTEENTH OR BEGINNING OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*When Master Philip had an order for a tapestry cartoon he adapted the subject to his own style rather than the style to the subject. The children of Israel who have safely landed might be at a garden party. But the tapestry is sumptuously decorative, a supreme example of Philip's art*

*(Courtesy of the Boston Museum)*

son, Michel II, became an able tapestry designer in the studio of Bernard van Orley. His work is as far at the Italian end of van Rome's scale as the elder van Orley's is at its Flemish inception. His signature appears on "The Mass of St. Gregory."

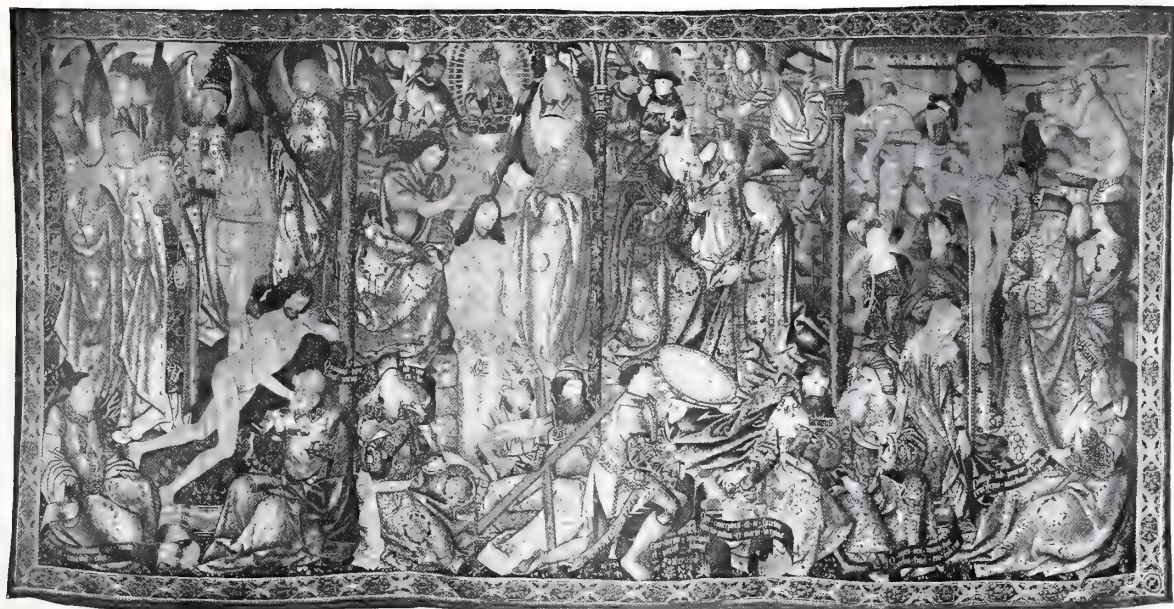
One of the most famous of Jean van Rome's series is that of the Wars of Troy, many times woven and scattered now in single pieces and fragments through a number of different museums and collections in both Europe and America. In this series, which French enthusiasts have hopefully claimed for their own country, van Rome was quite evidently following the illustrations of his fellow countryman, Jean le Tavernier. Here are all of the latter's most characteristic mannerisms, faithfully repeated, and there is record of the fact that he did make the illustrations for a manuscript of the Mediaeval romance founded on the Trojan wars. Several of van Rome's original pencil sketches for this series, some of which are signed by him, are in the Louvre.

Some of the van Rome tapestries also bear the weaver's signature, that of van Aelst, one of the most noted Brussels weavers of the late fifteenth century. But others of the van Rome cartoons

were woven at Tournai, as we know from documents of the time, under the direction of one of the greatest merchants, Pasquier Grenier. Indeed, these two cities, Brussels and Tournai, can be credited with a large number of the finest Flemish tapestries of the time, though other lowland cities, notably Lille and Valenciennes, also had flourishing industries. And all of these cities, together with some of the smaller centers besides, where only one or two men toiled sporadically, harbored weavers whose work for lustrous profundity of color and skill in hatching together these colors into a shimmering but sound surface, evenness and strength of drawing in the difficult details of faces and hands, amazing dexterity in the rendering of pattern, as on the damasks, and the rich but aristocratic use of metal thread has never been equalled and will never again be even approximated.

In the middle of his career, about the time he designed the Herkenbald series, van Rome had an assistant who became ever more important and who finally graduated to the dignity of an independent master whose work has, as a matter of fact, rather overshadowed van Rome's own.





CREDO TAPESTRY. FLEMISH—DATING FROM THE END OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

*Illustrations of the Creed with the series of Prophets and Apostles accompanying the traditional episodes were popular throughout the fifteenth century. This tapestry is one of the finest of an extraordinarily fine group that are probably after designs by the painter Juste de Gand*

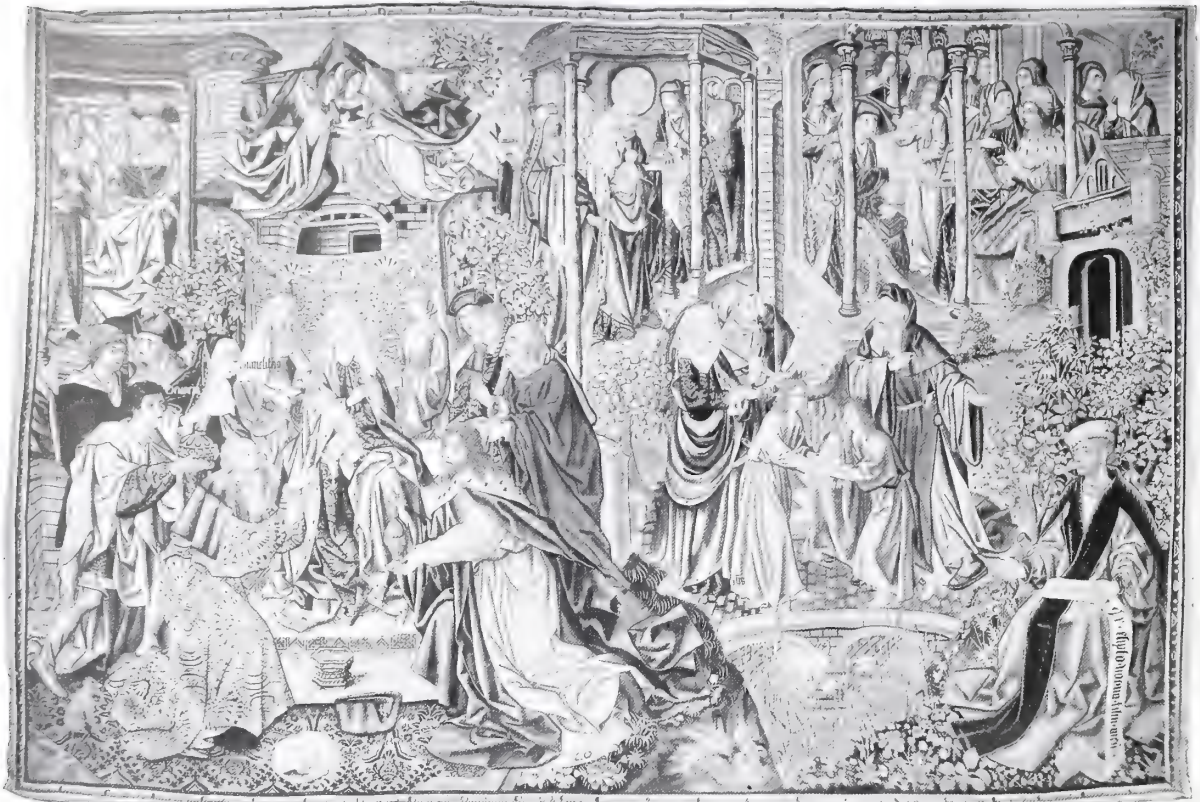
*(Courtesy of the Boston Museum)*

This man, known to us only as Philip, was undoubtedly trained in Italy, probably in Florence. Without question he is, together with the change in taste and in models, partially responsible for the Italianizing of the older man's manner. Philip signed only one of his tapestries as far as we at present know, but so marked was his style, with the bouffant, richly folded draperies, the well bred but substantial men and women, the rather mild society manner of their gestures and the emotional blandness even of the most exciting episode, that there is no mistaking his touch in dozens, even a hundred or more, tapestries that are left to us. Many pieces from his cartoons are in the Royal Spanish collection at Madrid. In all probability Philip himself drew the design and a few of the most important figures for most of these, leaving to the workmen in his studio all the rest of the details. Many of the figures, and even whole groups, are taken over *in toto* from design to design, and certain heads are repeated in innumerable different places without even the trouble to adjust the direction and angle of them to the bodies on which they chance to be set. This shows the work of apprentices using stock studio sketches.

A group of particularly interesting and important tapestries that may possibly be connected with Jean van Rome's studio includes "The Fall of Man," so-called, of the Metropolitan Museum; the Credo tapestry in the Boston Museum; a "Nativity with Four Saints" in the Royal Spanish

collection; "The Adoration of the Kings" in the Gobelins Museum; another Adoration in the treasury of the Cathedral of Sens, the Three Coronations, also of Sens; and the Madonna of the Davillier collection in the Louvre. An inscription on the Metropolitan's "Fall of Man," which is really an unusual form of Credo tapestry, has been interpreted as the signature of Jean van Rome. However that may be, these seven pieces are clearly after the designs of one man. Bernath has attributed the Boston Credo to Juste de Gand and, on the whole, this seems justifiable. In all of these tapestries the scenes are set in an elaborate architectural framework, rich with carving and jewels, that acts at once as skeleton and embellishment for the composition. In most of them this architectural scaffolding defines some small compartments that are filled with bust or half length portraits of men, an unusual feature in tapestry design. The brocades are conspicuously rich and odd spaces are filled with ornaments. The effect of the whole is of a piling up of textile designs in luxurious massed fold to which the lavishly encrusted pillars and arches give definition. The personages, though carefully drawn and unusually interesting and varied in type, are almost subordinate to this flood of pattern. Among these seven tapestries differences in skill and surety of handling the difficult type of composition and in refinement and sophistication of types are quite evident. The earliest are apparently the Nativity in the Spanish collection and





CREDO TAPESTRY. FLEMISH—END OF FIFTEENTH OR BEGINNING OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*The characteristic suave opulence of Master Philip is well illustrated in this tapestry. Several pieces in the Royal Spanish collection are very similar in composition*

*(Courtesy of Demotte)*

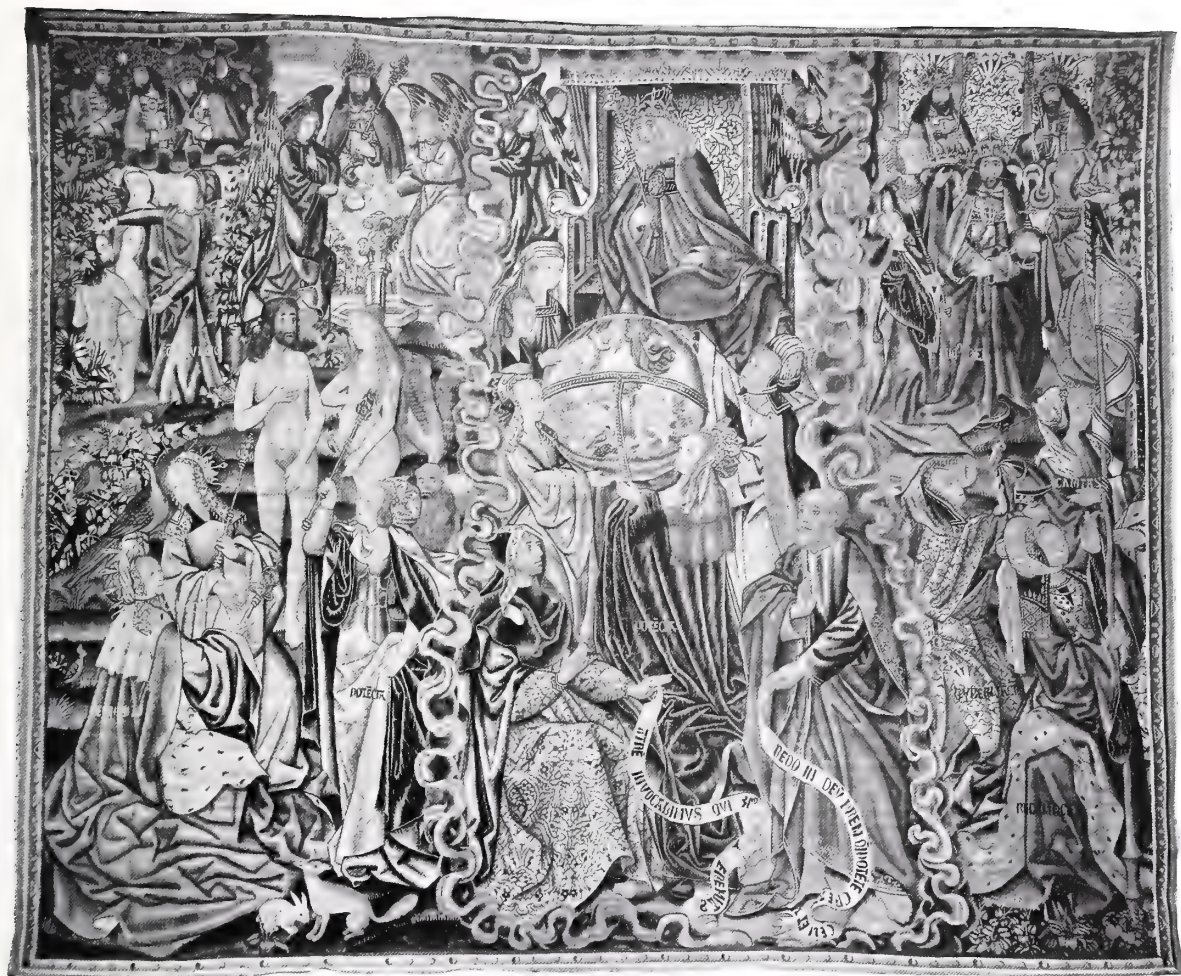
the Gobelins Adoration. In these the architecture is still a bit awkward and the types rather blurred or coarse of feature. More developed in design and ornament though still a bit heavy in the drawing of the features are the Three Coronations of Sens and the Metropolitan Credo. In the Boston Credo, and the Sens Adoration the skeleton of the design is perfectly under control and the types have become more gracious and sensitive. The Davillier Madonna in the collection of the Louvre represents the culmination of the art. This last piece is dated 1485.

Juste de Gand was a liberal borrower in his work, especially his earlier product. In his Last Supper is a figure taken over almost without modification from Dirk Bouts' "Martyrdom of St. Erasmus" and the same figure only slightly modified appears again in the Spanish Royal collection's Nativity. In others of these tapestries figures are found so close to Bouts that some students have been tempted to assign the designs to that painter but have been prevented by the dates. Again, the crucifixions of the two Credos in American museums has been built out of two figures taken from Robert Campin's lost work, of which only the poor Liverpool copy and one or two other modified copies remain. One

robber who is portrayed as turned away from the spectator with his beard grotesquely silhouetted against the sky is taken exactly from Campin, and the Christ is similar. The other robber differs in the two tapestries and differs in all the other copies of the painting, which suggests that he was early cut out of the original painting, which is how he alone came to survive, for this bit of the painting is in the Frankfurt Museum. Also, Juste de Gand, and it seems probable that he did design these tapestries, borrowed from himself, for the Prophet at the bottom of the Metropolitan piece and one of those in the Boston Credo are exactly the same even to the unnatural poise of the hands, with only the head and the draperies at the foot changed. The predilection for half length portraits recalls the series of such portraits that Juste did for the Duke of Urbino. If it is objected that Juste was in Italy during most of the time that these tapestry designs must have been made, the answer is that if weavers went from Flanders to Italy there was no reason why drawings for cartoons would not go in the reverse direction, especially if Juste had, as is probable, already established a connection with some studio before leaving.

Curiously enough, the most important monu-





"THE CREATION OF THE EARTH." FLEMISH—BEGINNING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*The designer of this tapestry is best known for a large and interesting series of murals in the church of St. Agnes at Naarden. The episodes are probably taken from a popular mystery play of the period*

*(Courtesy of Demotte)*

ment left to us of another tapestry designer is, not any series of tapestries, but a set of mural decorations. In the Church of St. Agnes in Naarden is a sequence of murals painted direct on the wood that has recently attracted the attention of scholars. Dr. Six, who has done the research on them, comments on the fact that the manner of their drawing shows that the artist, whom he tentatively names Albert Claesz, was more practised in painting tapestry cartoons than any other kind of design. Three tapestries clearly of this man's design are now in America, verifying Dr. Six's hypothesis.

Still to be identified is the designer of another small but very fine group of tapestries which includes the Solomon and Queen of Sheba in the Polid Pezzoli Museum, a variation of the same subject in the von Hunolstein collection at Brussels and two pieces in America, one a Virgin and the other a Prince and Courtiers. The perfection of the drawing and the skillful and original handling of the composition betokens a master of

importance, so that it should not be long before some name can be attached to him.

Though all of these various types of tapestry that were produced in the Low Countries in the second half of the fifteenth century were essentially Flemish in their abundance, their love of materials, their fullness of incident and of pattern, they differed among themselves markedly. Loysot Lyedet was primarily an illustrator and he carried this point of view into his designs. He mirrors truthfully contemporary life. Van Rome and Philip were technicians, moulding any material that came to hand into a well set form that made a competent but seldom inspired decoration. Claesz, if that was his name, had an architectural sense that stressed rather the mural aspect of his art. Thus in Flemish Gothic tapestry all phases of the art of tapestry find an expression and the art as a whole is given there the supremest formulations in the combination of beauty of design and in perfection of weaving that it ever has had, or ever will have again.



# America Has Guardi Masterpiece



## *“RUINS and FIGURES”*

by

FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793)

**A**LTHOUGH the eighteenth century Venetian painter Francesco Guardi, like his master Canaletto, left to the world many pictures of the City of the Doges, he was never so happy nor so personal in his artistic expression as in such an architectural study as this masterpiece entitled “Ruins and Figures.” The canvas, one of a recent gift of twenty-four pictures made by Ralph Cross Johnson to the National Gallery of Washington, is sharply divided into the two elements of the title, things that interested Guardi more deeply than the Venetian scenes which he turned out in such large numbers. The architectural feature of the composition is rich with the noble beauty of the ruined palace. The figures are at once intensely human and dramatic as may be noted in the mother and her children, the old peasant timorously feeling for a foothold, and the soldier looking up in admiration at the sculptured figure at the left of the composition. In color the painting is superb, the characteristic pale blue and white sky of ineffable loveliness; the warm notes of red in the clothes of the figures; and the softness of the old marble flooded with the sunshine of Italy.







WILLIAM PITT



GEORGE III



LORD CORNWALLIS

## WEDGWOOD Portrait Medallions

TODAY, when photography plays such an important part in our daily life, it is hard to realize that less than a century ago—before the invention of Daguerre in 1839—it was impossible to make any record of person, place or thing, save by the hand of the painter, draughtsman and sculptor. The importance of portraiture can therefore hardly be estimated properly by the living generation when every second person owns a small camera. All the great masters of Italy, the Low Countries, Spain, France and England, were, first of all, superb portrait painters. One reason why the portraits of Titian, Veronese, Raphael, Bordone, Bellini, Velasquez, Goya, Rembrandt, Rubens, Frans Hals, Van Dyck, Pourbus, Holbein, Clouet, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Romney and others were so great, is because it was essential to produce correct likenesses and to portray the personality of the sitter. Flattery was permitted—yes—and a great deal of it (Oliver Cromwell protested against it by insisting on being painted “warts and all”); but in the main, the work had to be a direct portrayal of face, features and *character*. The painter had his latitudes, too: he could reproduce the pile of rich velvet, the sheen of silk and satin, the sparkle of jewels, the gleam

*Great American collection formed by Mr. R. T. Haines Halsey contains many notable examples . . . by*

ESTHER SINGLETON

of pearls, and the filmy texture of lace collars and muslin frills. Great technique was required, and, moreover, the painter had to see his client with the eye of a modern camera.

However, a fine portrait has always been more or less expensive; and, doubtless, many “fair women and brave men” in the past, unable to have their portraits painted for lack of means, consequently left no record to posterity of their faces and forms.

The clever artist of the eighteenth century who could cut a silhouette out of black paper with the scissors was popular in all classes of society, but very particularly with those who could not afford an oil portrait, nor a miniature painted on ivory.

Therefore, when Wedgwood perfected a process by which cameo portrait medallions could be made at comparatively small cost—“popular prices,” we would say to-day—people flocked to his manufactory. The production of these cameo medallions (as well as portrait busts) became a very special activity of the famous Wedgwood potteries; and no small part of the Wedgwood fortune was derived from this branch of art. It was less expensive to have a cameo portrait by Flaxman made in jasper than to sit to a painter of the quality of Reynolds,

QUEEN CHARLOTTE  
WIFE OF GEORGE III



CHARLOTTE

Gainsborough, Raeburn, or Romney; and, moreover, several duplicate medallions could readily be supplied to the sitter.

The individual sat for his or her portrait, before the busy fingers and analyzing eye of Flaxman, Hackwood, or some other sculptor. From this model a mould was made and from this mould the finished cameo was produced. As a rule, the sitter received ten impressions, together with the wax model. The cost of a six inch medallion with the finished impressions and original wax model was ten guineas. It soon became a fad to have cameo portraits on rings and seals, which cost five guineas and a half. Small brooches were also popular, and these cost seven shillings and sixpence; or, as the English would say, "seven and six." Small medallions cost "ten and six."

It seems strange that while these cameo portrait medallions were produced in such great numbers that so few have survived. What became of the majority of them? How did they perish? We can only conjecture that they were not valued by succeeding generations, and were either thrown away in contempt, or allowed to perish for lack of care, in the way that many things appreciated to-day by connoisseurs have gone. We do know this, however: so rare are the fine portraits made from 1770 to 1795 that it is doubtful if any collection, even in England, of more than 300 could be found to-day. Let us look at a few recorded facts regarding collectors. In seven years of careful search, Rathbone tells us, Cornelius Cox could only gather 98. The late Dr. T. S. Walker had 88. Sir Richard Tangye owned 85, and the largest collector, Dr. J. Lumsden Propert, had 144.

These numbers permit us to feel a natural pride in Mr. Haines Halsey's unusually large and comprehensive collection, which ranks also as one of the finest in the world with regard to quality as well as to quantity. From this unique collec-

tion, Mr. Halsey has lent to the Colonial Dames of the State of New York for exhibition at their Museum in the Van Cortlandt Mansion, Van Cortlandt Park, New York, 119 examples, representing subjects connected more or less with American history and American personalities.

Many of these rank among the best specimens turned out from the Wedgwood potteries.

Here we have examples of every style of the Wedgwood medallions.

Some of them are early trial portraits; many of them are marked Wedgwood and Bentley; and others, produced after Bentley's death, in 1780, bear the stamp Wedgwood. These cameo portraits belong to Wedgwood's last period; for the creation of the chaste and beautiful jasperware, of which these cameos are made, was the crowning victory of a lifetime spent in experiments.

Josiah Wedgwood (1730-1793), the greatest of all Staffordshire potters, perfected this famous jasperware after he had built his new factory at Stoke-upon-Trent, which he named Etruria.

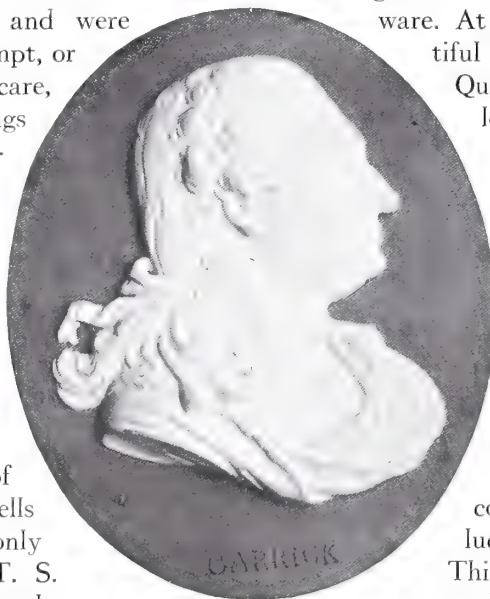
Wedgwood had always been seeking for new ware. At Burslem he produced the beautiful cream-colored pottery which Queen Charlotte admired and allowed to be called Queen's ware.

Then he perfected his Egyptian black, or basalt, and, finally, the superlatively beautiful jasperware. The product was a smooth paste of exquisite texture, the opacity and whiteness of which were susceptible of considerable variation. It could be made in ivory white, or a dead chalk white, and it could possess the delicate translucency of ivory, or vellum. This translucency even allows the color of the ground to appear slightly through the thinned

parts of the cameo-reliefs, giving the effect of a fine, light texture. The chief charm of the jasper paste is due to its behavior in the kilns with certain metallic oxides, by means of which the jasper body could be colored in exquisite hues. With cobalt, a wonderful blue was obtained;



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS



DAVID GARRICK





ADMIRAL HOWE



CAPTAIN COOK



LORD NELSON

with manganese, a charming lilac; with iron, yellow; and iron and cobalt produced green. It was also possible to produce sage-green, salmon-pink, fawn-color and buff of the greatest beauty. It was Josiah Wedgwood's appreciation of antique gems that led him to invent this unique ceramic material; and this jasper paste enabled him to produce cameo reliefs on ground of almost any hue. The Wedgwood jasperware, both for ornamental and domestic use, is radiant with bright scenes from Grecian mythology, flowers, birds, heads and *amorini*. At this period there was a rage for the classic style. Many causes contributed to this taste. Work had been carried on at Pompeii and Herculaneum; Caylus had published his "Receuil d'Antiquités" in 1752-1762; Winckelmann, his works on Greek Art in 1754 and 1764; James Stuart his "Antiquities of Athens"; Piranesi, his drawings of Etruscan, and Egyptian, Greek and Roman architecture; and Robert Adam had visited the ruins of Diocletian's palace at Spalatro in Dalmatia with the French architect, Clérissseau, and had published a description with engravings by Bartolozzi. Moreover, Robert Adam had been appointed architect to the King; and the Adam brothers, with the aid of Cipriani, Pergolesi, Zucchi and Angelica Kauffman, were decorating the houses of the nobility and gentry and making classical forms and ornamentation the fashion. Like the architects, furniture - designers, silver - smiths, and all other decorators, Wedg-

wood chose the slender lines and the delicacy and grace of antique models. The ornamental and domestic articles of his later years were inspired by this Neo-Classic taste—and very lovely it is.

Wedgwood was greatly aided by the sculptor, John Flaxman (1754-1826), who was as saturated with the spirit of Greek art as was his contemporary, John Keats, whose "Ode on a Grecian Urn" might well describe many a production of Flaxman. Thomas Bentley, Wedgwood's partner, a man of culture and fine taste, introduced Flaxman to Wedgwood, who immediately appreciated Flaxman's genius. Wedgwood's jasperware derives a great part of its charm from Flaxman's decorations and his cameo portraits owe no little of their beauty and reputation to this most delicate and artistic of eighteenth century sculptors. "Flaxman's designs," said Canova, "excel

in classic grace all that I am acquainted with in modern art."

And it is this classic grace, this purity of line, this delicacy of finish (not so much reminiscent of, as inspired by, Greek art) that makes these cameo portraits so fascinating; and whether the sculptor were Flaxman, or Hackwood, or some one unknown to fame, it is the taste and genius of John Flaxman that is felt through them all.

The artists at the works used medals, paintings, and engravings for historical characters and persons no longer living. Sometimes, too, this material was employed for living persons, as in the case of George Washington. In

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

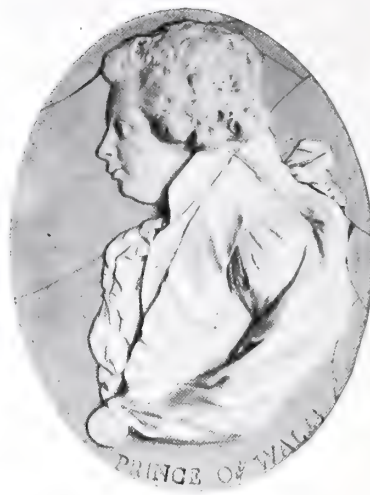




SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL



CHARLES JAMES FOX



THE PRINCE OF WALES (GEO. IV)

the Haines Halsey collection, for example, there are twelve portraits of General Washington modelled from the French medal designed by the philosopher Voltaire. Some of these are impressed "Wedgwood and Bentley" and some are marked "Wedgwood." Some are black basalt; some are white jasper on blue; one is blue jasper on blue; and one is white jasper on a pale pink (or lilac) ground—a color that is rare. The example represented here is after Houdon and is of the rare large size. The ground is a very dark blue. Wedgwood used several models for Franklin, the chief of which were by Mrs. Patience Wright, the famous American sculptress in wax, who became the vogue in London; Caffieri, Nini (whose portraits appear wearing the fur cap) and Flaxman. Franklin was an enthusiastic china collector; and we can picture the "Philadelphia Quaker" in his brown coat, with fur cap pulled down over his unpowdered head, peering through his spectacles at the fine porcelain displayed in the London shops—and the London shops were just as beguiling in the eighteenth century as they are to-day—to make a selection to send home to Mrs. Franklin, so that the Franklin house in Philadelphia should have some of the fashionable china. "I send you," the learned doctor writes to his wife, "by Captain Budden, a large case and a small box containing some English china, viz., melons and leaves for a desert of fruit and cream, or the like; a bowl remarkable for the neatness of

the figures, made at Bow, near this city; some coffee cups of the same; and a Worcester bowl, ordinary, to show the difference of workmanship, there is something from all the china-workers in England; and one old true china bowl, mended, of an odd color." Franklin also advises his wife to examine some of the delicate pieces with her spectacles, so that she might lose nothing of their beauty. Thus interested in china—as he was in all the developments of the industrial arts—naturally Franklin found Wedgwood and all his group of workers worthy of his acquaintance. Wedgwood probably liked the American statesman—everybody did—but Franklin was also a very profitable subject. No busts and portraits sold in such numbers as his. Everybody owned a bust, or picture, of Franklin; and in Paris, it is said, there was not a house in which his kindly face did not look from chimney-piece, or wall. The Haines Halsey collection numbers thirty cameo portraits of him, variously treated. Several are white jasper on blue ground; one is white jasper on black ground; another is blue jasper on blue; another is white jasper on white; and another is white jasper on dark blue ground with "laminated" edge, meaning the introduction of an extra layer of a darker color at the edges, which, when polished on the bevel-edge gives all the effects of a cameo of two or three strata. Then there are several of black basalt and a number of small cameos and intaglios.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN





The example given here, from the model by Patience Wright, is white on white with moulded edge for frame. Among the notables in this collection are several men who were particular friends of Franklin, for example, Dr. Joseph Priestly, English writer and philosopher, who was with Franklin and who wrote several pamphlets on the American question. Then there was Sir Hans Sloane, scientist, naturalist and physician, whose great collection in Bloomsbury Square, which later became the nucleus of the British Museum, Franklin visited. There is, also, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, English physician, grandfather of Charles Darwin; and this particular portrait is a splendid example of technique, with the most delicate and finished treatment of detail. Then, in addition to all the statesmen, naval and military heroes, scientists and discoverers whom Franklin knew, there is Dr. John Fothergill, the Quaker physician, who advocated the repeal of the Stamp-Act. "I can hardly conceive that a better man has ever existed," was Franklin's opinion of him. Another friend of Franklin's was Captain Cook, the famous navigator, who appears on page 129. Cook was accompanied by Sir Joseph Banks, an ardent scientist and scholar, afterward president of the Royal Society and Dr. Solander, a noted Swedish botanist and naturalist, both of whom are represented in this collection.

One of the most remarkable portraits that was issued from the Wedgwood works is that of Sir William Herschel (1738-1822). This was modeled by Flaxman in 1781, the same year that Herschel discovered Uranus. Therefore, in a very original and daring way, which resulted in a highly decorative effect, Flaxman has represented Saturn and Uranus in the upper right hand corner as travelling in their orbits. The portrait represented here has a white jasper body on ground washed with a delicate light blue.

A beautiful example is Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, daughter of the first Earl Spencer (1757-1806). This is white jasper body on ground

washed a delicate sage green. Everything here is exquisitely treated—hair, drapery and features; and the whole medallion may be said to be vibrant with vitality. The Duchess, who was the leader of fashionable society in London after her marriage to the Duke of Devonshire, was frequently painted by Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds, but neither of these painters was more

successful than the sculptor. In connection with the Duchess it is interesting to view the cameo medal-

lion of Fox (1749-1806) given here. This medallion is white jasper, ground and back washed dark blue.

Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), is white jasper on pale blue ground, modelled by Flaxman. It is an excellent specimen, both for technical perfection and likeness. David Garrick (1717-1779) is white jasper on dark blue.

William Pitt (1759-1806) was a "best seller" in the Colonies. Wedgwood made thousands of cameos of him. Mr. Halsey

has two examples, the one represented here is white jasper body on pale blue. Another has the ground washed black and is a

very rare portrait, modelled by Flaxman in unusually high relief. Highly interesting also is the portrait of Lord Cornwallis (1738-1805), white jasper ground, back washed blue. Admiral Lord Howe (1726-1799), pale blue jasper body ground washed light blue, is also included. Lord Nelson (1758-1805), white jasper body, ground and back washed dark blue, is also a typical example. Of course George III (1738-1820), was reproduced many times. The example here, white jasper on dark blue, gives him all possible kingly dignity. Queen Charlotte (1744-1818), his faithful consort, white jasper body ground washed blue, is a splendid example of refined workmanship.

This collection also contains rare portraits of Thomas Bentley, Wedgwood's partner (1730-1780) and Josiah Wedgwood, each modeled by Flaxman. Wedgwood became rich and famous and his home, Etruria Hall, was noted for its fine collections of books, engravings and art-objects.



GEORGE WASHINGTON

## Karl ANDERSON • AMERICAN

NATURE dares and man attempts to comprehend and ends in worship. If you will lose yourself in contemplation, you may feel the breeze of the sea beat

against your senses, or become enveloped by the perfume of the lilacs, or melt into the mood of some balmy summer twilight. The crash of thunder in the skies' gray hills falls with as much surprise as sweet children's laughter.

So have we, too, to live in an intangible web of miracles that leave us spellbound, dull, or happy, adventuresome or timid. The Anderson family somewhere in Ohio seems to have been made up of stuff for dreams, yet stuff for doing. When I wrote to Sherwood Anderson, that full-blown author of the West, to tell me about his brother, he knew no wild adventure to relate. It seems a placid

stream. A rosy cheeked boy, as rosy now at fifty, who looked at

life and liked it, who heard her song, and put his lyrics on the canvas. Here is Sherwood's letter:

"In our family there were five boys, of which Karl is the oldest. We were born and raised in a little town in Ohio. As a matter of fact our parents must have desired to give us all separate birth-places, as they seemed to have moved about from town to town through the state, perhaps with the intention of making as many towns as famous, or infamous, by having one of us born there. Our father was a Southern man, and, as we all remember him, a delightful person with, however, a streak of the gipsy in him that made it impossible for him to make a living. We boys were all bound out to learn some trade, and as it happens Karl served his apprenticeship in the harness-making. There was, of course, no artistic life in the town, but as he sat on his harness-maker's horse, Karl Anderson must always have been seeing things, as he soon began drawing pictures on the wall of the shop, and later went away to

*Musician in color is son of man who played "first cornet" when Mr. Harding played "second" . . . by*

✓ F. NEWLIN PRICE ✓

much did the life he had taken up influence ours that all, at one time or another, tried to be artists. As a young fellow I remember Karl coming home to our town with the city's way about him and

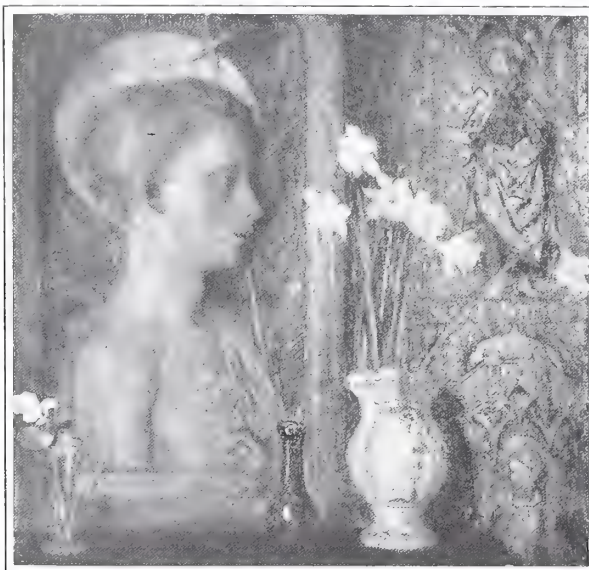
Cleveland, where he began his life as an artist.

"I can well remember how proud we all were at the thought of this older brother of ours living an artist's life. In fact, so

always seeming a little strange and far away to the rest of us. I have no doubt he endured many hardships during that period, but almost from the first he had success in his new life, as not only ourselves, but all our old town soon began to be proud of him. Later we began to see drawings he had made appearing in the pages of magazines, and we younger brothers carried these around in our pockets in order that we might brag and strut

before the other boys, because he was our brother.

"During all this period Karl not only made his way as an artist, but managed in some way to chip in generously toward the support of his younger brothers, and even managed in the midst of all this to get together money enough so that he could go to Europe and finish his art education there. Of his adventures as a young art student and later as a practicing artist, I know little. It is, you know, characteristic of the American race that no one knows as little about one as one's own family. The choice little adventures of life that so feed and enrich the memory are always told to friends and never to younger brothers. However, Karl was never the high and mighty one with us, and I have no doubt he was eager enough to bring into our little world the adventurous stories of that greater outside world in which we always fancied him living. Karl Anderson's life has been somewhat unusual, for an American, in that he has been an artist from boyhood, has never cared about anything else, nor has he ever



"THE INFANT ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST"  
BY KARL ANDERSON



done anything else. The two or three years working as a harness-maker's apprentice, during his boyhood, really do not count.

"I think it a very characteristic thing in my brother's personality that, although he has always been what we call a representative painter, I have never known a man more open to impression and to influences, from whatever source, that seemed to him

to lead to beauty.

The hard struggle of this man, unknown in the cities, the trying periods when he had no money, the long struggle to get money enough to go to Europe and the slow coming of recognition — well, all these things, you see, are unnecessarily seen and felt from the outside.

As a matter of fact, I would be perfectly delighted to lie about the matter, and tell you gigantic stories of wild adventures of my brother's youth, if it were not for the fact that one's

fancy never succeeds in playing about the figure of a brother. As I see it, his story is primarily one of a patient, determined struggle, under adverse conditions, and of a determination that has never weakened."

Karl Anderson is not a plodder. He seems to me quite too lazy and contemplative to plod. He goes right forward. He sat beside me at a Shaw dinner at the Salmagundi Club where all the others had painted a little picture. Anderson was only half through his, but his start was a new thing, different, more interesting than anything he had ever done. He destroyed it with the comment that he would paint it some day. It was a Centurion maiden if such might be. If I do not make my point, listen: One of the canvases reproduced in this article once roofed a small chicken coop, and kept the little chicks dry. He thought he would some time make a painting of that pic-

ture. The man creates in a slow grinding mill that grinds "exceeding fine."

"It is not understandable, the inheritance given to myself, four brothers and a sister, that most of us have at some time tried expression in art," says Anderson, "unless there was in my father, a likeable, unreliable Southerner of Scotch-Irish parentage, and in my mother, who was of

Austrian stock, silent, capable and self-sacrificing, potentialities the seed from which produced children uninfluenced by the commonplaceness of early environment. My father, a wandering minstrel and unsuccessful amateur in business, had moved us from five of the smallest towns in Ohio, in each of which I am told he failed in some form of a small business adventure. His absorbing passion

was to play a cornet. I can safely say he was the world's worst cornet

player. He did have a talent for organizing bands, one of them at Caledonia, Ohio, now famous because the second cornet became the present occupant of the White House. President Harding at that time was editing the village paper at Caledonia. Some one must have been a better horn player than my father, for it is said that his band once won a medal at a fireman's convention."

When Karl was nine years old the Andersons moved to Clyde, Ohio, and there remained until the family disintegrated many years later. This town was a farmers' town, without growth, surrounded by corn and flat cabbage fields. Main Street ran its dusty way like an arrow from field to field. It was a community without much beauty. There was little music, and he never saw a painting of any known merit. They were always poor, sometimes incredibly so. His mother, a beautiful woman, died almost in her girlhood from



"THE VENETIAN CANDELABRA"  
BY KARL ANDERSON

one thirty-three





"THE PRINCESS"  
BY KARL ANDERSON

the hardship of self-sacrifice, that her children might be clothed and fed. When Karl was thirteen, he was apprenticed to a harness-maker, and for four years before and after school, winter and summer, he served and washed smelly old harness. In the Opera House, a three-story building adjoining the harness shop, with a stairway outside, worked and lived a village artist, a country boy who solicited orders for crayon portraits, and sometimes did landscapes in oil. Untutored, and with absolutely no technical knowledge, he did a few landscapes of great imagination and poetic charm. Karl always believed he was a genius, a man whose head was far above the dust and dirt of village

"YOUTH IN AUTUMN"  
BY  
KARL ANDERSON



life. The town conquered him in the end, and, with inspiration gone, he is now simply a house painter. On Sundays Karl cleaned this artist's studio, and for this service was taught how to be a crayon portraitist.

An "Artist Wanted" in the advertising columns of a Cleveland paper attracted him, and he said goodbye to the harness forever, and journeyed to the city, only to find that the cheap little crayon portrait establishment that advertised had taken on somebody else the day before. After some weeks' searching for work, he finally got a job retouching photographs, and occasionally

making a portrait over a silver print. A year of this, then the urge impelled him to Chicago to study art and where, unfortunately, he found himself without money. He then became one of the many who have essayed illustration, a method of expression in which he was ill at ease and never happy. His first day in art school found his easel

next to a student named Leyendecker, a young boy with prodigious talent. They became friends. He eventually got Anderson a place with the engraving house for which he was working at the time. He went to the art school at night and in some way managed the day session two months out of the year. After five years of this he ventured into New York. One September morning found him in that city with a job by noon on a newspaper doing





*"CHILDREN at the WELL"*

*by*

*Karl Anderson*





illustrations, but he was "fired" soon and suddenly. Then he went to Springfield, Ohio, to become the resident artist on a woman's magazine, and he stayed two years before he had the money to go abroad.

His first year in Paris was devoted entirely to drawing and design, with the idea of making himself a better black-and-white man. To avoid the heat and loneliness of Paris the second summer, he joined a sketching class in Holland, under George Hitchcock. One afternoon, working on a sketch in oil in the dunes, two ladies stopped walking a moment to watch him sketch, and passed on without comment, returning some while afterward with a man. It was Shannon, the American-English painter, and one of the ladies was his wife. Shannon was so encouraging in his approval that Anderson immediately commenced a large figure canvas, which was exhibited that year in the Salon. The Shannons and he became very good friends, and a year or so later he met in their London home the American girl who became his wife.

This was the turning point for Karl Anderson. He gave up illustration for painting, although when he returned home necessity compelled him to devote some time to magazine illustration, the necessity primarily being a wife, and for several years his only opportunity to paint was on Sunday, and a short season in the summer. In 1910 he spent the winter



"PEGASUS"  
BY KARL ANDERSON

copying Velasquez in the Prado at Madrid, and that summer painted in Giverny, France. Frieseke was there. They worked together in a walled garden, painting the figure in sunlight. A large canvas done that summer, "The Idlers," won the silver medal at Carnegie the following year, and was bought by the Chicago Art Insti-

tute. Several commissions given by General Charles C. Dawes, of Chicago, placed the artist in a position definitely to give up black and white for color.

"My own survey of myself, and the character of my work," says Anderson, "is that, in some way, the hardships and everyday current of life, which I have seen and felt, have drifted by, leaving me untouched. It is said



"WISTARIA" BY  
KARL ANDERSON





that I have the rarity of taste and the fragrance of beauty in my painting.

Whether this is true or not, it is the fragrance of the invisible beauty of life that I should like to express."

Not alone the fragrance of some hidden beauty is found in Anderson's pictures, but also delicious color and entrancing motion of design, not violent or agitating, but rather subtle, liquid, with the freshness of the morning dew, pearl-like and pure. This color is balanced and so true that even in the large exhibitions we find his canvases distinctive, standing out amid the strife of works deliberately, calculatingly, painted for advertisement. There is that about his color which seems

"THE APPLE GATHERERS"  
BY KARL ANDERSON

fused and molten into unity. I recall a sketch he was making one day when a villager stood by and marveled at the strange phenomenon before him, and, as villagers will, related to Anderson the triumph of his wife in painting hand-painted china. Pausing, and gazing at the sketch, he remarked, "I suppose that will be all right when its fired."

Technically Karl Anderson is humble. The Prado led his spirit to high sacred hills, the great Dutch masters reached out to this youth and filled his soul with grandeur, and Italy in his student days brought to his emotion the grand tradition and the eternal things of great art. To his unhurried disposition, that absorbs and feels, there





came to him for all time a strong impelling devotion to the human form. Certainly, his technique harks back to an inspired draughtsmanship, for which the painter's medium finds no unnatural limitation. The elusive color shadows are in full consonance with the mental fragrance of his design.

Hunter on the star-spread dreamland, Karl Anderson records the beauty that eyes were meant to see, weaving the imagery and golden skein of color into fanciful episodes that decorate the walls of life past which we travel. These episodes, these color perfumes, these fairy stories, are glorious, delightful to the old little children of the art world. In them is something more than art.

"THE STUBBORN GOAT"  
BY KARL ANDERSON

It was inevitable that Karl Anderson should paint fine portraits, his first lesson in crayon, his later success at illustration, his delightful friendship with Sir Charles Shannon, all tended to crystallize this talent. Today he is sought out and has more than he will do, for first in his desire is the imaginative *genre* picture, and yet with these portraits he will weave the fanciful delight and mirage of a dream. These portraits are different. They are not only completely expressive of his sitters, but also of our modern point of view. I find no reminiscence of the eighteenth century, no Italian renaissance, but rather a new era that is essentially American, completely Karl Anderson.

# Warren Wheelock, Carver in Wood

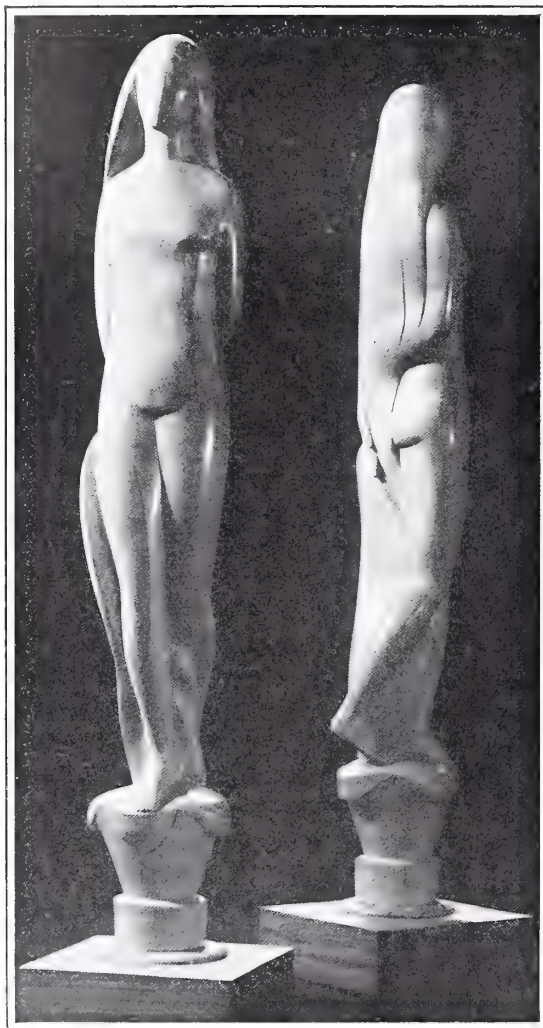


"TAR BABY"  
CARVING IN EBONY  
BY WARREN WHELOCK

"Were I to train a boy to be a sculptor, I'd make something of a carpenter of him first—so that he would learn construction, get a few backaches, and soil his 'lily-whites' many times. And the sight and smell of white pine shavings as they curl up through the plane is good for the soul. Whitman spoke of it somewhere in 'Leaves of Grass.'" In these words, Warren Wheelock sums up his own preparatory course in the art of modeling. Mr. Wheelock has the faculty of looking through things to their spiritual

*He never uses a model, and he arranges form arbitrarily so as to meet his ideas of beauty and grace*

significance and it is this that he seeks to portray, in the medium which he considers best suited to his subject. Except for a course at Pratt Institute his artistic education has been a matter of observation, and study of the work of the primitive Italians, Chinese, and savages.



"ADOLESCENCE" CARVING IN SATINWOOD BY WHELOCK

For purity of form and grace of line, plus an exquisite finish, "Adolescence" (exhibited with his other carvings and painting at the Gallery of the Woodstock Art Association) is a distinguished example of perfection of workmanship. He is revealed in this carving, as well as in that of the "Tar Baby" as a master of the value of light and shade, and, by his choice of materials and his handling of them, shows a rare appreciation of color values, grain, and texture. Well adapted to the purpose by reason of their almost feather weight, the salad set, done in black walnut with a suggestion of the aboriginal art of the Easter Islands and of the African tribes, is unusually beautiful in color, unfortunately impossible to reproduce in the photograph.





# The ART of the African NEGRO

## I. DIVINITIES AND FETISHES

WHEN the Matisse-Picasso-Deraïn circle of *fauves* took refuge in a hitherto unexplored and unknown region

of art, the sculpture of African negroes, it was a new experience for Europe: these sculptures do not originate from the same feeling as our cultured art, based on a conception of workmanship, beauty, skill and poetry. Negro languages have no words for art or artist. Their works are as impersonal as Egyptian or Assyrian rocks hewn into shapes of gods or god-like kings. Religion is their common origin. The force of primitive and suggestive religion compels its followers to materialize their gods and demons. As early Christians immediately iconized their faith—in contrast to the purely intellectual and therefore art-lacking religious conception of the Jews—the Africans and all peoples of the so-called primitive cultures form their own idols.

There is much conformity and very deep contrariety in early Christian art and negro sculpture. They are born of the same impulse—the wish to materialize God. But Christian sentimentalism loses this independence and quickly develops dramatism in religious art: after the first catacomb drawings and Byzantine mosaics Gothic art is developed, to be a messenger of heaven or hell, of thesis or antithesis, dramatically expressing certain spiritual conceptions, like actors in a pantomime. In the carved figures of the negroes there is no trace of even attempting a spiritual expression. The metaphysics are so inevitably the pure purpose of the work, that they need not be expressed. The figure will be a god or the bearer or receptacle of a god.

As natural objects we find in African sculpture human figures and animals in great variety of proportions and types—men and women standing or sitting, sometimes

*Architectonic formalism attained through desire to create gods that are complete entities . . . by*

LADISLAS MEDGYES

a knife or lance in their hands, often two of them together, and the animals of the country, monkeys, snails, crocodiles, tapirs, elephants, or their mixtures (figures which present the

head of one animal and the body of another). But in spite of this variety, the figures show a great dependency upon each other among the works of the same tribe. They are evolutions of the same types, as conventional as works of any other art, and more: conventional like the prayers of a religion or as century-old folk-songs of a race, conventional as—I dare say—eating, drinking, and sleeping.

A special type is the fetish—human figures with hollow breasts or strange presentations of animals with small receptacles in their backs. There is a strong sentimental affinity between the dark, small sanctuaries of Egyptian temples and the carved holes of these fetish figures, which are used as depositories for things like a tiger's claw, a tooth, the hair of an elephant, or maybe a European bullet, all of which are supposed to possess magical qualities and are therefore gods to be adored. The holes are closed with something shiny, a piece of glass or mirror, or perhaps a valuable crystal, the bottom of a tin box or a sheet of purest gold. Not the value of the cover is important, but its power to concentrate all the light in the center of the figure—at the dwelling of the Almighty. The figures are mostly covered with a forest of rusty nails and knives, which the worshippers hammer into them in token of their adoration, to enforce their prayers and invoke aid for some undertaking. These knives are often meant to hurt an enemy, but more numerous are the gentler desires to harvest a rich crop, to obtain rain or the birth of a



A RITUAL MASK  
FROM THE CÔTE D'IVOIRE  
(Collection of Paul Guillaume)

child, and sometimes even—oh, European gypsies and philtre brewing witches!—to turn a tender heart toward the driver of the nail. Those who have seen the tomb of St. Anthony in Padua, or figures of saints covered with offerings in many Russian churches, will not laugh at the negro mentality.

Not only the fetish, but every smaller figure is consecrated to some religious conception. Terrible demons or good spirits, figures of ancestors in human form, or appearing as animals in areas where totemism exists, are all sacred, superhuman—gods. This is why they never can be dramatic, why they remain always impersonal. The black man feels inferior to the figure he carves: the act of carving it is pure adoration. So the artist is spiritually identical with the adorer, or public, and the mystic reality of the work of art the same for both of them. Can the European "lover of art," schooled in sentimental dramatics, appreciate the magnificence of the idea?

Negro art can teach some marvellous lessons! The formal qualities, the architectonic beauty of these sculptures are full of import. Their purity of form, for whose like we must go back as far as Assyrian art, is deprived of all petty naturalism.

This is determined by religious feeling, by the deity of the figure, which must be a complete being in itself without copying anything. Here are the roots of the beautiful formalism of negro sculpture, which compels us to its admiration. Every form must be closed in itself to be total and to compose with the others a new total thing, an independent, aimless unity of forms—aimless as a god and like a god. There is no wish to be decorative, nor to depict something, only to create a figure which calls forth adoration. These idols



A PAHOUI HEAD  
(Collection of  
Paul Guillaume)

rarely stand on a base, which is considered a ridiculous support for an almighty god.

But how wonderfully their stability is balanced! So far goes the love of perfection that the surface of these figures is smooth and polished like very rare Greek marbles or little medieval ivory carvings. A wonderful material—ebony, mahogany, or the very hardest ironwood—is shaped into forms of perfect beauty.

We feel that all who learned to know the forms of Praxiteles to be perfect will object to this statement. But, following the line of archaic Greek, Egyptian and Assyrian sculpture, it is not difficult to arrive at an understanding of this pure formal beauty, which is the appreciative basis of negro sculpture. In each of the great periods of art the spiritual as well as the formal problem is differently formed and differently solved. Classical Greek sculpture was individual and worshipped the naked body of the young athlete; and, to give examples of the perfect body, portrayed winners of the great Olympic games. Even the figures of gods were human—philosophers, athletes, and beloved women. They stood free under the blue sky on a high base

against a wall, people walking on three sides. A visual naturalism which used perspectives, shadows, and smooth and rough *modelé* in the same statue expressed the third dimension—depth—in the frontal aspect or in the evolution of the movement round it. The formal problem was solved from the spectators' angle of vision.

Assyrian and Egyptian statues are eternalizations of gods and of kings who went to their gods. In a hard, indestructible material, basalt or granite, the masses build an architecturally



proportioned system which has nothing to do with sensuous naturalism. The three-dimensional space is built up by the fierce strength of masses. Everything is concentrated on the fundamental idea of immortality.

Strange it may seem, the sculptures of African tribes, the land of witches, magicians, dancing priests and supernaturalism, are built up on the same principle as the hierarchical art of Egypt. The history of Africa is young and as yet undeveloped, but Egyptian inscriptions tell us of dark tribes known in Egypt since the Sixth Dynasty, about three thousand years B.C. To-day we hardly dare to express our supposition that negro art may have influenced the evolution of Egyptian art. The oldest figures in negro art which we can date are of 1100 to 1200 A.D., but they show such perfection of execution, a conventionalism so highly developed in their pure and architectural form-creation, that the existence of a great ancient culture and art preceding the one we know must necessarily be supposed.

The form creation of the African is stripped of all connection with the outside world and takes no regard whatever of the spectators' standpoint. Each form must therefore naturally be developed out of itself, in its own inner significance. Their misproportions are often misunderstood. They really are the right proportions as determined by their significance. The instinctive disposition not to copy, but to translate natural forms, changes proportions and aspects. The generally bent knees of the figures give a formal equivalence to the shape of the naturally straight leg, the whole figure being the materialization of a cubic function of reality, and therefore an absolutely new reality, standing aimless in nature as a new being, and independent in its aspect and proportions.

These tiny figures of negro



A MASK IN BLACK BRONZE  
FROM BENIN  
(Collection of A. A. Feder)

art—for specimens higher than two feet are rare—realize the most sensitively balanced equivalences of nature, and the tension between the components makes the interest so keen in the balance that many renowned works of art grow a shade paler and weaker by comparison. What we call beauty or harmony is really the balance of this intense equivalence, of which a fine example is found in negro sculpture.

## II. MASKS AND ANIMALS

Over all the primitive world animism prevails among the natural philosophies. It is uniformly part of all African religions in one form or another. Countless are the events which compel the primitive man to adopt this philosophy—to suppose that animals, trees, sky, sun and moon, river and mountains, or even stones have souls resembling his own. Reasoning from mere resemblance or coincidence, he naturally connects most remote phenomena and, following his conclusions, animates the water which reflects a fugitive picture of himself, lightning and thunder which frighten him, the trees which give him fruit, the shadows which dance round him and the animal which lives and moves like him—with the life-essence of himself—soul, uniform, somehow, with his own.

From the uniformity of this fugitive but very realistic soul conception the idea of the independent soul and body was quickly developed. The belief that souls can leave or even change their bodies, the idea of immortality, the soul's life after destruction of the body, as well as transmigration of souls and reincarnation, became part of primitive natural philosophies.

It is evident how easily in such mentality idols become real gods, figures become ani-



AN IDOL OF THE BAKOTAS  
(Collection of Paul Guillaume)

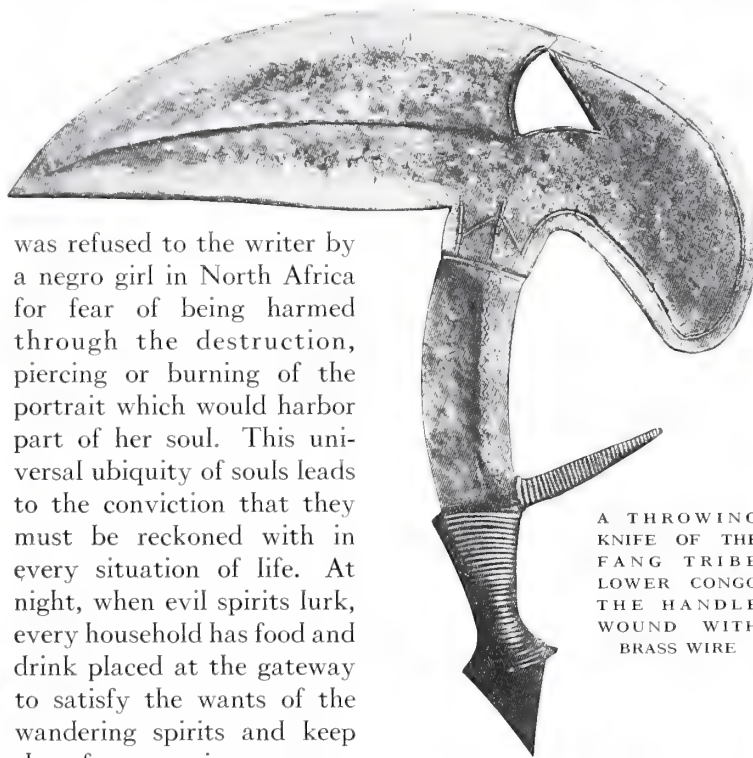
mated by demoniac powers, and how pictures, parts, even thoughts of objects or persons can shelter their souls. This makes it understood how all the figures are sacred, and how witch-doctors can exercise their demoniac influence not only directly, but through the intermediation of clothing, weapons, fingernails or even symbolic figures of the person to be bewitched. A request to pose for a portrait sketch

India, and Oceania, we find the use of dance-masks. They all have a singular and severe objectivity. No human expression, no smile or grief touches their strong monumental features. They are demons, spirits, gods. Feeling so weak among all the objective powers of the world which he cannot direct like his own actions, the negro creates a world where he—the weak man—is never alone, and can even share the being of these superior powers. So strong is his desire to flee out of the isolation of individual being that he sacrifices even the aspect of his body to this purpose. Tattooing is not simply an erotically determined decoration. It reforms the



AN IRON SWORD FROM  
THE UPPER CONGO

(Collection of  
L. Medgyes)



A THROWING  
KNIFE OF THE  
FANG TRIBE  
LOWER CONGO  
THE HANDLE  
WOUND WITH  
BRASS WIRE

was refused to the writer by a negro girl in North Africa for fear of being harmed through the destruction, piercing or burning of the portrait which would harbor part of her soul. This universal ubiquity of souls leads to the conviction that they must be reckoned with in every situation of life. At night, when evil spirits lurk, every household has food and drink placed at the gateway to satisfy the wants of the wandering spirits and keep them from entering.

Spirits take active part in the negro community's life. They are consulted before every important decision, and they interfere with the life of the individual. They can make him ill. Spirits dwelling in the sick man's body are the promoters of illnesses, and devil-dancers cure the sick man by dancing wild dances around him, imploring the spirit to leave the human body so unworthy of it and return to its own—to the mask on the dancer's head.

All ancient dances are religious in character, and all are executed with masks. The undoubtedly religious origin of Greek drama reveals a strict type of tragic (and only later, comic) masks from the beginning; the masks of the ancient ceremonial Noh are in use even today in Japan, and through all the old cultures of both Americas,

accidentalities of the body by superimposing a composition of higher degree and provokes a strong and universal objectivity of forms—just as the sculptor sacrifices the visually true aspect of nature to a superior form-creation.

Masks in Africa are even more severe in their conception than figures. They must make the wearer most nearly resemble a god. For the dancer will feel, just as the spectator wants to see, gods, demons, spirits, dancing. The ecstasy, in which the dancer feels he incarnates a

IRON SWORD OF THE  
MASAI TRIBE, EAST  
OF VICTORIA NYANZA  
WOUND WITH BRASS  
WIRE

(Collection of  
L. Medgyes)







FIGURE OF A  
WARRIOR IN BLACK  
BRONZE, FROM  
BENIN  
(Collection of A. A. Feder)

ant part in the composition, and is generally well developed as a high relief or a deep incision. The free form-language can change the plus of a dimension into a minus and even increase the harmony of the composition thereby. The peculiar M'Gallé idols of the BaKotas, which are entirely covered with shiny brass and copper plates (are they sun-gods?) often have a triangular nose built up in the absolutely flat or sometimes concave face, which is closed with a curved hollow. It is the rhythm of forms that determines this playing with positive and negative depth, and not the natural aspect of the object portrayed or suggested.

The mouth can be an important division, and a horizontal counter-balance to the vertical axis of the nose, sometimes well exaggerated in size. The mouth is generally a very important feature in masks built up by elements of animal heads—often mixed with human features. Then it opens downward,

whole clan, for instance, is partly fixed, partly evoked by the mask, which, taken from the dancer's head, is adored like other idols. Thus it must be raised to the highest limits of creation, the farthest away from naturalism. All the peculiarities which were considered essential in the form language of negro sculpture are developed with the greatest intensity in the masks. The constructive beauty of the human face is retained as a basis, but freed from all sensualism. The eyes are more than human eyes; like deep lakes or triumphal arches, they are almost geometrical, and still full of the greatest intensity of life. The nose as central axis plays an important

sometimes wide ajar, forming two large pillars to support the heavy mass of skull and forehead. The horns of antelopes or buffaloes take the place of the gorgeous architecture of human hairdress, and lead up the line of the mask to the graceful swing of their points. Or the immense dome of a human skull closes up the composition, ending in the fierce arch of a beast's mouth.

Although unfamiliar to us, these masks are not terrifying. The really horror-striking masks of Oceania are unknown in Africa. Even in demoniac masks there is a doubt whether it is the frightened man's or the frightful demon's mask. It is identity of expressions at their greatest intensity, raised above psychology to objective creation, and means everything. No work of art is more synthetic than these immense

masks, in which man tries to fix his situation in the contrariety of superior powers, himself, and the world. A strange intermediate region is created, where man, animal and god are the united elements. The animistic and totemistic philosophies make this easy, and explain the great number of masks and figures that are half human, half beast.

Totemism—one of the strangest anticipations of modern theories—is the culture of ancestors in form of animals evoking a mystic feeling of unity of man and beast. Every totemistic tribe has its own animal-ancestor, or totem, which impresses its mystic being on everything round house and field. At the gateway tall totem poles are erected, in the



A FEMALE DIVINITY  
IN POLISHED RED  
MAHOGANY, WITH  
INLAID IVORY EYES  
FROM LOANGO RIVER  
(Collection of A. A. Feder)



A MASK IN BLACK BRONZE  
FROM BENIN  
(Collection of Bela Hein)

courtyard altars are built with the animal's figure, cups, spoons, seats are decorated with it, and it is the easily recognizable basis for tattooing members of the clan. The totem is the clan's protecting spirit, and in its numerous representations it is overwhelmed with honors.

The park-land of the Cameroon especially has an admirable richness of animal figures. The native sculptors create the animal's figure in great masses and full lines—often with an unexpected grace and smartness. In these figures the strong realism of negro sculpture becomes evident. In spite of the strong deformation of visual aspect, the natural form remains the basis of creation, raised to such a high degree of concentration and objectivity that it becomes an independent, new being—a work of art. Long traditional workmanship has made the negro an admirable wood carver, who loves and understands his material, and knows how to handle it and bring the best out of it. And combinations of different materials—inlaid ivory, brass or copper—are used discreetly in the measure of formal necessities, never as overpowering decoration or for meaningless ornament.

The animistic philosophy makes the form-world of negro art pure, great, and fabulously rich in life. Their free form-creation raises the negro sculptures so high, and makes them so independent, that they can shelter a soul. Religious belief and form-creative power, sensitivity and construction, are thus collaborating to produce the purest intellectual joy—art.

### III. BRONZES AND WEAPONS

African negro art was considered in the preceding sections of this article as a function of pan-religious life in its most severe forms, as a

spiritual necessity of the highest degree, as one of the most important manifestations of the primitive man's life-power. Besides this creative will, other instincts and possibilities compel the black man to reach for materials to form into works of art. His universal interest in the world's features, his keen joy in seeing things and his desire to register them, his childish wonder at novelties and his fantasy revel in luxurious abundance in a strange production of African art, which is isolated on the Ivory Coast, this richest of African art territories.

Gold was plentiful in this country, and Europeans, especially the Portuguese, began to visit the coast—first reached about 1484—as early as the sixteenth century. These commercial visits surely had a great influence in the development of the little brass and bronze figures which we know as gold-weights. Miniature animals and people, fish and birds, weapons, swords, knives and rifles, furniture, boots and collars are as abundant as ornamentally decorated small blocks. Anything that was strange attracted the fantasy of these people, and the portrait of a European comb is as truly and

carefully done as the image of a Spanish soldier standing with his rifle in his hand. There is a relaxation of the severe form-building of the wooden statues, something playful

and childish in the picturesqueness of the models. They are seen with the objective eyes of the child, with amazement at the wonder of a novelty. The creative power, which in carving the wooden idols is a religious function, shows its livelier side here. It becomes recreation, dessert after a ceremonial meal.

The wooden figures are carved directly in the material, and their formal severity is determined by this circumstance: it is impossible to attack a block of wood with as much freedom as to model



A MASK FROM THE CÔTE  
D'IVOIRE  
(Collection of Paul Guillaume)





A DIVINITY—TAPIR IN BLACK-  
WOOD WITH MALE AND  
FEMALE FIGURES  
(Collection of A. A. Feder)

in clay. The little gold-weights are made after the *cire perdue* method, learned from the Portuguese, and modeled first in wax. The wax model is covered by a fireproof mantle, from which the wax is burned out. The melted bronze is poured in the place of the wax in the mantle and takes the exact form of the model. More freedom is displayed therefore in the forming of these bronze miniatures; a wonderful freedom in fantasy, humor, imitation and creation—but always limited by the artistic sensibility.

Wooden idols and masks are often copied on a reduced scale, retaining all the beauty of the original. These miniatures are used as amulets too, and the comparison with Egyptian amulets representing immense statues *en miniature* is obvious. And admiring both, the mind is led toward the shop windows of great European art centers, full of reproductions of the Venus de Milo, the Apollo Belvedere and the Sphinx—ridiculous bric-a-brac for the tourist trade, showing the inferiority of modern taste to the beautiful workmanship of primitive arts and crafts.

How severely balanced is this negro art! An admirable economy of means keeps the fantasy inside the bounds of

A MATERNITY IDOL IN BLACKWOOD  
FROM THE LOWER NIGER  
(Collection of André L'Hôte)



A WOODEN FIGURE OF A  
BAOULÉ DIVINITY  
(Collection of Paul Guillaume)

formal necessity. The shape of a fish is a closed, flat unity of its organic parts — tail, fins, gills, and eyes. Behold a scorpion with the graceful swing of its venomous tail! Our toy-makers might learn from the freshness of birds and animals, or the fine humor in human figures.

The land of Benin has two distinct methods of working bronze. One is the same as the gold - weights of the Ivory Coast, *à la cire perdue*; the other, used with a material containing more iron and generally painted black, is a combination of casting and forging, several parts being soldered together *à la chaud*. Each give different possibilities and display different quali-



ties. In spite of the temptations of handy wax modeling, these figures *à la cire perdue* show as much strength, solidity and severity of forms as figures carved directly in wood. The head of a girl, in the British Museum, is the most important example of such work and one of the finest known specimens of negro art. The softness of the surface, full of life beneath the skin, gives an astonishing idea of the sensitivity of the black artist. It is not a slavish naturalism which evokes the feeling of throbbing life in this head, but the plastic simplicity and grace of its composition, the rhythm of the forms repeated in the mouth and eyes, the simple decoration of the forehead which leads up to the towering

coral hairdress, the strange stylization of the ears and the block of the graceful neck, on which the whole composition rests.

The black figures are less carefully worked, their rough surface showing the marks of hammering and soldering. They are nevertheless highly finished in their conception. The weight of the material permits building with slender, well-detached forms. Thin bars can take the place of the blocky, heavy legs of wooden figures. Arms swing freely out of the surface of a plaque or from the block of a figure.

One of the most important sections of metal work is, of

tically in the stone age at the time of their "discovery," in Africa only the Bushman and Bube were found in ignorance of bronze and iron.

The pastoral Masai tribe considers sacred the grass and plants on which their cattle feed, and it is not an accident that their chief weapon besides the spear is a leaf-shaped sword. A strangely formed knife, shaped like a bird, to be thrown at the adversary or the hunted animal, is the peculiar weapon of the Fang, on the lower Congo; the sharp pointed beak of the bird is as effective as the round edged back of its skull, and the strange spur above the handle balances the flight of the weapon, while triangular holes represent the eyes of the bird and are primitive man's synthesis of visual conception.

All African art productions stand in the near-



TWO DIVINITIES IN PAINTED WOOD FROM  
THE UPPER CONGO

(Collection of Bela Hein, Paris)

course, the making of weapons. The great mineral wealth of Africa and the richness of its ores helped the development of metallurgy and made the era of stone implements of very short duration. While many tribes in Polynesia were living prac-

est conceivable relationship to each other and to everything else. Regulated by impulsive mentality in the strong unity of primitive life conception, they disclose more to the seeker than mere beauty — life, in its most concentrated, balanced, plastic synthesis.

A BAOULÉ ANIMAL  
HEAD MASK  
(Collection of  
Paul Guillaume)

GIRL'S HEAD, BRONZE, CAST  
"A LA CIRE PERDUE," BENIN  
(British Museum)







CARVED IVORY COFFER

# VIENNA'S JOY SEEKS TO LIVE

**I**N Euripides' tragic outcry "The Trojan Women," lengthened into a whole tragedy, Hecuba and her women, in their terrible agony, chant the death song of the mighty city.

Who, reading these words, even after so many centuries, can remain unmoved or say: "What's Hecuba to him . . . why should he weep for her?"

*"Troy is a smoke, a dying flame*

*Troy, Troy is gone,  
Troy is gone forever . . ."*

And is not old Vienna, the Beautiful, almost "a dying flame," and is she not going, perhaps forever, before our very eyes? But with the fall of Vienna, the world would not only lose a wonderful city and a people known and loved by all who have come in contact with them for their naïve gaiety, their creative love of music, their swinging waltzes and lovely songs; with her would go also what one might almost call a state of mind, for Vienna is a living symbol for the *joie de vivre*—not the fleeting joy of the hour, but

*The artistic spirit of a shrunken nation's capital seeks to survive the political cataclysm . . . by*

✧ F. E. W. FREUND ✧

the joy of simply being alive, of feeling loveliness around, of drinking it in to the last drop and re-creating it, almost unconsciously, in rhythms of art, poetry and music.

As long as Vienna has existed, this has been her distinct note in life and art. The oldest folk-songs in the German tongue were sung in her market place; the mighty epos of "The Nibelungen" probably originated within her walls. Songs floated through the air as if she were a wood in spring with all the birds bursting into their songs of joy. And everyone knows that, later on, she sheltered and inspired many

of the greatest musicians. The same spirit pervades her art: her architecture is grand, as befits a great city, but there is nothing cold or forbidding or merely formal in it. The palaces are made to live in and enjoy life in. And the very fashions, of which Vienna had quite naturally become a centre, running Paris a close second, showed the same spirit. No wonder then, that every visitor to the city was enamored of her.



DECORATIVE PANEL IN  
IVORY AND GOLD



This ever renewed joy of living is perhaps the principal reason why Vienna's art is always fresh. Her artists could not, even if they wished, go on doing the same thing year in and year out. Her tradition is not to continue the old styles over and over again, but to create in the same spirit as the older generations. Thus a real continuity of "spirit" instead of "style" can be observed in the art of Vienna. There is no evident break in the art life of the city; it is one even flow, borne along by the very life blood of the happy Viennese.

If the people had remained of one stock only through all the centuries, a certain stiffening—what the medical world would call "arterio sclerosis"—might easily have set in, but Vienna was a meeting ground for many races who all came to her and fell under her spell and were absorbed by her, but not without first giving her of their best. Thus she has been enriched

"THE COCK" IS AN EXCELLENT  
EXAMPLE OF VIENNESE SILVER

A SILVER DANCING FIGURE  
STUDDED WITH JEWELS



from many sources. In other lands, when newcomers appeared as conquerors, they changed the spirit of life and with it of art. It was not for nothing that Vienna was the capital of "Austria felix." But now—

Enough has been said to show that it is worth a serious attempt to save this City of Delight, even if only for a selfish reason, because we should all be the poorer if Vienna "goes for ever." People here, who have felt that, have started a movement which, if as successful as it ought to be, should go far in helping to preserve the artistic life of Vienna and make it available to outsiders, too. For that purpose, the Wiener Werkstaette of America, on Fifth Avenue, was opened a few months ago, where a permanent exhibition of Viennese arts and crafts will be maintained.

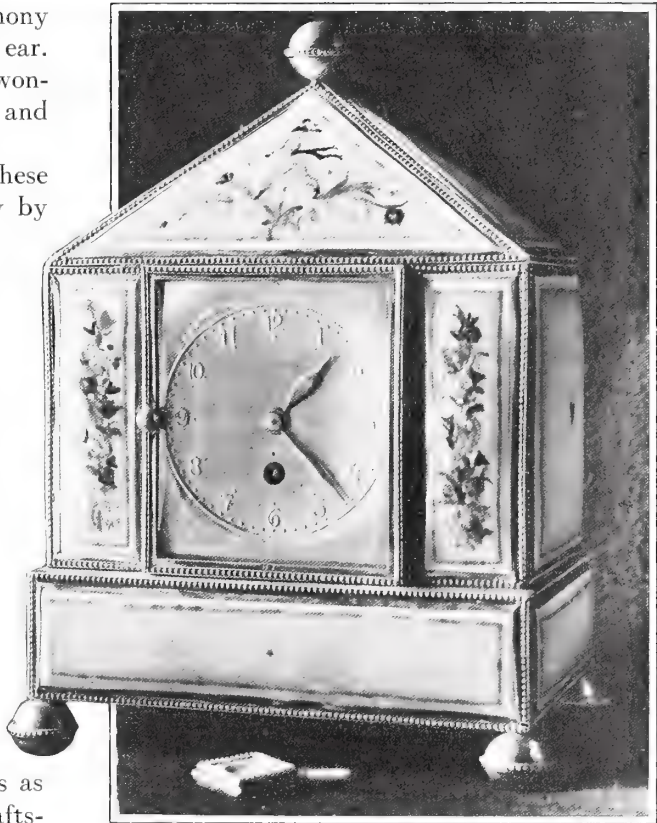
No better leader for this project could have been found than Joseph Urban, well-known here as a scenic artist of great individuality: for Urban, himself a Viennese, has in him that Viennese tradition of which I have just spoken, that looks, as it were, to the spirit not to the letter. He has given the exhibition a setting which, in its daring novelty and beauty, will be a revelation to American art lovers. It is, in its way, the *clou* of exhibitions of that kind in New York, as the famous "Austrian House" was in the Cologne Arts and Crafts Exhibition of 1914. These are "show rooms," certainly, but of a unique pattern. In them every item exhibited occupies its own little niche and can therefore speak for itself, uninfluenced by the others and not influencing them. And yet, through a subtle arrangement of the rooms—each of which has its special design—all these single items again merge into one impression like the different instruments of an orchestra, forming a complete



whole and striking the eye as a perfect harmony just as a lovely piece of music strikes the ear. Viennese artists have been known for this wonderful art of "interior decoration" for years, and Joseph Urban belongs in their front rank.

What impresses the visitor so much in these rooms is that the space itself speaks. Only by degrees does he begin to notice single pieces of silver or furniture, the soft-hued silk hangings, a picture here and there, a statuette, and the chandeliers, hanging from the ceiling like drops of pearls, all taking up, as it were, the rhythm of the room. Thus the decorative quality of every item as well as its special qualities are fully revealed. After having been put in the right mood as it were, the visitor can then start to inspect the various pieces of art. There can be no doubt that for any kind of luxury trade this kind of arrangement has many advantages over the old one of the mere "store," with its absence of design, and it proves that "art in trade" has a most important rôle to play.

What are the most conspicuous characteristics of the works of the Viennese artists as shown in the Werkstaette? The joy of the craftsman who knows what his material can and can not do; who, free within these restrictions, follows the traditions of his blood and expresses what he feels and sees in his own way, thus showing himself to be a true son of Vienna. This gives a sureness of style and at the same time a feeling of spontaneous growth to the best of these works. In fact, they seem to have *grown*, not merely to have been *made*. Very characteristic is the almost instinctive way in which the artists combine style and realism. In the silver cock for instance, the natural form is only slightly conventionalized, just to give emphasis to certain points, and that is kept well within the medium of the metal used, which could only be "forced" into imitating a "real" bird. The artist's imagination, however, must have its fling, so he adds the fantastic "head dress." Yet how graceful and really natural is this bit of



A CLOCK DECORATED WITH  
FLOWERS ON BLUE ENAMEL



SLENDER BRASS FIGURES  
OF ADAM AND EVE

living ornament! The vase, illustrated here, also shows this happy combination of style and life. The leaves "live"; it looks as if the sap were running through their veins, nourishing and keeping them fresh. The structural strength of this vase and its leaves is marvellous. One can almost feel the joy of the craftsman as he turned the neck with three or four twists into the shape he wanted.

The same joy in craftsmanship is noticeable in the two dancing figures in silver in which the handling of the metal is most masterful. And the same must be said of the movement, which is kept well within the bounds of the very severe style chosen in order to subordinate everything to the expression of the motion itself. The slender brass figures of Adam and Eve with the ser-

pent crushed beneath the pedestal, are of unique purity of thought and form, youthful life victorious over death and decay. Very subtle is the way in which the two vertical lines of the bodies are connected through the movement of the arms: two units united in one entity.

The exhibition is presided over, as it were, by works of the Viennese painter Gustav Klimt. He died a few years ago, recognized by his fellow artists as the incarnation of modern Viennese art. Their joy in life and all its mani-

festations speak with no uncertain voice from his landscapes; every blade of grass, every flower in them, seems to sing and shout with a joy of its own. But in many of his "fantasies" a note of decadence is perceptible, a playing with forces and apparitions which one day may turn against their creator, which, in fact, have turned and are threatening to overwhelm Vienna the Beautiful. That such will not be the case ought to be the firm resolve of all lovers of art and humanity.

When I told Mr. Urban of this article, he was delighted and said he would like to write a few words himself to accompany it, as a message to the American people on behalf of the city of his birth. May his eloquent words fall on good ground and bear fruit a thousand-fold! Here is what he wrote:

"It is a terrible but true fact that Vienna, the Beautiful, is now a sunken city. If there is anything alive in it still and hardly touched by the agony of these terrible times, it is the art of Vienna, and the Wiener Werkstaette is part of that art.

"I wonder what picture of the sunken city the people of New York will be able to visualize from the arts and crafts of Vienna, shown here? Can they really see in them Vienna as she was in her golden days, her art full of joy and at the same



MODERN VIENNESE INTERIOR  
OF THE WIENER WERKSTAETTE

Kolo Moser, Viennese art outgrew its more or less local character and gained European recognition. It was they who were the connecting link between Vienna and that influential group of artists to whom a Puvis de Chavannes, a Jan Toorop, a Ferdinand Hodler belonged. Klimt and Hoffmann had an important part to play in the development of this art. Klimt shared with Puvis the honor of resuscitating mural decoration, which Toorop and Hodler then developed still further toward monumental fresco painting. And the movement has reached its present height in Vienna with Egon Schiela who has learnt from Klimt and Kokoschka, often called the 'German El Greco.'

"I do not want to overpraise the work and the artists of the Wiener Werkstaette; far from it. I only want to appeal to America, America the country of limitless resources, of human love, and love of art. May its people feel that a great responsibility now rests with them, for the safeguarding of the civilization of the whole world is placed in their hands. Vienna and her art, her whole spirit, belong not only to herself but to the world. The appeal is not for the preservation of "art for art's sake," but, lest the joyous spirit that is Vienna be lost, it must not be allowed to die."



A SUBTLY WROUGHT VIENNESE SILVER VASE





*"NUDE SEATED"*

*by*

*Frederick Frieseke*

*Three PAINTINGS of the*  
**NUDE**

*By* F R E D E R I C K F R I E S E K E

*Courtesy of the Macbeth Gallery*



"SLEEP"

By Frederick Frieseke





*"The BATHERS"*

*By Frederick Friecke*



*"GLOBE SUN-DIAL"*

*by*

*Harriet Frishmuth*

*Courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries*





"UNE RÉUNION À PORT CROS" BY ALEXANDER IACOVLEFF

## IACOVLEFF, *Civilized* PAINTER

BEFORE they were overtaken by their own political revolution Russian artists had already revolutionized Europe. Their lawlessness proved an invigorating influence for some of the debilitated expressions of Western ideas. But their influence was restricted to the arts of decoration and ornament, and especially to the stage, for in the so-called fine arts Russia has been singularly deficient. Indeed the pictorial and plastic arts seemed powerless to transcend the elementary stages, being ineffectual as soon as they lost contact with the sap of popular inspiration. There was a traditional decorative art of the peasantry in the strange country, but no art of or for the aristocracy.

It has been, therefore, a surprise to find a Russian employing the most highly evolved form of artistic expression the world has known, an art

*Intellect, knowledge, and precision of means are characteristics of the young Russian's art . . . by*

M. CIOLKOWSKA

M. B. WILLIAMS

the very antithesis of the barbarous, an art of civilization. Such an art in its fullest has not been known since the sixteenth century, for, with the exception of certain temporary reactions, we have, in art, steadily been going back to

barbarism. Of recent years barbarism even has been welcomed as an element of renovating vitality necessary to us. Stammerings and splutterings, providing they can be labelled "sincere," have been prized far beyond works of beauty and accomplishment. This tendency, carried out, suggests a preference for physical resemblance to our once reputed ancestor the anthropoid ape rather than to a handsome grandmother or a noble great uncle. For some reason or other our contemporaries are prouder of an artistic affinity with Bushmen than with, we will say, the gentle Greeks or the refined Chinese.





Alexander Iacovleff was born at Petrograd in 1887. He showed talent for drawing in early childhood, but this was not permitted to interfere with his education in the usual branches and it was not until that was complete that he entered the Academy of Fine Arts at Petrograd, then under the directorship of Professor Kardovsky. Among Iacovleff's fellow-students were Boris Gregorieff and Vassili Choukaieff who have also become celebrated. In 1913 Iacovleff won a fellowship which he was to make

"CHINESE ACTOR" DRAWING IN SANGUINE AND CHARCOAL BY ALEXANDER IACOVLEFF

art reviews devoted careful and admiring criticisms to them.

In a society which lives on sensation, preferring shocks to thoughts, which is led by advertisement and fed on headlines and puns, an exhibition held by a new-comer, which meets with so much approval must be deemed a victory, and particularly so since an element of disappointment was involved. Despite his name, Iacovleff's art was not "refreshingly barbarous," it was not, except for the subjects, even exotic. It was as civilized and as near to our European culture as that of the

use of four years later in a manner unprecedented among artists. The Russian part of the war was over, and he took a step which proved himself to be great—a tactician—in short, the master of his life. Instead of going to Paris or to Rome, or waiting for the opportunity to do so, Iacovleff went to China equipped with enough artist's materials to last a couple of years. That country, so he felt, would be good for his art. To know, so early in life, what is good for one is a rare and precious gift.

In 1920, after travelling and painting in out of the way and dangerous parts of China, and paying a visit to Japan, Iacovleff returned to Europe and betook himself to Paris. If the critics had not pounded the public into docility, if the people had dared think for themselves, these pictures, when they were shown at the Galerie Barbazanges, in the spring of 1920, would have made a stir. As it was, considering the art forms the public has been drilled into admiring, the exhibition was extremely successful. The pictures sold well and the leading





extremely out-of-date Quatro-Cent-ists. Indeed the display was the most complete and emphatic reaction from all the latest pictorial creeds, fads and fanaticisms which it is possible to imagine.

First and foremost, it was pictorial—a capital sin according to the teachings of the-day-before-yesterday modernists. Second, it was, and with hardly less of guilt, "finished." The canvas was covered; beauty of workmanship, far from being disdained, served draughtsmanship such as had not been practiced since Ingres. Without any attempt at neo-Orientalism, with no endeavor to imitate or evoke Eastern art-forms,

"IN A CHINESE THEATER"  
BY ALEXANDER IACOVLEFF

the pictures, chiefly painted in distemper, or carried out on white paper in black and red crayons, represented Chinese scenes and people: the spectators at the play, actors and dancers, faces hallucinatingly disguised or the sad, wrinkled features of the peasantry and poor, the life of the streets and of the country, figures and landscapes.

Purity in execution, the uncompromising character of the masterly drawing, the clean intensity of the vivid colors, the absence of light and shadow opposition and of everything illusory or accidental, brought the

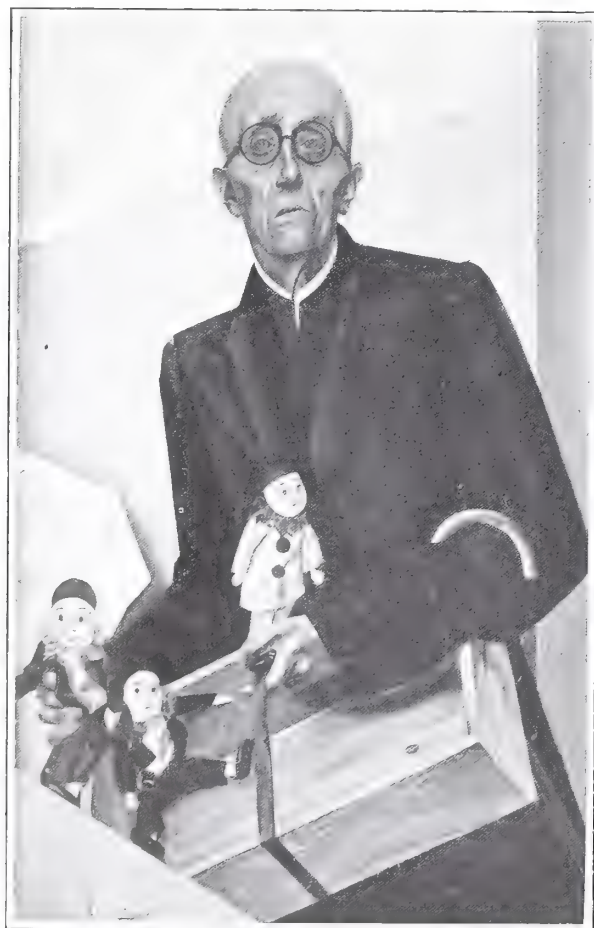


DRAWING IN CRAYON  
BY ALEXANDER IACOVLEFF





ONE OF ALEXANDER IACOVLEFF'S  
CHINESE PICTURES



fifteenth century masters of Italy, Germany and Flanders to mind at once. No concession of the slightest order was made to chance, no claim made on any faculty save that of sheer accomplishment. The exhibition, which comprised a large number of important paintings and monumental drawings, all rich in broadly-treated, interesting detail, did not, as I later discovered, completely cover Iacovleff's output during his two years' busy sojourn in the Far East, for in Iacovleff's day's work there is no such thing as a failure. His sketch-books would suffice alone to proclaim this infallibility. As I write there lie before me a number of sketches in soft pencil, executed in as many minutes as there are drawings, of Japanese wrestlers and actors, also of animals, all of amazing skill in their epigrammatic expression. Other artists have been eloquent with sparse lines, but none has had such a knack for abridged detail. The much-bejewelled tiara of a Chinese actor is not suggested, it is rendered—and that in a few accents.

These sketches prove, if there were any doubt about it, that the large life-size drawings in black and red chalks which are a peculiar feature in Iacovleff's *oeuvre* are not the result of study of the old masters, or of painstaking labor, but of unusual natural talent. Speed is not an excuse for shortcomings, but it is a symptom of genius. When I say that the picture "Une Réunion à Port Cros," (where the figures are life-size) was painted in a few weeks, that life-size torsos, modelled in chalks, are begun and finished in twenty minutes, I hope to be understood. Such achievements have precedents only in Michelangelo's unassisted *fresco buono* decoration in the vault of the Sistine Chapel.

If the Chinese cycle reminded us of Dierick Bouts, Hugo van der Goes and Cranach, the second exhibition was evocative of Mantegna, Botticelli and Ingres. It was largely subsequent upon a sojourn in one of the Homeric islands lying off France's Mediterranean coast. That clear atmosphere and brilliant sky, the originality of the island's architecture, and semi-tropical vegetation, the serenity which this blissful beauty conveys to those who partake of it, were elements extremely favorable to Iacovleff's classical temper, to his exactness of vision, to his insistence on carefully articulated definition.

The composition, painted in distemper, entitled "Une Réunion à Port Cros," will one day be historical evidence of the communion of faith between Iacovleff and his friend and former

"THE PUPPET"  
BY  
ALEXANDER  
IACOVLEFF

fellow-student, Vassili Choukaieff, for, among the five figures, we find A. Iacovleff





self-represented in that "FISHERS OF SEAWEED" BY ALEXANDER IACOVLEFF  
at the right, full-face, bearded, with a white cap is against evasions and negations.  
on his head, while Choukaieff is shown standing, with his hand in his wife's.

The artistic agreement between the two painters is further evidenced by the fact that they conduct an art-school in Paris together. Their common creed may be summed up in a few words: control, for not a touch but has been subjected to reasoned thought; purity and clarity in execution; the permanent in place of the transient in opposition to romanticism and impressionism, sentimentality and mystification, sleight of hand and sensational trick-



ery; above all their creed  
In his clever little essay on Renoir, the painter Albert André quotes the following from his hero's sayings: "When one looks at the works of the old masters, there is really no cause for us to be so stuck-up. Above all, what marvellous craftsmen they were! *They* knew their business. And that's the whole secret. Painting is not dreaming. It is, firstly, a manual trade and it needs good workmen. But everything has been turned upside down. Painters think themselves

CRAYON DRAWING BY  
ALEXANDER IACOVLEFF



PORTRAIT OF GREGORIEFF  
BY ALEXANDER IACOVLEFF

supermen, and fancy that, because they use blue in place of black, they have changed the face of the world."

—M. C.

Is Russian art on the road to being de-Russianized? The paintings and drawings of Alexander Iacovleff, shown for the first time in America at the Art Institute of Chicago, raise this question, though Diaghileff's venture in international ballet may already have warned us that the

A STUDY IN CHALKS BY  
ALEXANDER IACOVLEFF



novelty of things Russian is wearing off. Iacovleff's attitude toward Russian culture is apparently one of indifference; he seems to have felt no call to flaunt the belated national consciousness of his land in the face of the world. Nor has he taken advantage of that peculiar heritage of the Russian—the co-mingling of barbaric and sensuous Orientalism with mystic Byzantinism, which through ten centuries of neglect went to seed in peasant art. It would seem that Iacovleff, recognizing the shortcomings of the men who have made modern Russian art famous—the nervous haste in which their art was evolved and the want of refinement which comes with the slow mellowing of a national style, had consciously set out through self-imposed discipline to supply what they lacked.

Iacovleff is the product of cosmopolitan Petrograd, not Russian Moscow, but his cosmopolitanism is far removed from that of his predecessors who sought Paris or Munich in the days of the official art of imperialism. When he won a travelling scholarship from the Academy of Fine Arts in Petrograd, he went to

Italy to study the Italian primitives. The Greek blood in his veins made him turn to the fourteenth century realists for inspiration. In Piero dei Franceschi, Melozzo da Forli, Mantegna, Cosimo Tura, and the Ferrarese, he found the same delight in pure form as the Greek sculptors. From them he learned also that a painstaking attention to detail and design may be the foundation of a style. He adopted the mediums of the Italian draughtsman, tempera and sanguine. After his Italian sojourn he went to Spain, where with the true instinct of the



modern he studied El Greco. From him he seems to have absorbed an understanding of the fundamental quality of plastic rhythm.

However much his technique recalls the fourteenth century Italian realists, there is a sophistication to his character interpretation which is entirely modern. His painted Manchu lady, his sleepy fat merchant, and his flimsy houses huddled together in dizzy confusion do not represent the observations of a mere superficial traveller looking for the picturesque; they are rather the scientific researches of a psychologist. His modelling is of the utmost subtlety; every detail is scrutinized and recorded with the greatest precision; and when he thinks it will add to the interpretation of a character, he does not hesitate to exaggerate, thereby intensifying those qualities which to the Occidental seem unreal. Nor does he stop short of his artistic progenitors when it comes to utilizing folds or ornamental details in the costume to add to the effectiveness of his design. Like them he has succeeded in being at the same time analytical and synthetical. Though Iacovleff is a realist, his realism is more conscious than that of the early Renaissance Italians.

On the Japanese island of Oshima, with its fantastic rock formations and scantily clad fishermen, Iacovleff found an outlet for a more abstract expression of his art than in his Chinese character studies. Here his superbly formed fishermen bending under the weight of their baskets of seaweed form part of the rhythmic harmony of mystic rocks and lakes, a trick one suspects he learned from the play of the voluminous drapery of El Greco's deeply melancholy saints.

All the elements of his Oshima pictures enter into his large and more ambitious canvas entitled, "Une Réunion à Port Cros." This obscure spot with its rocky coast, fortress, and green hillside, which the painter now makes his home, seems to have taken on the same problem in



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"  
BY ALEXANDER IACOVLEFF

plastic unity as the Japanese Oshima.

Iacovleff is not such a black sheep as he appears at first glance. It is true that he chose a different language in which to express himself than the Mir Isskoustva men, but he is Russian none the less. The individuality of his work, its unreal and mystic qualities, may be traced to his Russian temperament. The theories advanced by him favoring the collaboration of a group of "artistes homogènes" on a single picture likewise savors of that idealism which seems innate in every Russian.—M. B. W.

CHALK DRAWING BY ALEXANDER IACOVLEFF

# Oriental RUGS as FINE ART

## I. The Aesthetic Value of the best Types\*

THERE was a time in America when art meant merely painting. Music and literature were of course acknowledged, but they were thought to be quite different

from art. Sculpture and architecture were scarcely noticed, and as for other forms of art, they were not dreamed of. The artist was he who with brush and paint depicted the world of fact or fancy, and the art museum was the storehouse where his best work was preserved. But the view that painting alone is art, was doomed once the country's aesthetic education was seriously begun. We learned from Keats that Greek pottery might have immortal beauty, from Ruskin that architecture could express the sublimest emotions, from Whistler and Monet that even the greatest artists had much to learn from the novel grace and perfection of Japanese wood block prints. Now every one knows that to limit art to painting is a mark of gross ignorance.

None the less, this ancient narrowness, this legacy of our uncouth days, is still in such evidence as to continue in ways almost unperceived to prejudice our artistic development, to impoverish our taste, to conceal from us the beauties of other forms of art. Long ago banished by sophisticated people, it crops up occasionally in unexpected and, albeit, respectable places. For instance, Professor Langfeld of Harvard publishes a book called "The Aesthetic Attitude," a topic which surely ought to include the whole range of artistic creation and experience. Yet in his chapter entitled "Balance in Fine Art," every one of his twenty-eight examples is of painting and of painting only; while out of sixty-five illustrations in the whole book, fifty-eight are devoted to painting, seven to sculpture and none to any of the other arts. If Professor Langfeld unconsciously equates art and painting, what shall save the unwary and less enlightened from a like confusion?

Many persons have given assent to the new view that art was more than painting, but their understanding has gone no deeper than the

*Reasons for ranking the great weaves of the East with Man's highest artistic creations*

by ARTHUR U. POPE

sound of the words. Only a few have seen what a profound change in the customary view of art was involved. A comprehensive democracy of the arts was still unthought of. Arts

were higher or lower, and could be arranged in a descending scale from the supremest art, which was selected according to one's opportunities and predilections, down through the list, ending with the humble crafts. Between the higher and lower arts a great gulf was fixed. Painting, architecture, poetry, music and sculpture were held to be Major Arts, alike in their common superiority to all other forms of aesthetic expression, having within themselves a profound emotional power that could appeal directly to man's deepest soul, a power and a quality that the lesser arts could never command. Hence the latter, charming and interesting though they were, had to be relegated to a lower station and more or less condescendingly called Minor Arts.

Reasonable and useful as this distinction seemed, it could not long survive as soon as these somewhat unfamiliar arts came to be seriously studied. Devout and open-minded searchers for beauty came to find supreme quality in unsuspected places, and many wise people came to distrust the old categories of higher and lower as odious, irrelevant and unprofitable. A deeper knowledge of the aesthetic experience of other peoples showed this distinction of the Major and Minor Arts to be a Western invention, unknown to the sagacious East which included such apparently outlandish things as sword making and calligraphy among its choicest arts. The truth finally began to be perceived, that the only legitimate distinction is between major and minor artists, and that a really gifted craftsman could, under sufficient inspiration, elevate the humblest substance to the rank of the most glorious art, and that if the arts were going to be classified at all it would have to be on the basis of some principle more just and productive than the old vulgar one of higher and lower.

What scholars, artists, and critics discovered, the great collectors began to appropriate. The long neglected crafts were suddenly flattered by

\* This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Pope that will aim to cover every phase of "Oriental Rugs as Fine Art." The next subject will be "The Sources of Inspiration in Early Rugs."





*18th CENTURY GHIORDES PRAYER RUG*

*Owned by Mrs. Childs Frick*

*(Courtesy of W. & J. Sloane)*







So-Called KUBNA or ARMENIAN DRAGON CARPET

*Southern Caucasus, 16th-17th Century*

No weaving of the entire Orient compares in monumental grandeur with these masterpieces of the carpet. When probably by tribes of Caucasian descent that drifted into the Caucasus in the thirteenth century, they retain from their barbarian origin a strong quality of primitive force.

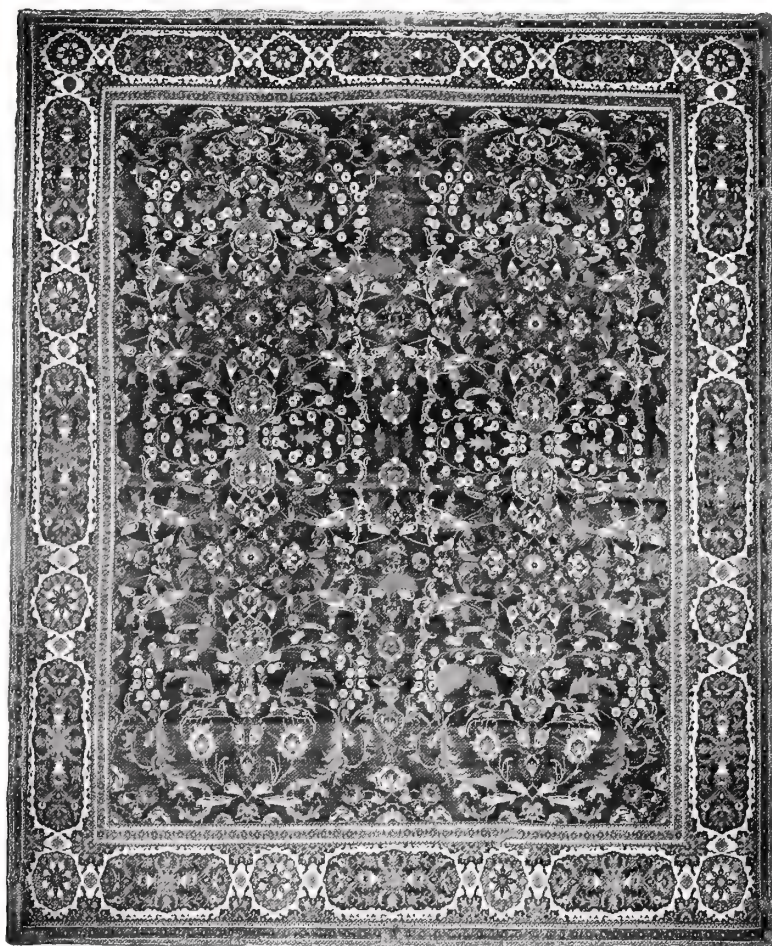






tremendous prices, until to-day only the most famous paintings bring greater sums. A small table has sold for \$20,000, a chest for \$25,000, an enamel for \$50,000, a piece of stained glass for \$70,000 and a pair of andirons for over \$100,000. Porcelains and early rugs frequently bring even higher prices, while a great Gothic tapestry may justly command a quarter of a million dollars. These prices cannot be set down as vagaries of fashion; the genuine merit of such objects can be plainly set forth for all who have the eyes to see, and the prices they bring are but a further evidence and a public test of their intrinsic value. These sums represent the considered judgment of shrewd and able men; men not given to waste or ostentation; men who command the best advice and who have often given extended and conscientious study to these objects and their value. If a Gothic tapestry that was sold for \$425 twenty-five years ago now finds an eager buyer at \$30,000, it is because the consensus of expert and awakened judgment finds it as precious as anything else that could be bought for the money.

The discovery of these values is, after all, only a *re-discovery*. Our modern connoisseurs and collectors who hail these arts with the enthusiasm of converts are but echoing the judgment of the elect of all ages. In fact it was only in the semi-dark ages of modern utilitarian Europe that the glorification of machine industry concealed their incomparable merits. Oriental rugs, for instance, have been held in the highest esteem for many centuries and often given a place among the foremost of the arts. Every rug book quotes the laudatory opinions of oriental fabrics that are found in Homer, the Bible, Herodotus and Pliny, and the European monarchs who have made such magnificent collections of rugs only followed the Sultans, Shahs and Caliphs before them, and what these latter are reputed occasionally to have paid for them makes our most sensational modern prices for works of art seem niggardly by comparison. Sounder evidence of their worth is found in the long list of painters from the fifteenth



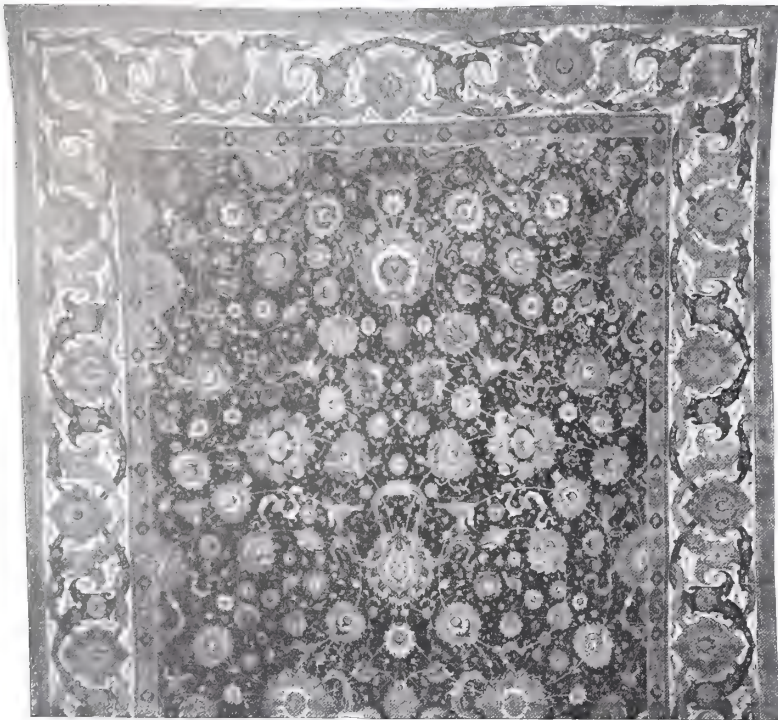
SO-CALLED DAMASCUS CARPET. TURKISH IMPERIAL LOOMS. SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

*One of the most exquisitely perfect of rugs. The dainty flowers woven of whitest cotton provide a flashing contrast to the feathery softness of the foliage and the deep red ground. The distribution of the blossoms in half-concealed, half suggested patterns provides the necessary feeling of regularity without cramping the graceful feeling of their arrangement*

through the seventeenth century who found delight and inspiration in oriental rugs and employed them constantly as important accessories in their pictures. The Van Eycks, Memling, Holbein, Carpaccio, Lorenzo Lotto, Rubens, Van Dyke, Pieter de Hooch and Vermeer are but a few of the hundred or more masters of painting who gave careful study to the beauty of rugs and depicted them with loving care.

The prestige of early oriental rugs has greatly increased in the last few years. With but few exceptions, the better pieces have at least tripled in value; the important American museums, after some hesitation, have adopted the European practice and declared them to be works of art; extensive exhibitions have been held in a number of cities, and, thanks largely to Mr. Ballard's generosity in lending his famous collection so often, thousands have discovered for themselves what glorious possibilities lie within the simple materials out of which genius has compounded





SO-CALLED ISPAHAN. WOVEN AT HERAT, PERSIA. LATE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

(Courtesy of Dikran K. Kelekian)

*In this carpet we find the concentrated loveliness of many Persian Gardens. The force and brilliance of the palmettos, and the massive rhythms of the interlocking arabesques of the border give weight to the design, while the star-like decorations of the interstitial spaces, and the delicate wide swinging spirals provide an incomparable grace. The total effect is one of great richness*

such entrancing harmonies of line and color. Scholars and critics of great reputation, men like Dr. Bode, Dr. Sarre and Dr. Valentiner, whose sound judgment, whose accurate and extensive knowledge of all of the arts have given them deserved leadership have claimed for oriental rugs a high rank among the most serious aesthetic creations.

Sound as these claims are, they have not been so far universally recognized. There are a number of circumstances that still retard the full appreciation of the artistic importance of old rugs. Such a familiar object of commerce and utility is not immediately elevated to the empyrean dignity of fine art without grumbling, and if rugs are to be seen for what they genuinely are, "among the master products of human inspiration," these barriers must be frankly faced. The inherent difficulty of the subject itself, wrong methods of study (which neglected the essential merits of rugs in favor of a sentimental glorification of imagined merits), misdeeds and misinformation on the part of some dealers (that tended to bring rugs into disrepute), the wide prevalence of ugly and shoddy rugs and the meagre opportunities to see really great pieces,

these and other factors have conspired to conceal from many the really extraordinary artistic value of the best rugs.

There is no denying the fact that the study of rugs is beset with discouraging difficulties. There are practically no contemporary records of the great eras of rug weaving saving the reports of travellers, who were all ignorant of the art they wrote about so meagerly. It is the general opinion that specific attributions of the greatest rugs is not possible; the established nomenclature for rugs of the seventeenth to the nineteenth century is in preposterous and hopeless confusion, rugs being named after tribes, cities, provinces, dynasties, places of weaving or places of export. Some are named after their designs and some after the uses for which they were intended. Some names are imaginary and meaningless, others entirely incorrect. Is it any wonder that many who have tried to understand rugs have given up

the task and solaced themselves with the plea that anyhow rugs were not worth the effort?

Even those who persisted in the task were not always well advised. Many students have been misled by an excessive emphasis on symbolization in rugs and have thus had their attention diverted from the beauty which is the very soul of their being, to a more or less dubious and irrelevant search for the hidden meaning of certain patterns. They regarded rugs as documents written in a strange and fascinating medium from which the initiated could read off the life history or religious aspirations of the long forgotten weaver. The most innocent flower patterns, whose simple destiny was but to be beautiful, were tortured into weird cabalistic devices and made to speak with tongues that would have greatly startled their rather simple minded maker. These often irresponsible speculations have interfered effectively with the recognition of rugs as fine art. It is the plain fact that symbolization has never been the controlling purpose in the rug designs of western Asia; characters and symbols have always been subordinated to aesthetic effect, and although many of these patterns may have had specific meanings in the very beginning of rug

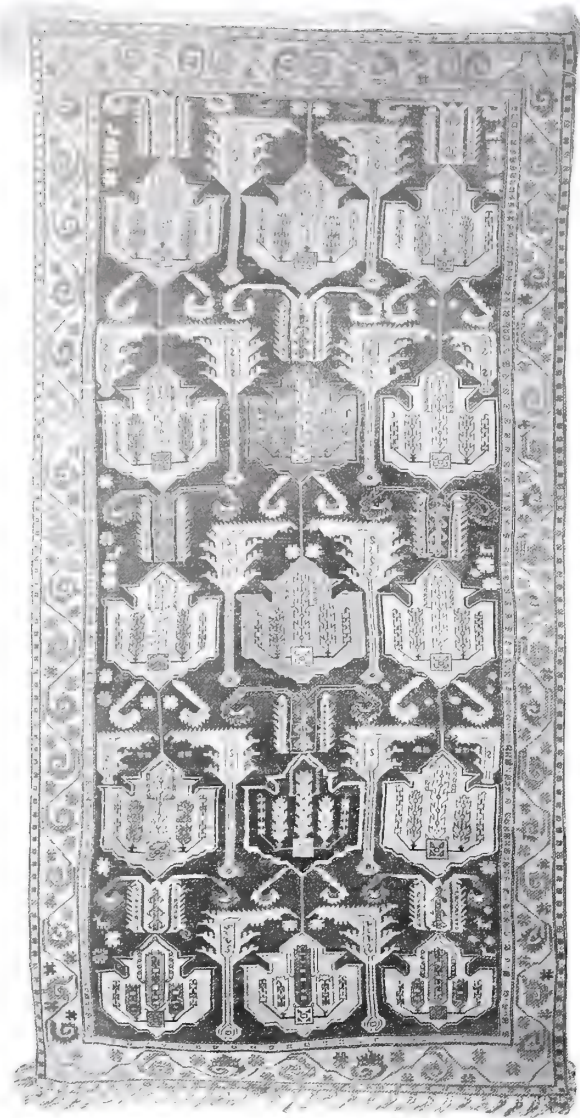




*Court Carpet from Northern Persia. XVIth Century*

*A majestic design rendered with decorative brilliance. In the Victoria and Albert Museum*





THIRTEENTH CENTURY CAUCASUS RUG FROM THE KUBA DISTRICT

*There is an unmistakable feeling of nobility and elevation in this very simple carpet. It has a largeness of manner and a quiet strength that is deeply satisfying. Its mellow tones of blue and tan confirm the quality of the design*

weaving, most of them had long ceased to have anything but decorative significance.

The manner in which the traffic in oriental rugs has sometimes been carried on has reflected unfortunately on the art itself. When rugs were first brought to this country we were dependent for our information almost wholly on oriental dealers. Their knowledge was sometimes first hand and their taste often excellent, but many had learned all they knew about rugs in this country and their information was frequently scant and disorderly. What they did not know their fertile imaginations supplied. Some American dealers and auctioneers joined the campaign of romantic mendacity and together they managed to set afloat a curious assortment of grotesque

fables, some of which, like the yarn about the sheep with the green wool that never faded, were deliciously quaint. The incorrigible sentimentalists, whose name is still legion, accepted everything, particularly if spiced with any flavor of mystery. The various tales were repeated with interest until there was quite a body of romantic myths that successfully rivaled the real merits of the rugs themselves. In addition to this, certain ingenious and audacious deviltries that would have astonished Ali Baba and his forty amateur thieves were of such common occurrence in the rug business that only the exceeding merits of the rugs themselves saved them from permanent disrepute. Misinformation, guess-work, sentimentality and fraud make a sorry basis for the understanding of any art.

A more important though less dramatic influence retarding the appreciation of the importance of old rugs has been the fact of the vast ubiquity of mediocre or downright ugly rugs. The ruination of oriental rug weaving as a fine art was finally accomplished when western commercial methods completed that artistic devastation of the nearer Orient which had been begun by poverty, misrule, economic disorganization and depressed national spirit. In consequence the western world has been deluged in the last twenty-five years with shoddy, coarse, degenerate rugs which are the only rugs that thousands have ever seen and which create a powerful but silent presumption against any artistic pretensions that rugs in general might entertain. Although some of the larger houses have made strenuous efforts to improve the quality of modern weavings, and to restore something of the ancient quality to rug making, they have not been sufficiently supported by the public, largely because the public has had too little basis for the appreciation of what makes for artistic excellence in rugs. We cannot be expected to understand and prize that which we have not seen. It is true that rugs and carpets from the Orient have been sold in prodigious quantities in America, and that many of them are very rich and gorgeous in appearance, yet it is also true that they bear but a dim resemblance to the great rugs of early times. The exhibition of really magnificent carpets which began in this country in 1910 is only now beginning to have its effect in an educated taste and it will still be some time before the tens of thousands of poor rugs will cease to depress the general reputation of great rugs. A very noble family can be compromised and embarrassed by unseemly offspring.

Even more fundamental, and most unsound of

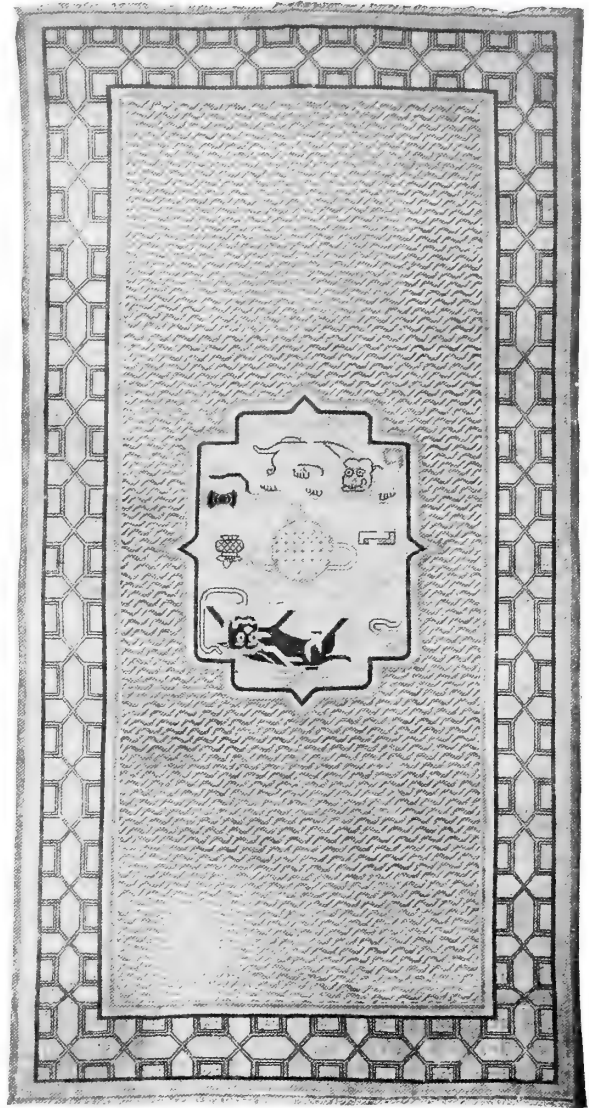


all the reasons that have withheld antique rugs from their full recognition, is the common philistine distrust of abstract design. That mere pattern, mere balance and distribution of expressive form, however subtle and imaginative, even when combined with novel and luxurious color schemes, can of itself constitute one of the utmost achievements of art is for many still a strange and uncomfortable idea. Decoration is generally regarded as wholly subordinate to some substantial use; and if rugs are not primarily for use, and if they do not directly reveal some human story, or convey through recondite symbols mysterious meanings, what are they for? The interest of these people in art stops with the sentimental and anecdotal; they know nothing of that disinterested contemplation of pure form which is essential to the highest aesthetic joy. Consequently they are annoyed when they hear of museums paying thousands of dollars for worn out and fragmentary rugs and according them an honor and dignity supposedly reserved only for the greatest treasures. There have been others who would have shared this resentment—those Greeks who broke up priceless statues for building stone or burned them for lime; those monks who warmed themselves by the blaze of precious manuscripts; the French peasant who used a thirteenth century Vierge Dorée for a back log.

The scarcity of readily available books that deal specifically with rugs as fine art; the opposition of a few decorators who do not understand oriental rugs or how to use them, have each contributed something to obscure the aesthetic value of old rugs. But all of these various considerations are losing their effectiveness. Not one of them is sound, many are irrelevant, others wholly temporary in their influence. The high artistic merits of old rugs is real and genuine, in itself enough to dispel the murk of ignorance, apathy and prejudice with which they are surrounded.

Since there are many kinds of old rugs, some good and many indifferent, it must be made clear for just what type these high claims are advanced. Homer was not the only ancient artist who nodded, and plenty of bizarre, perfunctory and downright ugly rugs were woven in the past, many of them even as far back as the end of the seventeenth century.

Now the greatest of all rugs, those which stand at the peak of perfection, are the so-called High school rugs, carpets that were woven by specially selected and highly trained designers and weavers, generally in the employ of the court, local nobles or famous mosques. These weavers occupied positions of honor and dignity, were provided without

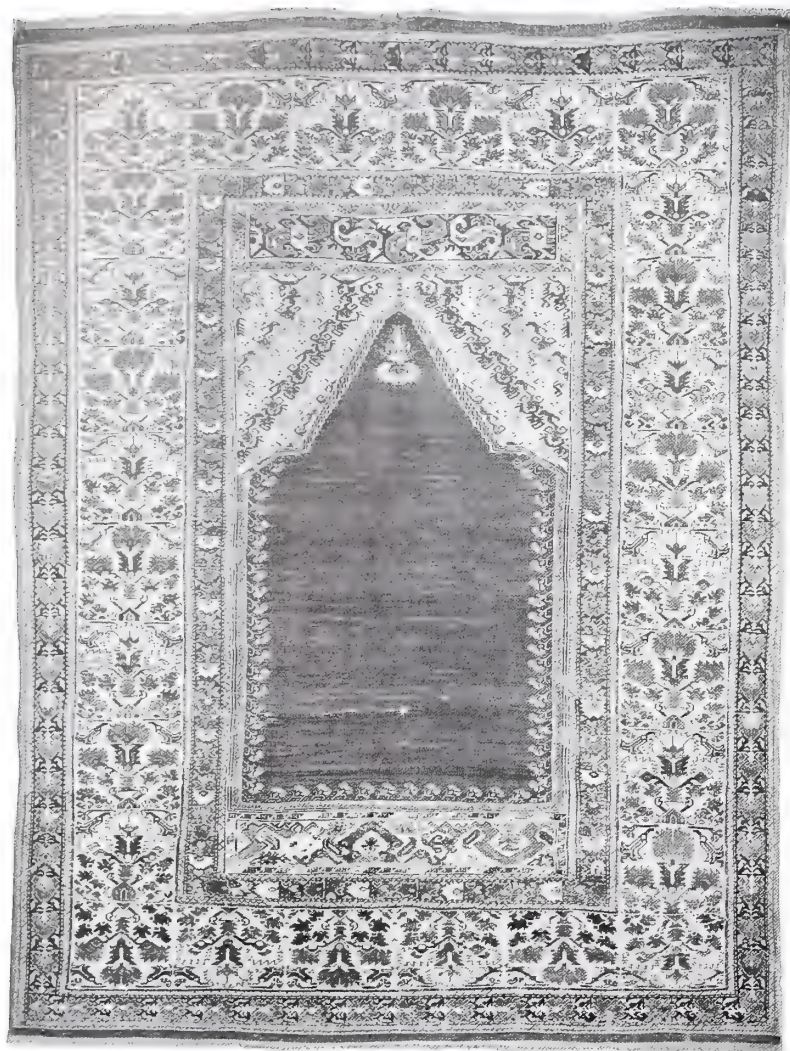


CHINESE RUG OF THE K'ANG H'SI PERIOD  
(Collection of Benjamin Benguiat)

*Out of two colors and three simple contrasting patterns some genius has created a rug of wonderful distinction. With such a transparent design, without any intricate crowded floriation to conceal defects, perfection in planning and execution are necessary. Color and design alike bespeak the lucid, well ordered mind, resting comfortably on the established order, sustained by tradition and mature experience, charged throughout by a lofty emotion*

regard to cost with the most conceivably perfect materials, and given every known incentive to produce the utmost of which they were capable. Like European tapestry weavers, they sometimes worked from designs prepared by the famous painters, but unlike the later tapestry weavers they managed always to preserve intact the textile character of the designs. This independence may have been due to their superior authority or the superior prestige of carpet weaving which prevented the enslavement to another art, such as degraded Flemish tapestries in the seventeenth century. The happy result may have been due





GHIORDES PRAYER RUG. ASIA MINOR. SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

(Courtesy of P. W. French &amp; Company)

*The center panel glows like a vast ruby, a fine foil for the lace-like shrubbery of the white border. The contrast would be too abrupt were it not for the margin of dainty carnations that frame the panel. Were there more Ghiordes rugs of this quality they would retain beyond question their original high reputation, afterward jeopardized by the plethora of weak and characterless examples*

to the fact that Persian painting is especially suitable to textile design, for it is primarily an art of silhouette and exhibits a consistent mastery of abstract design, which is the soul of carpet patterning. Whatever the process, the great court carpets of the sixteenth century managed to appropriate some of the finest inspirations of Persian painting without any compromise of their own integrity which sometimes marred Indian rugs.

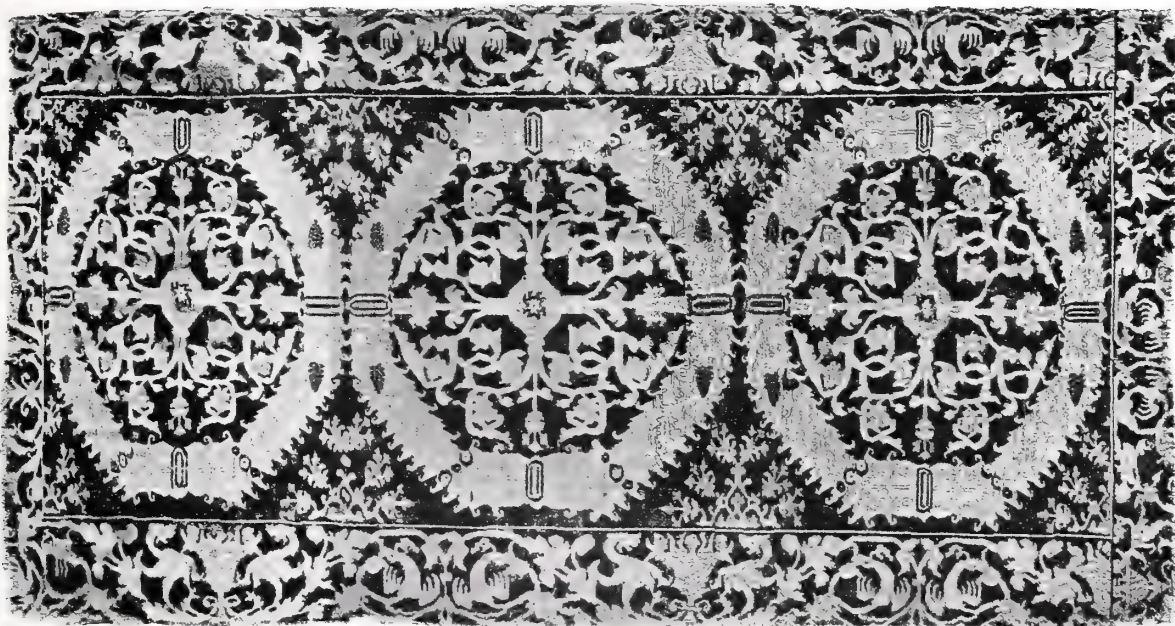
Besides these specially endowed individual artists, there were many famous permanent looms, such as those at Herat, Kashan, Yesd and Kerman, that maintained themselves independently of the courts and which turned out magnificent carpets that were everywhere sought for and which competed successfully with all but the supremest achievements of the resident court

weavers. It is the work of these artist-designed rugs that we have in mind when we say that the best of eastern carpets are worthy to rank with the music, sculpture and painting of the western world.

But the glory and fame of oriental weaving does not lie merely with these magnificent creations. A great number of rugs, chiefly of moderate size and often of remarkable beauty, have been produced throughout the whole of Western Asia and as far east as China. For many centuries, in house and tent, in hut or in the open air, artisans, shepherds, nomads, townsfolk, men and women, little children and old men, rich and poor, saints and brigands, have labored incessantly at rug weaving. Sustained by inherited skill, directed by aesthetic traditions maturing through thousands of years, slowly gathering patterns from the four corners of Asia, expressing with directness and spontaneity their own deepest racial experience, they have created genuine works of art, which the most expensive products of western looms can never challenge. These simple weavings, sometimes overlooked by the great of the earth, because their fame is not established by high prices, sometimes have the advantage in consistency and directness

over the more famous, costly and elaborate carpets of the High school. In them the original tradition is unsullied and uncomplicated by extravagant ambitions, they are rarely betrayed by their technical virtuosity into undertaking stunts inappropriate to a textile art, they often have the verve and power that is the chief charm of primitive art—indeed many of their weavings, such as early Turkomans, eighteenth or early nineteenth century Kazaks, and Kurds, and Bergamos, have the quality of a matured primitivism that has acquired richness and surety without any loss of vivacity or force. The more modest rugs often maintained their original purity of design long after the carpets from the famous city looms had declined far below the point where they could be taken seriously as works of art.





SPANISH RUG. SIXTEENTH CENTURY. IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

*This rug well expresses the formal grandiose luxury of Imperial Spain. The effect of stately opulence is obtained partly by the breadth and weight of the patterns, partly by the firm angularity of the contours, that strongly suggest richly wrought metals*

Indeed, in some quarters they maintained their old standards well past the middle of the nineteenth century. Unless, then, we are ready to say that only large, elaborate and costly creations may attain to aesthetic importance, we must include many of the Low school pieces in our claims that fine rugs, no matter what their origin, are entitled to rank as works of art.

Of course, the full justification of oriental rugs to be ranked with man's highest artistic achievements would involve an elaborate treatise on the nature and meaning of art itself. But the same general features that endow any artistic creation with genuine greatness will be found in high degree in the best old carpets. Immediate sensuous appeal, rational and varied design, emotional expressiveness—these are common to all the arts. The specific material and the actual content in works of art marks the difference between them, but they do not mark the difference in the aesthetic value, which really depends upon the degree and quality of the sensuousness, the design and the expressiveness which they display.

In the matter of sensuous appeal the great rugs make an impression that is rivaled by few arts. Their subtle and varied texture, lustrous, resilient, velvety or crisp, flatters the eye and the touch alike. In the gorgeousness of the colors, in the novelty and range of their combinations, great painters even have found much to learn. From the hot and dusky red glow of old Bokharas, to the thin gray and green of Ghiordes

mosque carpets, from the mellow poured-out gold of K'ang H'si weaves to the blazing fury of old Kazaks or the glittering brilliance of the geometrical Dahgestans or Kubas, we can run the entire gamut of pure colors of a degree of intensity and force and depth of brilliance that are not to be found in any other art. Let any one who doubts this statement undertake to reproduce the color of a sixteenth century silk rug from Kashan or one of the Indian rugs in the Altman collection. More remarkable still is the quality of color combinations that are achieved by oriental weavers. In this, when at their best, they are unexcelled and unapproached. Only a technical detailed study would be adequate to account for all of their triumphs, but there are old rugs, Bergamos, Yuruks, and Kurdestans, that revel in potent compounds of maroon, green, ruby and cobalt that are almost vocal, while many other types achieve novel and brilliant color chords that would seem to be quite impossible.

In abstract design, that substructure of everything that is excellent in art, oriental carpets achieve unchallenged perfection: in them it is carried to what is perhaps its highest point and many principles of artistic form receive here their most illuminating expression. Here one sees variety without confusion, unity without monotony. Elegance and strength are perfectly combined and many apparently incompatible elements triumphantly resolved. Here one finds balance, rhythm, and harmony yielding impres-

sively beautiful effects, independent of the adventitious aids of sentiment or utility, and pure form shines forth with its own proper power and splendor. Their patterns are conceived with a subtlety and imagination that seem inexhaustible; by skilful contrivance, they suggest swift and facile motion in more than one dimension and at several rates of speed, or may indicate a finely co-ordinate weight and mass, that while static none the less conveys a sense of well poised vigor, or, as in some of the greatest pieces, may merge static balance and dynamic rhythm in a torrent of harmonious energy. With all this tremendous stimulation of color, line, and mass, there is, nevertheless, that magical repose that comes from the perfect balance and co-ordination of all factors. For all these elements are arranged and controlled by certain fundamental and universal principles of order that are derived from the structure of the mind itself. Hence, for all their excitement, these great carpets yield a sense of security and satisfaction. They are strong in that utter inevitability that characterizes all great art.

But while it is true that the fundamental beauty of oriental rugs consists in the perfection of formal abstract pattern, in the exquisite drawing of line, the rhythmical distribution of masses and accents and the harmonious resolution of contrast and variety, none the less the greatest rugs are also in high degree expressive, and are often charged with deepest feeling. Pattern and color by themselves, when managed by genius, have the power eloquently to express emotion and character. In this regard oriental rugs are rivalled only by the greatest of the early Gothic tapestries, such as those in the Cathedral of Angers, or perhaps by the finest of the old brocades from China and Japan. Every one of the famous Persian imperial carpets of the sixteenth century conveys deep feeling with power and directness. The sensitive observer is overwhelmed by the grandeur of their conception, their combined power and delicacy, and their sumptuous coloring. These

carpets proclaim the imperial story and announce throughout the world the glories of the great Shahs. No wonder that William Morris said of them that "they fairly threw me on my back; I had no idea that such wonders could be accomplished in carpets."

Only if an art is able thus to express emotion directly by its own unique and proper means can it attain to any considerable aesthetic excellence. Judged by this Aristotelian test, oriental carpets are supremely successful. The history of art offers few examples that reveal such a degree of emotional power and suggestiveness that is based upon pure design. Nearly every legitimate aesthetic emotion finds eloquent expression in rugs, from the serene aristocratic reserve and gentle suavity of some Chinese pieces to the brilliant staccato energy of the Caucasus, from the glowing luxury of some Asia Minor weavings to the tense, nervous poetry of Persian designs. Some rugs, like Kurds or Kazaks, are often flavored with an unmistakable ferocity, others, like the old Sehna Khillims, bespeak the most exquisite feminine daintiness, utterly remote in feeling from the austere monumental grandeur of the Dragon carpets or the majestic opulence of some of the richer weavings from Spain. The thin emotional ecstasy of some of the Mosque carpets and prayer rugs seem to belong to a different world from the stately secular glory of the Oushak weavings, while above all we find the triumphant symphonic splendor of the Persian court carpets. Most of the significant human feelings can find a just counterpart in some rug. Are these mere words? They are at least a challenge and a program. A challenge that can be met only by the leisurely open minded contemplation of the rugs themselves. For only the rugs can give to each the final answer, an answer already many times given to every sincere questioner—an answer that expands our aesthetic consciousness, opens worlds of infinite delight, and reveals in a new light the essential nature of art.

## ✧ *Notes on the November Cover* ✧

WHEN Hoppner painted the portrait of Lady Fitzgerald, which is reproduced on the cover of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* through the courtesy of the John Levy Galleries, she had recently returned from France where she was much in the *Directoire* social world. She brought some gowns in that mode home with her and it was in one of them she chose to be painted. Her

opinion of the work is thus set down in a family letter: "I hope the medium he uses will not prove to be fleeting, for he has rendered my likeness to perfection though rather on the tame side, with a brilliancy and harmony of colors such as Sir Joshua Reynolds could hardly have surpassed, in marked contrast with the dulness prevalent in most portraits of ladies of rank and fashion."



# ART BY THE WAY *Guy Pène du BOIS*

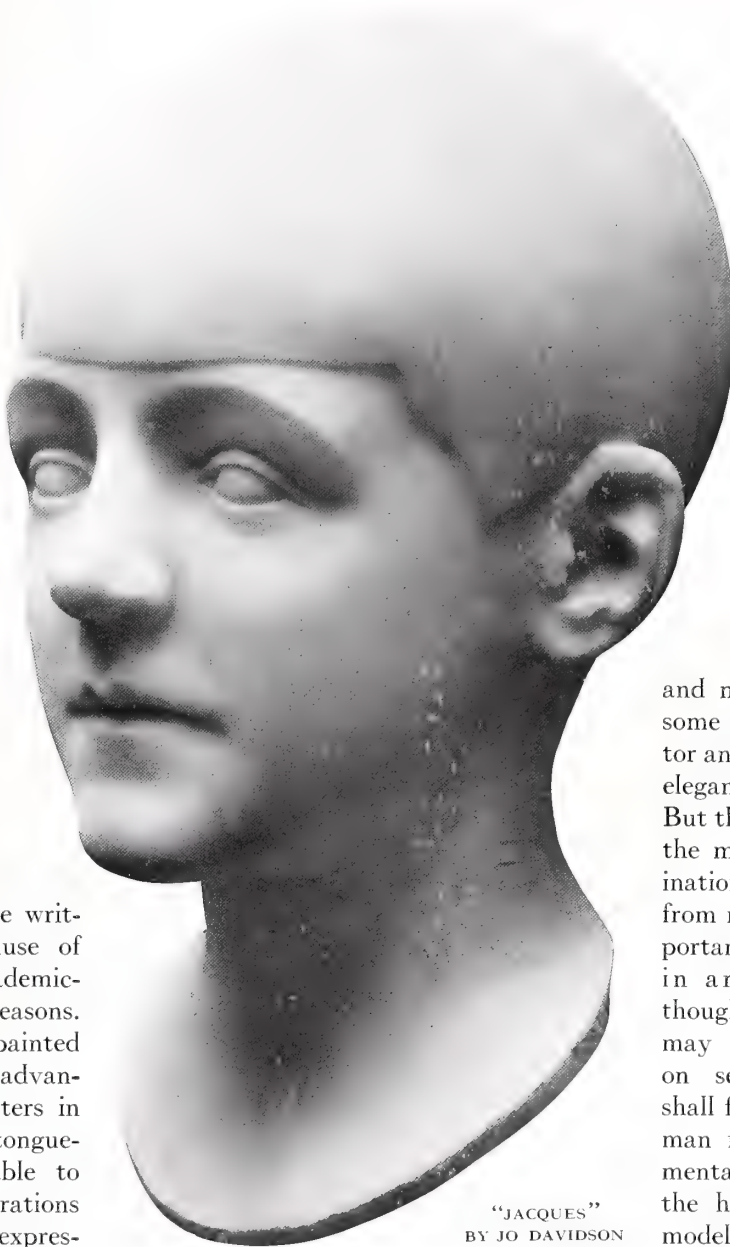
THE literary or the descriptive end of a picture is padding in so far as the art or the aesthetic quality is concerned. There have been numerous essays written in explanation recently and a great many more pioneering paintings done in the same cause. It has never been fully proved that art can be produced without padding nor that gold can be made useful without an alloy. But this note has nothing to do with this subject unless it is put there through the writer's fear of a misunderstanding on the part of the reader. The following matter concerns the literary end of painting. It concerns certain painted women whose features have been imprinted upon the writer's memory because of reasons which, academically, are not art reasons. It may be that painted women have the advantage over their sisters in books. They are tongueless. They are able to cling through generations to their favorite expressions and to their most fortunate poses. They are as their master completed them. They have no better nor less favorable moments. It is impossible to catch them unprepared. They may suggest the possibility of a temper but they never actually show one. We are left in doubt. We are left in doubt even in the presence of a red-haired Judith by Lucas Cranach

holding the head of Holofernes perpetually on a platter. She remains an engaging woman, adorned like a Christmas tree to be sure, but only if you are given to such disadvantageous comparisons,

and feeling the weight of an enormous amount of jewelry. Her attitude is somewhat awkward. She is dressed for Sunday. She wants urbanity and suggests cruelty. But perhaps this last is a reflection forced upon us by the bearded thing in the platter. She is certainly not displeased at the moment we see her and she will remain that way with normal luck

and no interference from some vandal beauty doctor anxious to lend her the elegance of his own period. But these grow fewer with the more general dissemination of the knowledge, from museums, of the importance of the ancient in art. This woman though, is curious. It may very well be that on second thought we shall find her a good German frau, fond of sentimental attitudes, and find the head in the heavily modeled gold platter made of cheese.

Mona Lisa the pale queen of painted women is probably the most disagreeable of them all. I, for one, have never liked her. Perhaps she has had over-much praise from intellectuals, praise she never would have understood herself, praise from "arty" Englishmen. Her smile is dubious. Think of the Cleo de Merodes and the Daumier



"JACQUES"  
BY JO DAVIDSON

blue stockings who imitated her coiffure. A lot of sins are on her shoulders. But all the painted women of Florence are seated upon pedestals made for them by men. Perhaps the poses too were demanded. Not real they are then, but the symbols of conceptional philosophy: idols. Still there are one or two who broke through the prefix. Mona never did. Leonardo could not have been run by women. He willed and they danced, a colorless dance. He liked that kind. He frowned over it. There is assuredly a lot of nonsense, sentimental romancing in the idea that that iron man ever loved. The lady with a shaved forehead painted by Domenico Veneziano, in the Philip Lehman collection, is austere but human. She broke through. So did Giovanna Tornabuoni, by Ghirlandaio, who cut her from her background as though she were made of wood without defeating her. There's a lady. A spirit is in her, a sense of humor, a touch of sophistry. But she would have been mincing in our drawing rooms, a bit hard perhaps and not fast at a compromise. Still she is intelligent, refined and quick with subtilities. I

can think of some mortal women like her but with a difference. The day has wrought changes. The taut lines of formalities have loosened; the rigidity of beliefs melted. Still Giovanna is not the sly innocent that Mona is. We can leave Mona without regret. We can even forget her. It is perhaps because the Venetian beauties were less spirituelle that they were better to paint. Color to make itself especially manifest must wrap itself around

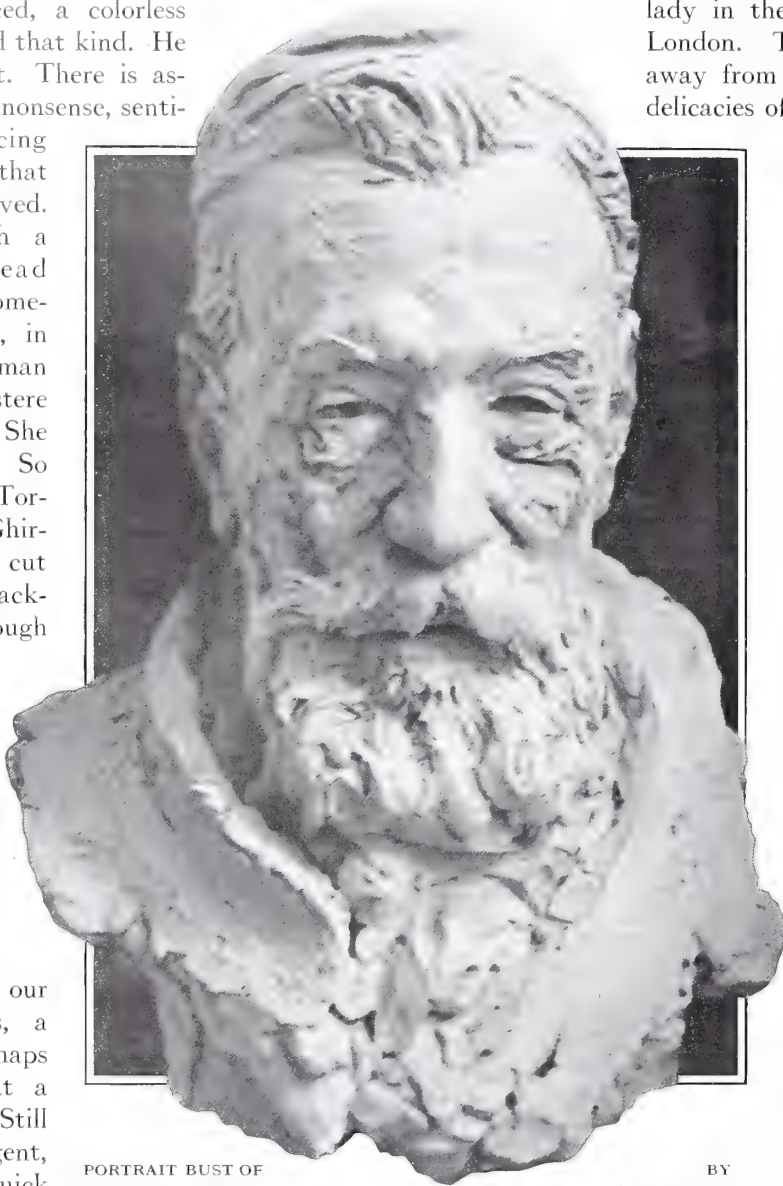
and in a body. Think of the luxury in the color of the formidable bodies Rubens swept on tremendous canvases. No little mincing strokes and no little mincing people, and a color that is radiant. But Rubens like Leonardo also was a king of the world, peopling it as he saw fit, filling it with his own richness and exuberance.

There's something altogether human in Rembrandt's plump little wading lady in the National Gallery, London. That one is miles away from the precisions and delicacies of Giovanna. A lady

without a pedestal. She'd put her man on a stout pedestal, if one was about; a square thing bare of furbelows, and bring him steaming scented offerings from a black pot. Saskia is another matter, gayer and more sophisticated but not better to look upon. A little vulgar is Saskia, a little thick-lipped and loud. The bloom of her health, the flourish in the way she holds a goblet, her frank archness, her strong curves — these things are not for bashful eyes of neurotics, nor stern ones of

Puritans, nor for the intellectual chastities of those of Florence under Leonardo and the great Mike. Of all

the Susannas, Rembrandt's in the Louvre will make the most appeal to plain people. She was one of the loves of my youth. My youth I won't explain. But this Susanna has dignity, poise, graciousness, modesty. None of the pearl gray elegance of the women of Veronese in her nor anything so faddish as a social manner. A plain person, she's not a Diana by any means nor a flirt like Rubens's fleshy little Susanna in the



PORTRAIT BUST OF  
ANATOLE FRANCE

BY  
JO DAVIDSON



Metropolitan Museum of Art who turns to catch admiration in the eyes of the Elders or of the visitor in the gallery. Perhaps she's too sure to find it if there be men about. She's a blonde and we may, if we pay heed to tradition, suspect her. The Elders were right in this case. They were perverted old men in the other. No cracks in the common sense of this Dutch girl. What a wife she'd have made. Not one is comparable in this

among the women of Holbein. (We are jumping about.) Perhaps he fed them mouthfuls of his own inflexibility. It cannot be because so many of them were British. Indeed the Lee girl is one of the wittiest of his women. But who could stand the brazen persistence of his backgrounds? Not Watteau's ladies surely! But are there any? Is there an individual among them? There is a fine Pierrot — a symbol he is — and women but no woman. I remember only one distinctly. She was an imitation of a child

of Rubens given elegance, the smaller gestures of wit, the gayety of the French court and the insignificance. These women are not on a pedestal. They are the pawns of a game of chess; chess or whatever name is more suitable. Fragonard's woman on the swing has no more significance than any of Watteau's women. Perhaps there is more individual vagary in the ladies of Nattier since he was a portrait painter. But this is doubtful. The period required superficiality and got it. Every one pranced in a carefully prepared at-

mosphere. Ladies wore shepherdess's costumes and stepped on a stage having checked their pet idiosyncracies in the wings. Fashion ordered these off as the evolutionary economy did with the legs of the whale.

Across the channel are many charming women: intellectuals by Raeburn and innocents by Reynolds. These women are also swallowed by a social or an aesthetic monster, an all-pervading

dictation. Only a few of them peep through the veil of the spiritual premise and this timidly. None is outstanding. Englishmen have never understood women. Becky Sharp and Lady Macbeth are exceptions. But there have been no Becky Sharps and Lady Macbeths in English paint. The men are in rows; red-faced, beef-eating conquerors, sometimes with a touch of water in their eyes but always arrogant. It does not matter that there are exceptions to this last rule.

It is difficult to deal with the mod-

ern painted ladies. They have not lived long enough though an odd one here and there will suggest permanency. Of these there is "l'Americaine," by Whistler, a slight girl, delicate and refined. The swagger of her gesture, hand on hip, wants conviction. Her innocence is paramount. She is far from the flapper in worldly knowledge. The romantic will get this sweet little girl. Much more strength in the "Madame X" of Sargent. This is a successful general of many social campaigns. She stands beside a table by design surely, for the



PORTRAIT OF GERTRUDE STEIN  
BY JO DAVIDSON

assistance it lends to her poise though she could manage without it. Between Sargent's lines on her we scent a tremendous will. I would not like a fight there. Cold words would come from her, blazing white words set in a formal carrier. But there are two sides to this slate, of that you may be sure. Robert Henri's "Woman in Black" in the Chicago Institute has fewer social arts. No shell covers her. Her eyes are haunting, astonishingly tender. Men might profitably run to her for sympathy. She is to be treated gently, though a womanly woman and not a weakling. The sterner women are among the primitives, thin creatures, long-chinned and pale. Life is a business to be taken seriously. It is full of brutalities. The graces will come later when elbows crook at less acute angles, when the definition of conduct is not so concrete. No very charming women in this civilization despite that a great many will be found admirable by men in sympathy with the catechism they followed. A Dutch Woman of the Little Masters rocking in riotous laughter is their counterpart. No dignity here of any sort. (I am not speaking of Terborch and Vermeer of Delft.) These are generous women, living in an easy epoch; deep-chested, fat, hearty. They are the familiar figures of kermesses, who kiss and slap men with equal joviality. What a riot they live in! We can have no business with them, we who have fed minds in preference to bodies and have pride in a faculty called discrimination. But no one virtue looms in the women of to-day unless it be quickness, a rapid flexibility in movement. There is much of this in the very young creatures of the world which Glackens chooses to see. But compare them to the Sacred and Profane Loves of Titian and realize how small they are, how wanting in repose, how funny. Wit resides in them surely, and what else? Manet's "Woman with a Parrot" has the character of Henri's "Woman in Black." His "Olympia" is something else, a personality of great dignity, despite the cat and the slippers and the bang and the lover's bouquet. This is a courtesan that might have caught Caesar and Mark Antony. She is a firm girl, langorous if you will, but not temperamentally lazy; a fine girl who will move without hurry, who will dominate by sheer beauty of rhythm. Manet had not, when this girl was born, with Degas and Lautrec thrown over reverence for women. They continued to be mysterious to him. He approached them with humility. Degas could see more coldly than the camera. He had rid himself of a lot of dead wood, of sentimentality, of tradition, of romance. He was too intellectual to conceive a lovable woman.

Cézanne was too interested in the surge of those spiritual and material waves which engulf individualities. His women for the most part are the prey of circumstance. Beardsley's, in this way, are merely symbols of the eroticism of their creator. Neither are ever individuals.



Jo Davidson has brought with him from Paris the photographs of his recent portrait study of Gertrude Stein, author of "Tender Buttons" and of a number of rhythmical portraits. Among these portraits is one of Mabel Dodge, wife of Maurice Sterne, and now a portrait of Jo Davidson. The last was completed simultaneously with the bronze portrait, which is less mysterious than the written one. Miss Stein depends for effects upon the sound and not upon the sense of words. Most writers of importance have depended upon sound and sense. But Milton lives to-day because of the rolling magnificence of the sound of his words. Their sense is rather amusingly cheap. The difference between his Heaven and Luna Park lies in that his gold is not made of plaster. This has been seen in print before and it will probably be seen again. It seems to me to be an example of the point which is made in the pioneering writing of Miss Stein.

The superficial reaction to people is created by the things said by them. The larger, deeper reaction has nothing to do with the thing said. Our best friends are very often among those who put silly and inconsequential things into words. We look past the words to that real person who cannot be expressed by them. I do not know, however, whether there is any real defence for Miss Stein's writing. The introduction to her rhythm is too abrupt. We are asked to see the soul before the surface. That reversal of habit is too much for habit. It is difficult to listen to words, which have definite meanings, used for their sound like the notes of a piece of music. Our first impulse in reading one of these portraits is to laugh. Indeed a very great many people are still laughing at Miss Stein's work.

Jo Davidson's portrait of her may turn the laughter into frowns. It is perplexing. Here is a woman who has been the subject of endless ridicule on the lips of people and in the paragraphs of the columnists. The portrait shows very palpably that she is not a faddist and that she is not one of those people, a Dadaist as an example, who go through the world with a tricky tongue stuck in a thin cheek. This is one of the most, if not the most, dignified of the Davidson portraits. This may or may not be saying a great deal. But



the fact remains that Davidson has modeled nearly all the famous heads of the world. He has made some of these seem to be the heads of very small people, others of men of tremendous energy, still others to be the containers of practical which is to say of superficial minds. Only a few have suggested dignity,

poise, ease, the symbols of a fundamentally sound mind. Miss Stein, in this portrait, might well be the mother of us all. She has sympathy, an understanding that will not be disturbed by the fences erected for moral and traditional reasons.

She might not be irritated by whimsicalities of the long-haired faddists, by the people who turn exotic somersaults in order to attract attention to themselves or to enjoy a skinny laugh behind their hands, but it is impossible to imagine her dealing in these playful or idiotic things. She is, here, a very real person. Perhaps we have done her an injustice. Perhaps we are wrong in supposing that gold is of no use without the stiffening aid of an alloy. Miss Stein seems to ask that we supply our own alloy. In that case her portrait of Jo Davidson will mean different things to different intelligences and each one will supply its own literary interpretation. Nothing is forced upon us.

Jo Davidson's portraits are another matter. To him the surface is the symbol of the soul, a thing written in plain words which go in a definite direction. He is a reporter and an interpreter. The direction he reports is his own interpretation of the sitters. The portrait of Muriel Draper will shock with the force of the ego it presents. There

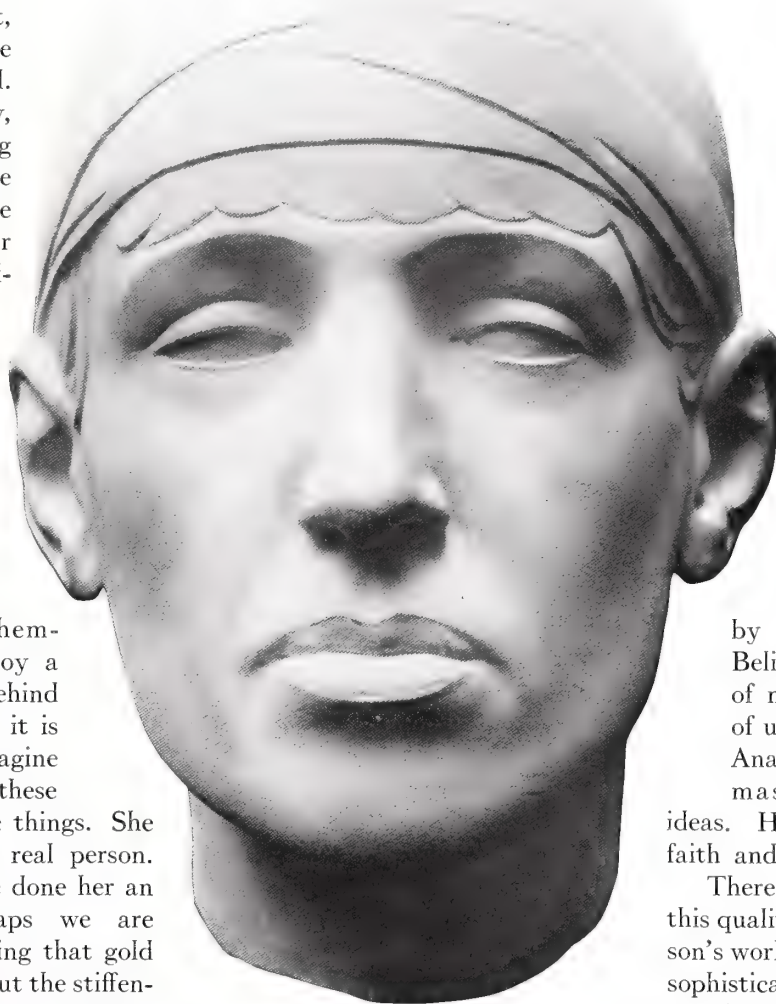
is no question of doubt here. We are not given an opportunity to fill in vague moments with concrete matter of our own creation. We are very plainly told that this is the woman. Anything that we may try to add to the original statement will be thrown off. Water will roll off this duck's

back. There are more subtleties in Anatole France the man and in the portrait. We imagine things here. We may suppose, as an example, that while intellectual processes create something akin to dignity, they destroy faith. This portrait is nebulous. What kind of man is this? The face is full of mystery or of evasions. Everything that has been written has been balanced

by its contradiction. Beliefs are the sins of narrow minds and of uneducated people. Anatole France is a master juggler of ideas. He is shorn of both faith and ignorance.

There is something of this quality in all Jo Davidson's work. He is essentially sophisticated. Like France also, his sophistications have not jaded his spirit. His reactions are enthusiasms. His sophistry merely does away

with the poses, attitudes, conventional mannerisms of the burlesque alderman. His monumental sculpture will not play with the sentimental saws which are the protective propaganda of governments. He will see in Marshal Joffre, as an example, the man instead of the popular idol. The popular idol is a creature of fiction, a device like the waving of flags and the beating of drums. The real man is more than that. Davidson will find him because he will come to him free of all *a priori* notions.



HEAD OF MURIEL DRAPER  
BY JO DAVIDSON

THE cry "Wolf! Wolf!" is frequently mistaken, and rightly, for a mere "Woof." We have been told so many times, by so many people, that something or other was the finest ever that we are naturally sceptical. For that reason things that should be praised most highly are often slighted for fear of an incredulous audience. In spite of all that, we are going to risk the statement that INTERNATIONAL STUDIO for December will be not only the finest issue we have printed, but one of the most interesting art publications that has ever appeared in America. This is a strong statement, but one which the magazine itself will fully justify. An adequate review of even a few of the most attractive features would occupy more space than is available on this page, and, in any case, we greatly prefer that you form your own judgment of the magazine, unbiased by our natural enthusiasm.



The cover will reproduce a painting by Ignacio Zuloaga, a glorious play of hot, rich colors, whose brilliance will be heightened by the flat gold of the cover page.

The frontispiece in the number will be a color reproduction of the "Madonna and Child" by Gerard, or Gheerardt David (1523), who was a master painter and dean of the Guild of St. Luke in Bruges, and is counted among the greatest of the Netherlands' early painters. The work which INTERNATIONAL STUDIO reproduces is one of the finest authenticated examples of the artist.



Almost as the National Academy of Design opens its doors for the Winter exhibition, INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will publish a specially printed section of reproductions of the pictures on view. It is too early to mention titles, for the pictures themselves have not been selected by the jury, but readers of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO may be assured that the selection published will be comprehensive and representative of the exhibition which takes rank, in America, with the big salons in France.



Mr. Ernest Elmo Calkins, who has been largely responsible for the elevation of poster making to a high place among the graphic arts, has written an article on "The Art of the Poster"

for the December number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. The poster can exert a marked influence, for good or bad, on American taste, playing as it does an increasingly important part in the field of graphic expression, and a consideration of its artistic value, written by a recognized authority, is of wide interest. Mr. Calkins' article will be illustrated by six full color reproductions.



Sculpture, like any other art, depends for its esthetic value upon the finished work, independent of the personality or sex of the artist. Too often, however, the important part which women are playing in the art of to-day is overlooked. It is only within recent years that many of the galleries have consented to show the contemporary work of the great number of women who are producing paintings and sculpture of appreciable merit. Without any desire to put them in a class apart, except as the quality of their work distinguishes them, INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will publish in December an article by Rena Tucker Kohlman on America's women sculptors, illustrated by more than twenty reproductions.



When George de Forest Brush, after his student days, returned to America from Paris he was filled with a desire to record the lives of the continent's original inhabitants. To him the Indian, dwelling in silent forests, hunting along quiet streams, offered an appealing subject for the employment of his art. The resultant paintings were an unusual synthesis of primitive sentiment and classic idealism. They marked a very definite period in the artist's career, a period whose examples have gained steadily increasing recognition and are now much sought after by collectors. Lula Merrick has written an article on this phase of Brush's career for the December INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, and several of his Indian pictures will be reproduced, one of them in color.



Montague Flagg, in an entertaining article, points out some of the pitfalls to be avoided by the collector of antique furniture. The illustrations that accompany his story will reveal authenticated pieces of unusual interest.

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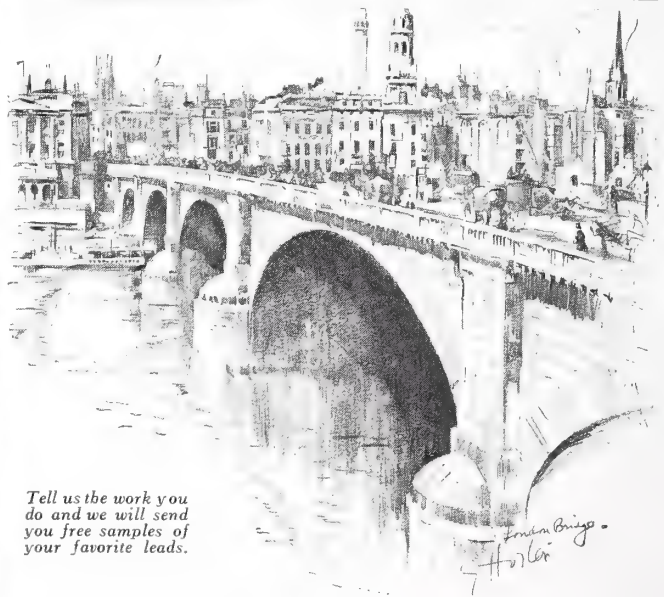
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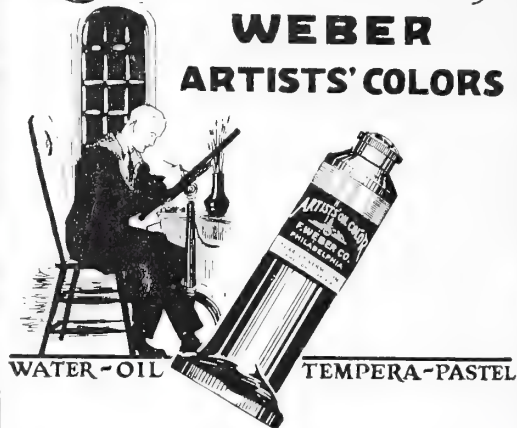
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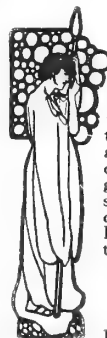
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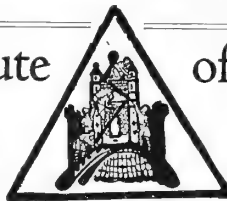
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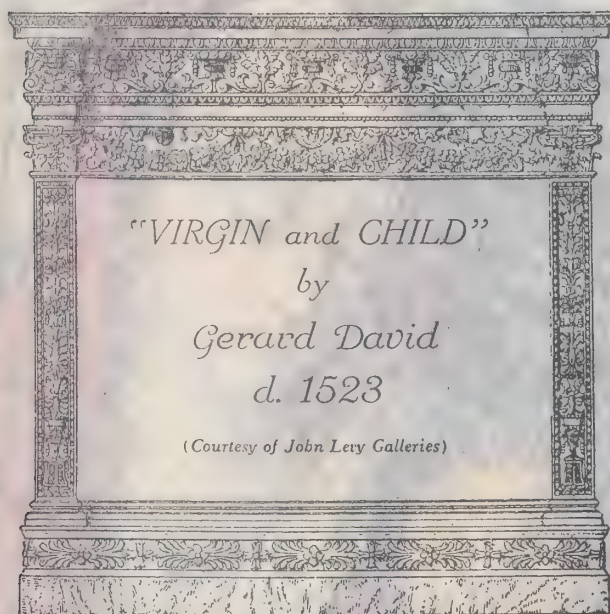
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*"VIRGIN and CHILD"*

*by*

*Gerard David*

*d. 1523*

*(Courtesy of John Lery Galleries)*



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*"The AZTEC SCULPTOR"*

*by*

*George de Forest Brush*

*(Courtesy of the  
Howard Young Galleries)*



# BRUSH'S INDIAN PICTURES

OF all the painters who have essayed to present the American Indian, none has succeeded in revealing the depth of feeling, the true inwardness that lies beneath the red

skin as has George de Forest Brush, who in 1884 on his first return to America from several years of study in Paris under Gerome, was led by his youthful enthusiasm to Wyoming and Montana, and passed a year among the Crow Indians that he might paint them not only from the pictorial viewpoint but also with especial reference to their psychology. From the time of those early, modest attempts to later days when he became known for his decorative figure subjects in the Italian manner, is a far cry. But among those first works,

*American painter won lasting fame by the spirituality of his aboriginal subjects*

by  
LULA MERRICK

Painted in his early manhood when sympathy, vigor and understanding marked his art, are examples that, in the opinion of connoisseurs, will sustain his reputation for all time. In them

he delivered original messages of truth and sincerity, with realism tempered by poetry to a marked degree. They do not resemble those latter day Indian pictures that classify in the art trade as "best sellers." He has made the hopes and fears of the Indians a part of his interpretation. In them, also, we have the keynote to the innate qualities of character that have guided Brush throughout his career. Here he displayed the gift of saturating his subjects with an atmosphere that quickens the imagination—that in-

"THE KING AND THE SCULPTOR"  
BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH  
(Courtesy of the Milch Galleries)





"DAWN" BY  
GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH  
(Courtesy of the Milch Galleries)

instinctive selection of an especial aspect of life in obedience to a potent mood, for the subjects he had chosen were poignantly in accordance with his temperament. While the depth of feeling with which he impregnated his subjects was an expression of his own temperament, their fine execution was the outcome of years of sincere study with technical ability of an order few painters possess in their youth. In addition he has that intangible something that lies in the soul of every great painter, something that is not the result of accident of birth, something that when possessed in either a large or small degree, is sure to have an ennobling effect. All of his work speaks of loveliness, and especially do his Indian pictures evoke poetry and imagination. Mr. Brush's preface to the Abbott H. Thayer exhibition held in Pittsburgh in 1919 discloses his ideas and the spirituality that governed him during his student days in Paris. He wrote: "We all went to Paris about the same time. Everybody was going. And I can say, that coming into that strange life of the Paris Latin Quarter, I know that many young Americans, along with myself, were stunned by it. It seemed at first a great shock. As it was, finding ourselves in a universe that would be bad anywhere—in New York to-day—most of the young students easily gave in to the rather low point of view of the community of students of all nations that formed the Quarter. And Abbott was the influence that I know must have held many a young man up to

an ideal of conduct. It was his stand as against the drift of the Quarter that endeared him to many of us. It was what attracted me to him." The quotation describes, better than anything else, Mr. Brush's idealism and his determination to cultivate that which was clean in order to further his belief in what was beautiful, and to express beauty of the soul no matter what influence seemed to be against it. This spiritual attitude he has steadily maintained throughout his life, for he believes that to keep his art

beautiful he must keep his soul free from worldly taint. Art to him has been a religion, and he would absorb nothing that was calculated to mar the realization of his great purpose, for he says that a man can only paint that which is his innermost self. He has preached these principles to students and in public lectures—and with a perfect right, for his life is a record of the practice of his beliefs.

One of the strongest elements that characterizes the work of Brush is good draughtsmanship. He has studied and practiced drawing with minute patience, not only during his student days, but in all of his following years, for he considers a thorough knowledge of fundamentals, perfection of technique and intimacy with the work of the great masters whose art has lived throughout the ages, solid foundations upon which a man may build the expression of his own feelings. His acquired perfection in drawing is doubtless what has aided him most in giving to his compositions that grandeur of line that is ever significant of good art.

Although his early Indian pictures reflect the influence of his French masters, they are yet thoroughly American in thought and feeling and exhale individual qualities that go far beyond technique or training. Especially is the Gerome influence noticeable in "The King and the Sculptor." Yet the psychological qualities that go to make this picture a great work of art are distinctly the expression of the American, Brush, his mind and his personal feeling. The spirit of the





king whose great personal power is brought to humility in the presence of the creative genius of the sculptor, whom he yet tries to regard as one of his obedient subjects, while his expression shows that he considers the work before him with awe, does not fail to impress the mind of the beholder. The attitude of his body, the folded arms loosely held, and the contemplative look in the eye, indicate a forced reverence that makes even the power of a king a paltry thing in the presence of a great interpreter of God's handiwork. The young sculptor appears apprehensive, uncertain, and in his modesty does not realize the force of his genius. It is the king brought to sudden knowledge of his insignificance that tells the story. Note the drawing of the figures, the values of every object in the composition against one another, observe the painting of the flesh, its solidity that so surely bespeaks bone and muscle beneath its palpitating surface. Study the faces, also, that so unmistakably tell of brain and thought—and realize the genius of the young American painter

"OUT OF THE SILENCE"  
BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH  
(Owned by J. B. Hayward)

who while still in his twenties could produce such an illustrative and artistic masterpiece. How well Brush understood composition in those early days! The sculptor has chiseled his pattern apparently out of a solid block of stone, pieces of which are seen scattered about the floor. These break the long space between the human figures and the work they are regarding. The blanket, thrown carelessly from the shoulders of the sculptor, has just its proper place in the picture, and the large, round jar upon which the young man is resting one knee has the exact proportions necessary to unite and balance every other accessory. In this picture the artist decreed that space was important to express his idea and he has succeeded in accomplishing his purpose to the degree he had intended. There is not one object too many, not one too few. The composition of the whole leaves nothing to be desired.

To this special class of subjects belongs "The Aztec Sculptor," that is reproduced in color on another page through the courtesy of the Howard





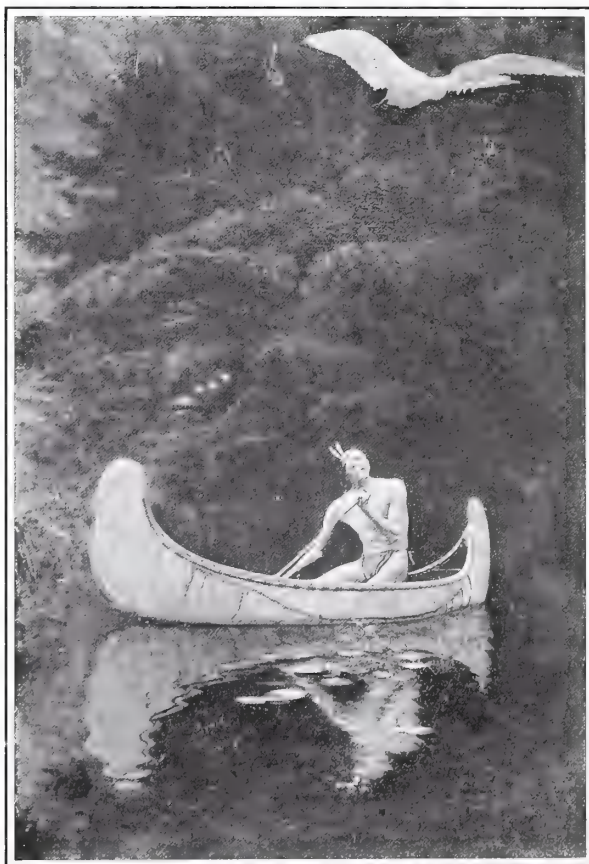
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BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH  
(Owned by George G. Heye)

Young Galleries. The composition of the picture, which was in the Mrs. Potter Palmer collection for many years, is simpler than that of "The King and the Sculptor" and represents a phase in an artist's life with which Brush could be in full sympathy, that of the creative spirit struggling with the problem of adapting, from the dead bird on the rug, a pattern for the ornamental border the sculptor is carving on the marble wall. Aside from the sheer beauty of the composition and the charm of the color, this painting moves the spectator by the impression it creates of the intense solitude of the artist, his spirit shut out from the world of ordinary things through his profound absorption in his task of creation. It has become the fashion in recent years to decry the anecdotal painting. But a picture that tells a story such as spreads before the spectator's eyes here can never fail of its true place in art. It faithfully records the ways and thoughts of a race that is no more. As a piece of painting this canvas, perfect in its technique, easily takes rank among Brush's finest work, past or present.

"Evening", a work included in the Brush retrospective exhibition held last winter at the Century Club in New York city, when twenty-five paintings and a group

"THE SILENCE BROKEN"  
BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH  
(Courtesy of M. Knoedler & Co.)

of water colors were brought together from various public and private collections, and which displayed his bent with all of its distinguished character, shows him in the guise of a landscape painter, for the Indian at the right of the picture forms but a secondary part of the composition. This work, while revealing that polished technique always conspicuous in the art of Brush, expresses his ever present regard for beauty. There is a rich feeling for Nature in it, also it has substance, depth and exquisite color in the deep greens, browns and grays. It is a brilliant revelation of sincerity. It displays the painter's love for low tones in those early times, in which key he painted for a number of years. It was not until much later, when he became influenced by the Florentine school, that his tones grew richer. In his painting of the nude Brush again reveals his masterly draughtsmanship. "Leda and the Swan" also part of his last season's exhibition, and painted over thirty years ago, poignantly shows this. In it he almost entirely abandoned that tightness of handling that resulted from his European training. The figure is not only beautifully drawn, it has finely modeled flesh distinguished by rarely personal color, and it is handled with breadth and ease. In "Dawn," a work of about the same period, the figure of the







*"MOURNING HER BRAVE"*

*by*

*George de Forest Brush*

*(Courtesy of M. Knoedler & Company)*



"THE PICTURE WRITER"  
BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH  
(Courtesy of M. Knoedler & Co.)

hunter is tense with action, there is a certain grandeur in the pose and a sureness of purpose in the mobile face. The attitude of the woman at his side expresses keen interest, as she firmly guides the canoe with her paddle. The folds of the drapery that blow gracefully about the man's form foretell in the handling some of the later developments in Brush's art: they are classical in arrangement and their soft rose tones, scintillant against the copper colored skin, balance the note in the flying birds. The still water upon which the canoe floats and the thick foliage to the left of the composition are truthful of the spirit of the forest they suggest. "Out of the Silence" (a companion picture to the well known, "The Silence Broken"), owned by Mr. J. B. Hayward, is considered by many to be the strongest of all of Brush's

"THE WEAVER" BY  
GEORGE DE F. BRUSH  
(Courtesy of the  
Milch Galleries)



Indian pictures. It faithfully portrays the Indian in his most natural guise, that of a hunter. It is

again in the deep, somber tones of his earlier manner, but it is impressive in color and even brilliant in its serenity. The sky is freely handled, the water vibrant and the foliage that shields the hunter is mysterious in shadows that bespeak cool woodlands, camp fires and teepees.

But of all the Indian pictures painted by George de Forest Brush, there is perhaps none that so clearly emphasizes the spiritual emotions they

stirred within him as the lone figure of the woman who stands majestic and heroic in "Mourning Her Brave." Alone she stands, straying it seems away from human contact, invoking the solace of some unseen force in her hour of sorrow. How glorified is the grief of this simple, Indian woman as she looks with sorrowing eyes into





space, carried, as she appears to be, away from any physical feeling—seeing and knowing nothing but the spiritual agony that is possessing her. It is grief, deep and solemn, that the artist has portrayed in this picture rather than the physical elements he has employed to express it, and respect for that deep rooted emotion that is tearing the soul of the subject is wrung from the observer, who is forced to bend to something akin to religious reverence in the presence of the deep sorrow of a human heart regardless of the color of the skin that shields it.

George de Forest Brush was born in Shelbyville, Tenn., in 1855, but went with his parents while a child to Connecticut, where he lived for a number of years. His father, once the captain of a whaling

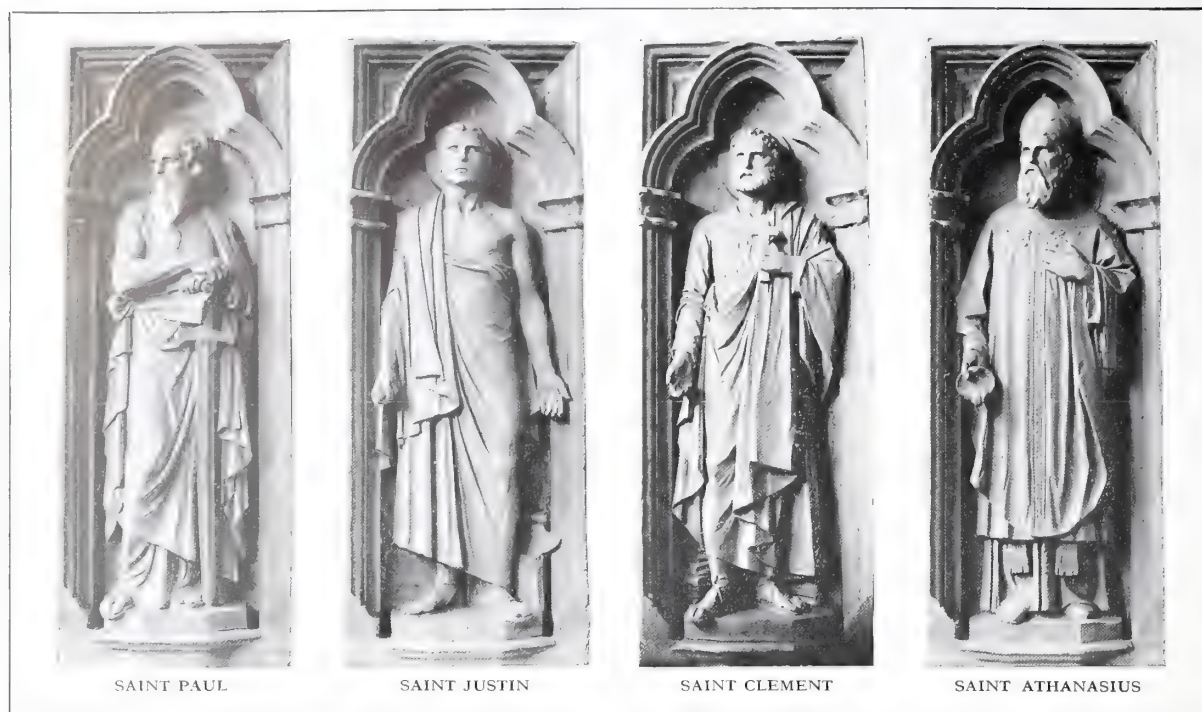
"EVENING"  
BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH

ship, having become discouraged, gave up his calling and took his family to Ohio. It was from his mother that Brush inherited his artistic bent. In Ohio she became a portrait painter of considerable ability

without ever having had any training except that which she had gleaned from reading books on art. When Brush was a little boy he displayed a talent for drawing, which was fostered by his parents, who bent every effort to give him an art education. In the early '70's he went to Paris, staying several years. Later he went abroad again to study the Florentine masters, which application has changed his color schemes to the richness manifested in the work of the Renaissance masters.



"THE HUNTER"  
BY  
GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH



## A Cathedral Hall of Fame

To the many treasures of sculpture in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York city, there has been added a group

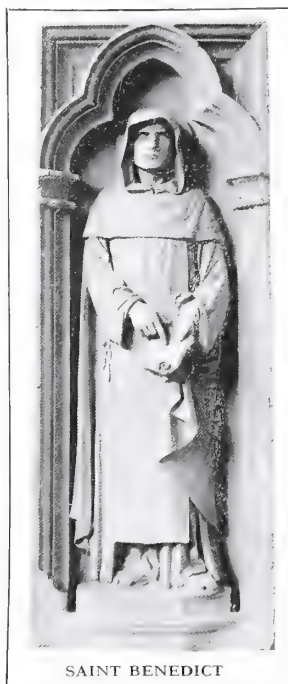
of nineteen figures which constitute another Hall of Fame, since the statues severally represent, in each of the nineteen centuries of the Christian Era, the man who, in the judgment of the Bishop of New York and a committee of clergymen, contributed most to the moral and spiritual growth of mankind in Christendom. They are elements in a parapet placed at the entrance to the choir of the cathedral. The figures are of stone, and the panels are separated by columns of particolored marbles, six of these columns being on either side of the opening. At the extreme left of the parapet the last of the niches is left with a blank stone, this to be carved by some sculptor of the future into the effigy of the man selected as the one who, in the Twentieth century, did most for humanity according to the standards of judgment set up by the cathedral chapter. So far as is known, no such assemblage of statues exists in

*Group of nineteen figures for St. John the Divine depict leader for each century of Christian era*

any cathedral in the New or Old World. The point of difference in this parapet group from that of most Gothic church sculpture is

that it includes statesmen and a poet. Two of the figures, moreover, represent a land that was unknown during the supreme Gothic period. These are Lincoln and Washington.

The First century is represented by St. Paul, the first great Christian missionary and theologian; the Second by St. Justin, Martyr, one of the earliest and ablest Christian apologists; the Third by St. Clement of Alexandria, who was the first to bring all the culture of the Greeks and all the speculations of the Christian heretics to bear upon the exposition of the new faith; the Fourth by St. Athanasius, who was bishop of Alexandria in the Fourth century and one of the most illustrious defenders of Christianity; and the Fifth by St. Augustine of Hippo, one of the four great fathers of the Latin church. St. Benedict of Nursia, the father of the Western monks, appears for the Sixth century; St. Gregory the Great, the first Pope







SAINT BERNARD



SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI



JOHN WYCLIFFE



ARCHBISHOP CRANMER

of that name and the last of the four great doctors of the Latin church, represents the Seventh century; Charles Martel, the first warrior to appear, is from the Eighth century; Charlemagne the Ninth, and Alfred the Great the Tenth. Godefroy de Bouillon represents the Eleventh century, St. Bernard the Twelfth, St. Francis of Assisi the Thirteenth, John Wycliffe the Fourteenth, Christopher Columbus the Fifteenth, Archbishop Cranmer the Sixteenth century, William Shake-

spere the Seventeenth, George Washington the Eighteenth and Abraham Lincoln the Nineteenth.

The parapet was designed by Cram and Ferguson, the architects of the cathedral, and is of late Gothic style, when the art of the church sculptors had reached its utmost delicacy in reproducing natural forms. The carving around the niches in which the figures stand is of a most exquisite design of floral motives; these do not show in our reproductions, which were concerned



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



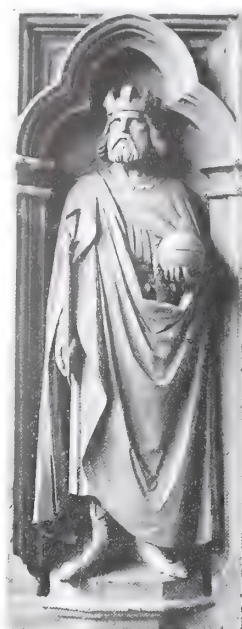
GEORGE WASHINGTON



ABRAHAM LINCOLN



CHARLES MARTEL



CHARLEMAGNE



ALFRED THE GREAT



GODEFROY DE BOUILLON

solely with the figures. What was chiefly aimed at in the sculptures was to achieve an architectural quality, strictly in keeping with the conventions of the Gothic order. The carving of the figures was assigned to Febo Ferrari, an Italian sculptor long a resident in the United States. The costumes of all the figures up to that of Washington lent themselves to the Gothic convention, and Lincoln was wrapped in a cloak, instead of his favorite overcoat and shawl, to preserve the consistency of style. The figures, which are about three feet high, are exquisitely modelled and full of feeling. To stand before them is to be filled with much of that spirit of serene joyousness that comes to the spectator in the presence of all great Gothic architectural sculpture.

The devotion of Ralph Adams Cram, architect, to Gothic architecture and the Gothic spirit is well known. He met a kindred spirit in Mr. Ferrari, who has lived and worked for many years in New Haven. Trained in the Academy of Turin, the sculptor took a post graduate

course in Paris and then made a close study of the English cathedrals. Since coming to America, he has worked almost entirely for architects, having furnished some of the sculptures for the Harkness Memorial and other buildings of Yale University, for Boston College, and other public buildings in the eastern part of the United States.

Mr. Ferrari once wrote: "There is, somewhere, a Gothic world, and Gothic architecture is an effort to stimulate the spiritual growth of men and bring them nearer to the archetype foreseen by Plato and Emerson, by seizing from that other world—outside of time and space—a few fugitive ideas and materializing them in stone, so that the totality of lines in a Gothic building will act as a magnet on the ideas of men, take them away from material cares and lift them high through its spires and finials. It is only with the background of such ideas, regarding the reason for being of Gothic architecture, that the modeling of a Gothic figure can be attempted with any chance of harmonizing it with its surroundings."



SAINT AUGUSTINE



SAINT GREGORY



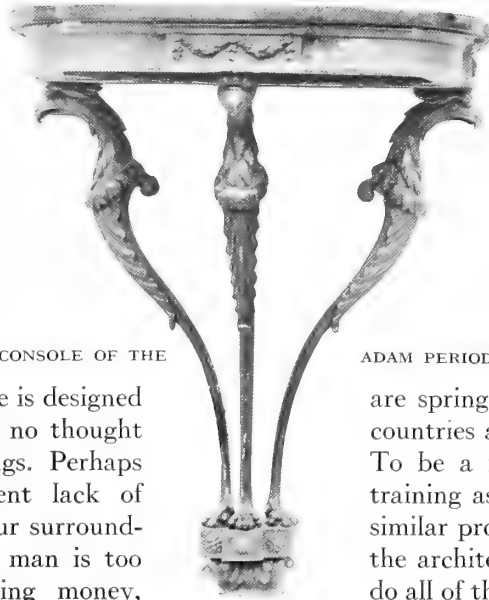
# On the Appreciation of Furniture

**M**EN know more about automobiles than women; women know more about houses than men. Men run the automobiles and women run the houses. But it is not right that men should know so little about the houses in which they live. Generally speaking the average American does not know the five architectural orders, he could not possibly tell whether our latest monumental building is really good or bad. He considers it rather effeminate to know anything about furniture or interior decoration. His office is designed exactly as the factory, with no thought given to beautiful surroundings. Perhaps the answer to this apparent lack of interest in the esthetics of our surroundings is because our modern man is too busy turning wheels, making money, keeping up with the mad rush and crush toward some unknown and unattainable goal.

A few months ago I had the pleasure of meeting a very successful business man in Paris. He came from New York and had been in Paris three weeks and had seen none of the great galleries or monuments and complained of being bored, nothing to do. "Oh! for a good baseball game!" Of course this is an exaggerated example but not very much so because this man admitted he hated pictures and cathedrals and most of us hate silently and drag along.

The question of appreciation should begin at home. As children, we should be told about the things around us; men should not think it beneath them to consider curtains and wall papers. Most architects know that in building a house things like type of construction, heating, conduits, plumbing, and so forth, are all talked over and decided with the husband, but mantels, wall coverings, hangings, furniture, and all that sort of thing are all matters to be selected and approved by the wife. As a matter of fact few of our architects are consulted about interior furnishings, it is so much a question for women that if this particular wife does not feel she has "taste" she obtains one of the many women who make a

*An understanding of good design and workmanship adds to man's enjoyment of his environment . . . by*  
**MONTAGUE FLAGG**



CONSOLE OF THE

ADAM PERIOD

business of spreading "taste" broadcast—the interior decorator. What is an interior decorator, and how do you get to be one? That is now a much mooted question and only time can supply the answer. To-day any girl who is tired of "flapping" can simply decide to be an interior decorator and she is one. No license, diploma, experience, or anything else is necessary. She does, however, need a commission to decorate something. Schools for the training of men and women in this profession

are springing up all over this and other countries and the work done is excellent. To be a real decorator takes as much training as being a real architect or any similar profession. It is my opinion that the architect should be able and glad to do all of this work. To-day because of the lack of understanding between the client

and the decorator regarding the fee charged the profession is in ill repute and most architects do not wish to become involved in it. However, architects do act as decorators, but when buying for their client they collect the same commission on all things purchased, in this way giving the client the advantage of any commissions the dealer may allow over the architect's fee. Until something of this kind is done by the entire trade the decorator will be an outcast.

New England has many old colonial homes. Going through the smaller towns we will always be repaid for stopping at old shops or houses—a glimpse of a fireplace, a bit of paneling, a beautifully designed doorway, and occasionally, very occasionally, we find one or two old pieces of furniture that have successfully retained their positions against the conquest of black walnut and golden oak. Or perhaps a beautiful corner cupboard. If the mass production belched forth from our factories to-day could only be guided by the traditions of design that guided the colonial architect and cabinet maker, what a wealth of material our descendants would have one hundred years hence! The workmanship and choice of material have so much to do with

durability. During the seventeenth century in England the common wood in use for furniture building was oak and in spite of the damp climate many of these pieces are as solid to-day as when they were built. They did not depend on glue, nor patent metal clamps, nor nails and screws; each piece had its joints morticed and tenoned and these were held in place by dowels. Of course hard usage by several generations of growing children have made it necessary to restore most of the old pieces of furniture now in use.

This matter of restoration is a vital one. Again, we should take a lesson from our cousins across the sea. Here we have a fashion of having things "done over," usually by the local cabinet-maker. His one ambition seems to be to take an old piece of mahogany and make it look like new, in spite of its past history. He scrapes and stains, and finally, varnishes, sending it out with a surface as bright and shiny as any new Ford.

As soon as you interest yourself in antiques, you stamp yourself as a collector. To be a collector does not mean that you have a great mass of material, nor does it mean that the material you have is necessarily very remarkable. It simply means that you have become one of those fortunate people who has the ability to see something beautiful in the particular article you have chosen to collect. You can't be one of those who feel that a reproduction is "just as good as an antique." It isn't any more than a copy of Rembrandt is as good as a Rembrandt. That is where the man who does the restoration comes in—he *must not* destroy all the evidence that a particular piece is old. After many years of dusting, rubbing, and handling, a wood surface takes a color and depth of tone that is impossible to reproduce. A people who have protected almost every article used in every-day

life should do more to prevent the "faker" from exercising his trade on the innocent public.

The making of reproductions is a perfectly legitimate and necessary industry, but it is not necessary to guarantee these reproductions as old period pieces. The skill and workmanship expended on these deceptions is surprising. Of course the day of worm holes made with buck shot has passed. Now, the article in question is made of really old wood found in the country the furniture is supposed to have come from; not only the exposed surfaces are "faked" but each piece of wood is carefully worked over and stained before being assembled, then the finished article is rubbed and waxed, cleaned and re-rubbed. Pages could be

written on the devices that have been thought out to deceive the purchaser. Great quantities of these pieces are shipped every year into this country. At each port of entry are customs officials who pass on these articles. These inspectors are so expert that it is almost impossible to deceive them. Fortunately, it is also equally impossible to bribe them. The result is that these "fake" antiques are shipped into the country as reproductions, and it is



AN ENGLISH EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SIDE CHAIR  
IN OAK, SHOWING AN INTERESTING  
DEVELOPMENT FROM THE JOINT STOOL

only after their arrival at the unscrupulous dealer's that they become "genuine antiques."

Before closing this particular subject, it should be said that the public itself is very greatly to blame for the magnitude of business done in "fake" furniture. Unfortunately, the person finding it necessary to furnish a house, or part of a house, is usually limited in the amount of money that can be spent, the fake is cheap and to the unaccustomed eye looks just as good as the real antique. This is a very short-





A VERY RARE EXAMPLE OF ELIZABETHAN OAK. THIS PIECE IS REMARKABLE FOR ITS QUALITY, COLOR AND GENERAL BEAUTY OF DESIGN

sighted point of view. After you have purchased the fake, you may have a piece of furniture, but it has little or no value. On the other hand, if you had purchased a fine old piece of English oak, you would know that each day you own it, its value is increasing, so that money spent on really old pieces is not spent but invested. Now you may say that it is not possible to get the old pieces because you may feel that all antique dealers are a bit too ready to assure you that a piece is of a certain period. I can only say that I am convinced that in all of the cities and countries where I have bought furniture I have found honest deal-

ers. This is getting to be more and more true of New York every day. Twenty years ago there was comparatively little interest in collecting old furniture. Now that interest has increased and with the increased interest we find many more responsible people making a life work of collecting and selling these old things. My advice to any buyer is to go into what you consider a responsible shop and tell the dealer that you want really old pieces of the period, and I am sure there are very few who will take advantage of you. Be careful of great bargains. Every once in a while I hear of some one who has got a great bargain, usually at



A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LACQUER  
THE COLOR IS RED, WITH GILT FIGURES

an auction. The dealers are always on the lookout for bargains, and if you find one be very careful to get it "vetted" before you buy it. You will find that a great protection. When you are about to make a purchase, if you have any doubts, ask the dealer from whom you are making the purchase if he is willing to have some other dealer in whom you have confidence, pass on the piece when you get it home. He will always agree, unless he does not trust the man you suggest using as an expert. It is not always easy to tell these pieces. I have in my possession at the present time a small stool that has been condemned by several men whose experience and training is of the highest type. An equal number

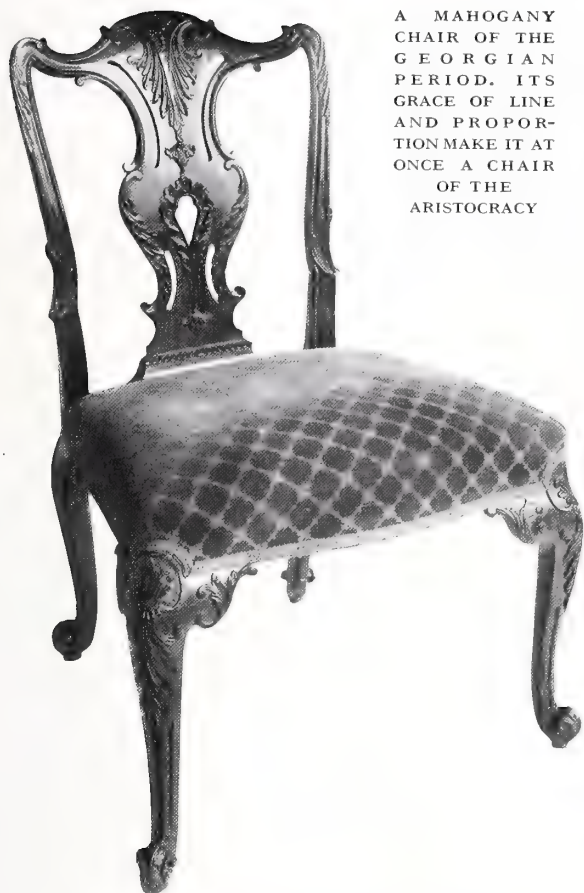
of equally competent men have agreed with me that the piece under consideration is "right."

Auctions are a dangerous trap for the collector. It is only a question of time when catalogues will have to be guaranteed to contain facts, and facts only. The descriptions are very apt to be written for the purpose of getting high bids rather than to tell the public the exact facts. Christies' in London has the reputation of selling only genuine things. The result is that if a thing has been through that sales room it is a guarantee that it is what the catalogue claims it to be.

It is difficult for the beginner to find many books which can help him on this subject. The books we see are either too long and deep a study for us, or else they are just a more or less frivolous copy of parts of standard works. The French have appreciated the importance of furniture as one of the essential, decorative arts for

many years; and the result is that we have at our disposal a great number of excellent French works. In England, the number of books is constantly increasing, but it is more difficult than with the French. The history of our own furniture has been written by several very competent people and I am sure that, with the books now available, the collector can get a great amount of very valuable information. But like sailing a boat, you can't learn from a book, you have to get out and collect. Don't worry about mistakes. You will always be able to sell them or pass them along, and you can charge the amount up to the good pieces you will get at some other time. As a hobby, I think the collector's hobby is one of the





A MAHOGANY  
CHAIR OF THE  
GEORGIAN  
PERIOD. ITS  
GRACE OF LINE  
AND PROPOR-  
TION MAKE IT AT  
ONCE A CHAIR  
OF THE  
ARISTOCRACY

best for the reason that you take it with you wherever you go. You will find an added interest in motoring, traveling, or just wandering through the shops on a Saturday afternoon. Looking around will teach you more than anything else. In this way you will get an idea of values and also become familiar with the various things that were made at any particular time. Most dealers like to have people come and look around, even though they do not intend to buy, provided they take an intelligent interest in the collection. It is strange that people buy antiques on the assumption that every price quoted is too high. No matter what price is quoted, the answer is very apt to be that it is too expensive. It may be too expensive for you but don't tell the dealer so, unless you have

checked up on his prices by looking at similar things at other equally reliable shops. A really fine old thing is worth anything you can get for it. Like a picture, it has no value based on cost of reproduction. If a piece has a history, that will increase its value; it may be a very rare size or shape of an otherwise comparatively common thing. All of these and many other points should be considered. When you are motoring through the old New England towns you will find an antique dealer in almost every place. Try stopping at these places and looking around, and if you have been bitten by the collector's germ you will have a wonderful time.

After you get started, you will very soon decide that some particular wood or style or nationality of furniture will appeal to you more than any other. With English furniture, the beginner usually starts by getting interested in oak, then walnut, and not until much later does he find that mahogany is really the most beautiful. The great English collector-dealers do not bring the really important pieces of mahogany to this country, because they can get better prices for them in London. I also think it is a mistake



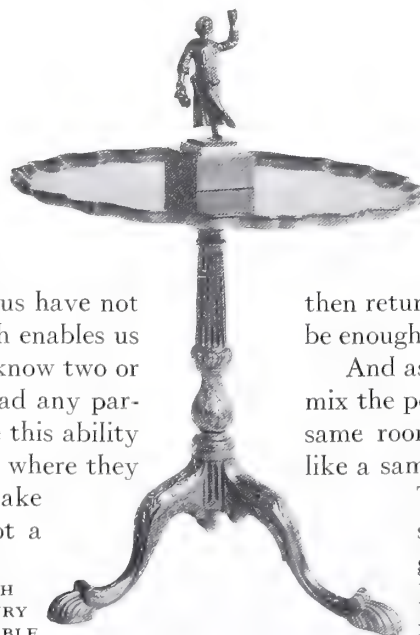
A GEORGIAN ARM CHAIR MADE OF  
MAHOGANY AND COVERED WITH OLD NEEDLEWORK

to worry too much about the exact date, period, and name of maker to whom any particular piece should be attributed. In France, the great designers signed their furniture in exactly the same manner that a painter signed a painting; but unfortunately in England that was not the custom. The result is that there are very few pieces which can be actually attributed to any of the great cabinet designers of the eighteenth century. In selecting a piece, study its proportion, its quality of finish, and general beauty. It must be more than just old. Many old things are very ugly and not worth anything. How often

we go into the studio of an artist and see beautiful furniture and decorations. He may not have any idea about the various periods of furniture, but he has the ability to judge the beautiful, which is much more important, and comes not by accident but from a serious study of line, color, and proportion. Most of us have not been gifted with this sense which enables us to make any room beautiful. I know two or three women who have never had any particular training in art, who have this ability to a marked degree. No matter where they are, they have the ability to make their homes attractive. It is not a question of money, although it is of course much easier



AN ENGLISH EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CABINET


AN ENGLISH  
18TH CENTURY  
PIE-CRUST TABLE

to have things done than do them oneself. Let us consider the method of procedure when we have a room to furnish. Don't expect to find everything at once. You must make up your mind to be willing to go slowly, because a good result takes a lot of patience and time. First make up your mind as to the type of room you want, then look around and see if it is possible to find the materials necessary to carry out the desired result. Often great progress can be made by selecting one piece and building around that. You then have made a definite start and will find it much easier to proceed. You should not hesitate to ask that things

be sent home on approval. Dealers are generally willing to do this, but they first want to be convinced that you really intend to buy the piece in question if it looks well in your house. Don't take too long to make up your mind. Some people keep things a month and

then return them. Forty-eight hours should be enough unless it is some very special case.

And as a final *don't*, don't be afraid to mix the periods of furniture going into the same room. If you don't it is apt to look like a sample room in a department store.

Think of any old room you have seen in Europe. Each successive generation has left its particular kind of furniture in it and the result is a harmonious whole.





"SLEEP" by Leon Kroll

First Altman Prize

## The Academy's Winter Exhibition

ART is long and time is fleeting, but academies go on forever. Artists who rebel against them, and abuse them, finally are admitted to them, become their mainstays and in the inflexibility of their maturity act in their own turn as bulwarks against the onslaughts of a new crop of insurrectionists. Academies are always misunderstood. They are attacked intemperately and defended blindly, and the truth of the matter probably is that they are just as bad as the "outs" say they are and just as good as the "ins" would have the world believe—a necessary evil and a necessary good.

The standard of judgment applied to art by the academies is the average judgment of the recognized artists of the time: the paintings and sculptures shown at their exhibitions are the average paintings and sculptures of the age. It could not be otherwise, as a moment's thought will show; the memberships of academies are elective and the electors are men who became "established" in the preceding one or two generations. Purifyings by fire and foundings of new

schools are neither the historical nor the natural roles of academies. It is foolish to expect such things, and therefore foolish to criticize academy exhibitions as stagnant, inane or reactionary.

Controversial questions can take care of themselves. The main business of academy exhibitions is to make propaganda, to bring in the people, to instil a love for the beautiful, to awake in the hearts of the public a desire to possess works of art. The nation as a whole is too blind to beauty, and whatever turns its attention to things of esthetic significance is of tremendous importance in the cultural development of America. When an academy exhibition opens the newspapers and magazines print hundreds of reproductions, and the public goes to see the pictures and gets "interested in art." That is what counts.

The National Academy of Design's winter exhibition, which opened on November 18, will continue until December 17, inclusive. The reproductions shown on this and the following seven pages include all the prize winning works and are impartially representative of the show.



FEATURES of the ACADEMY'S Winter EXHIBITION

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*"THE VALLEY IN SPRINGTIME"*

*by*

*Edward W. Redfield*

CARNEGIE PRIZE



# FEATURES of the ACADEMY'S Winter EXHIBITION

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## *"THE QUIET VALLEY"*

by  
*Guy Wiggins*

J. FRANCIS MURPHY  
MEMORIAL PRIZE



## *"THE SUN ROOM"*

by  
*Ghilde Hassam*

SECOND ALTMAN PRIZE

FEATURES of the ACADEMY'S Winter EXHIBITION

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*"THE SURF"*  
by  
Chester Beach

*"DESHA"*  
by  
Alfred Lenz





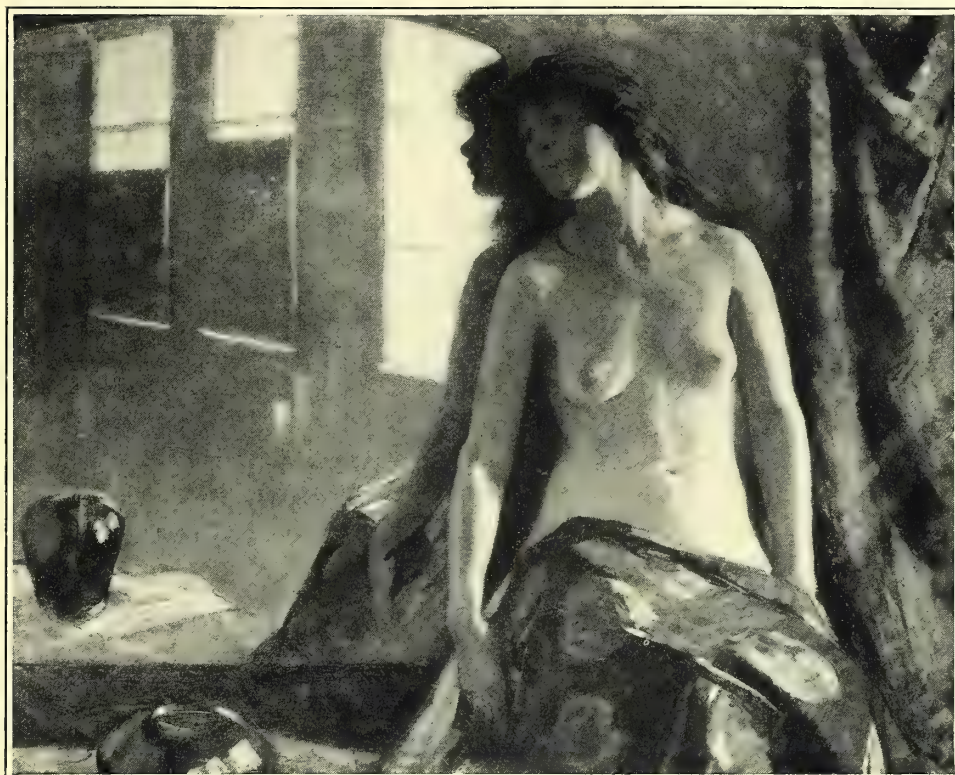
# FEATURES of the ACADEMY'S Winter EXHIBITION

"NUDE"

by

*Gertrude  
Fiske*

JULIA A. SHAW  
MEMORIAL  
PRIZE

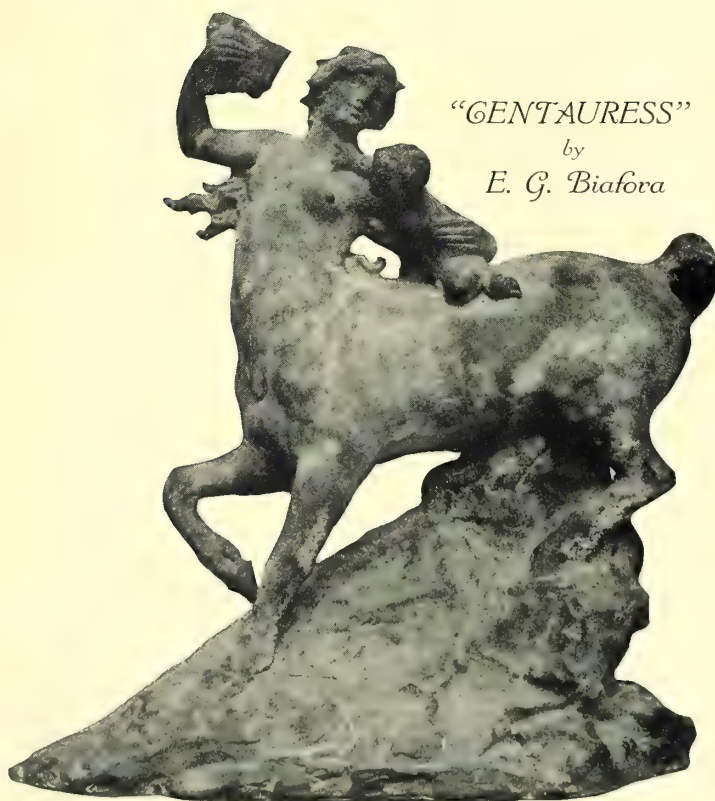


"FANTASIE"

by

*Harriet  
Frishmuth*

ELIZABETH N.  
WATROUS  
GOLD MEDAL



"GENTAURESS"

by

*E. G. Biafora*

# FEATURES of the ACADEMY'S Winter EXHIBITION



*"A VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR"*

by  
*G. B. Froccoli*

THOMAS R. PROCTOR GOLD MEDAL

*PORTRAIT of J. GLARENCE DAVIES*

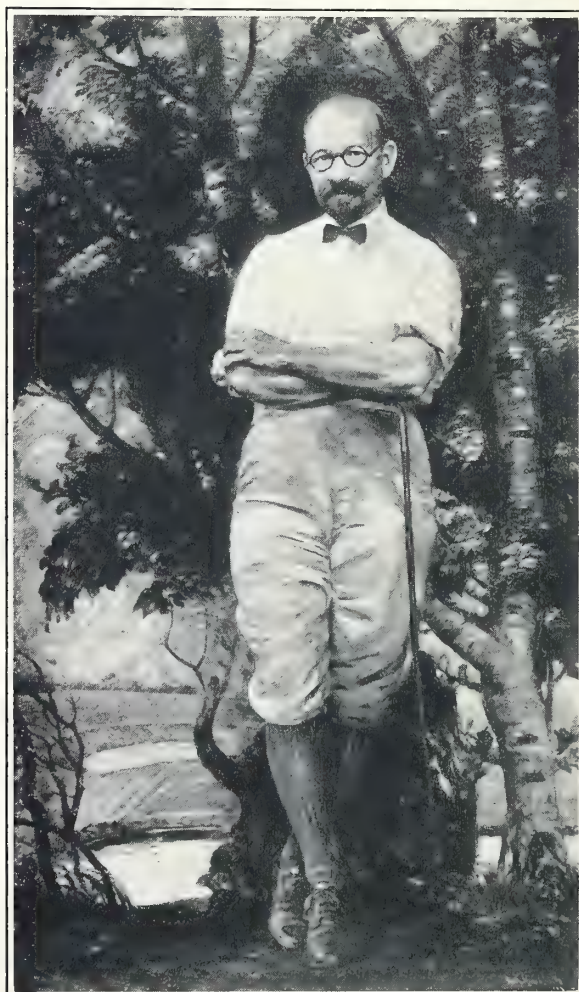
by  
*Paul Moschowitz*



*"SUN DIAL"*

by  
*Brenda Putnam*

HELEN FOSTER BARNETT PRIZE





# FEATURES of the ACADEMY'S Winter EXHIBITION

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*"NANGY LEE"*  
by  
*Gertrude B. Lathrop*



*"TREE TAPESTRY"*  
by  
*Carl Krafft*

*PORTRAIT OF MISS A*  
by  
*L. P. Thompson*



*PORTRAIT OF MISS GOX*  
by  
*Louise Gox*

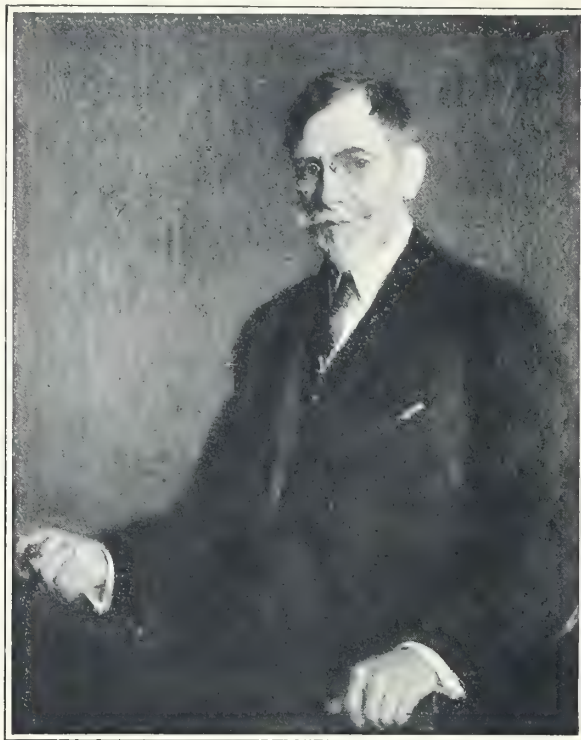
# FEATURES of the ACADEMY'S Winter EXHIBITION

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PORTRAIT OF THOMAS MORAN  
by  
*Howard Russell Butler*

PORTRAIT OF ERNEST ALBERT  
by  
*E. L. Ipsen*



"VENICE" by *Thomas Moran*

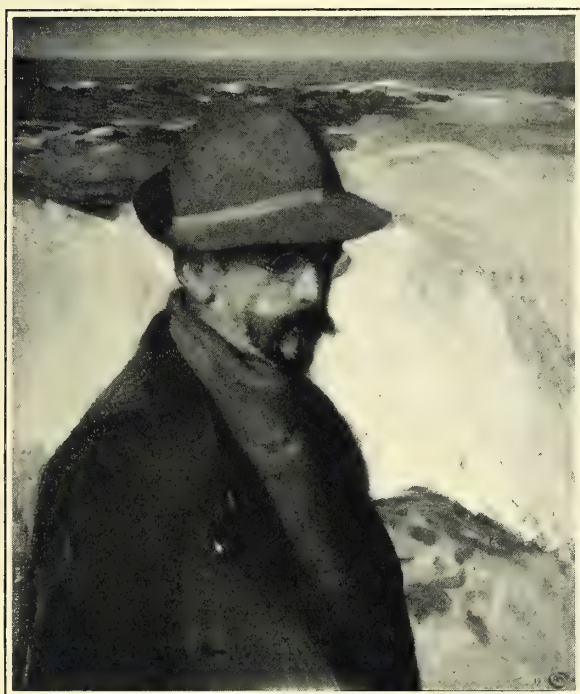


# CHICAGO'S Annual ART Show

THE National Academy of Design's winter exhibition may take strict precedence over every other show in the country, but the annual display of American painting and sculpture at the Art Institute of Chicago has a greater following. Just as the western city, as a whole, is more interested than New York in music and drama, so does it manifest a greater popular regard for art. On the opening day of the thirty-fifth annual show three thousand five hundred people were in attendance. The opening was participated in by the trustees of the Institute, and members of the Friends of American Art, the Municipal Art League, the Palette and Chisel Club, the Chicago Society of Artists, the Chicago Woman's Club, the Musician's Club, the Antiquarians, the Public School Art Society and a score of other clubs. There are nearly three hun-

dred works on display in the current exhibition. Of these, fifty were invited by the Institute, and the others, by one hundred and ninety-four painters and sculptors, were chosen by the jury of selection from more than one thousand submitted. Most discussion was caused by the awarding of the Potter Palmer gold medal and \$1,000 to John Singer Sargent's "Portrait of Mrs. Swinton," which the artist painted several years ago. The Institute has acquired this work by America's most famous artist for its permanent collection.

On this and the following three pages INTERNATIONAL STUDIO presents reproductions of all the prize winning works at Chicago's annual exhibition. These photographs indicate that the Institute's display is in every way comparable in interest with that of the National Academy, and that it is fully representative of the nation's art.



PORTRAIT of Charles H. WOODBURY

by

*Herman Dudley Murphy*

CHARLES S. PETERSON PURCHASE PRIZE

PORTRAIT of MRS. SWINTON

by

*John Singer Sargent*

POTTER PALMER GOLD MEDAL





# FEATURES of CHICAGO'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION



*"STORYLAND"*

by

*Karl A. Buehr*

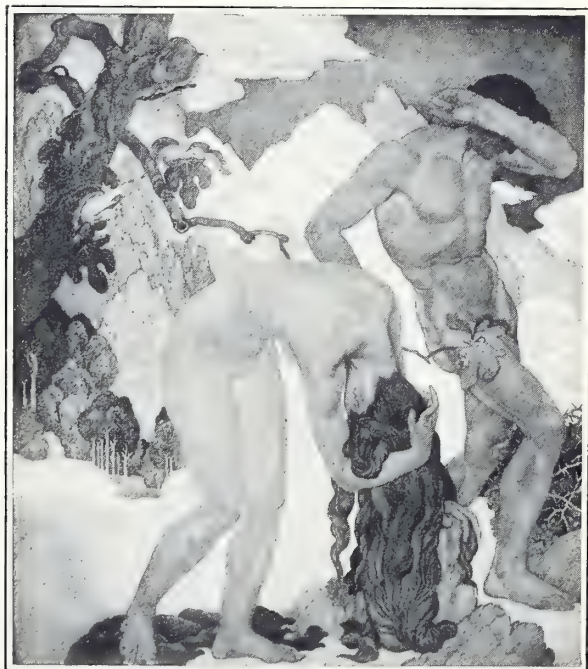
NORMAN WAIT HARRIS  
BRONZE MEDAL

*"THE EXPULSION"*

by

*Eugene Savage*

THE NORMAN  
WAIT HARRIS  
SILVER MEDAL



*"SAINT FRANCIS"* by *Ruth Sherwood*

HONORABLE MENTION IN SCULPTURE



# FEATURES of CHICAGO'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION

## *"SHEEP at the BROOK"*

by  
*John E.  
Gostigan*

CHARLES S.  
PETERSON  
PURCHASE  
PRIZE



## *"A RUNNING BOY with a GUP"*

by *Janet Scudder*

HONORABLE MENTION IN SCULPTURE



## *"STILL LIFE DECORATION"*

by  
*Frank W. Benson*

MR. AND MRS. FRANK A. LOGAN MEDAL



# FEATURES of CHICAGO'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION



*"AUTUMN  
LIGHTS"*

by  
*Frank Swift  
Chase*

MR. AND MRS.  
AUGUSTUS S.  
PEABODY  
PRIZE

*"WET SNOW IN THE WOODS"*

by  
*Albert H. Krehbiel*

MARTIN B. CAHN PRIZE



*"I WILL LIFT MINE EYES  
UNTO THE HILLS"*

by  
*William Wendt*

MRS. KEITH SPALDING PRIZE



# The ART of the POSTER

THE poster leads a fascinating double life, appealing at the same time to the artist and the advertising man. As a rule in articles and books about the poster the small sheet is meant (quarter-sheet up to a sheet). In an advertising sense the poster is the 24-sheet, spread on specially constructed stands that line our streets and country roads, driving Joseph Pennell to invective. These big posters, about twenty-one by nine feet in size, offer a difficult shape for artistic treatment on those rare occasions when artistic treatment is accorded. The long narrow size is preferred by the bill posters, or by the advertisers, presumably because it offers such an admirable opportunity for the display of a name. Only now and then is paper posted on these stands that appeals because of its artistic quality, and the advertiser suffers when that quality lacks, because it is one of the compensations of this kind of advertising that it must be good art to be good advertising. A large amount of it is inept, without force or character, and worth to the advertiser who paid for it about one-fifth what the space cost him.

But there is a form of poster art that has many charming qualities and has engaged the skill of many good artists, both here and abroad, especially abroad where this form of advertising is more used and more appreciated. These

*Advertising promotes the same creative opportunity the Church offered in the Fifteenth Century . . . by*  
Earnest Elmo CALKINS



posters are not larger than a single sheet (28 x 42 inches), which is the largest size a lithographer's stone will take, and are usually smaller. Today aluminum plates are used instead of stones, and the so-called 24-sheet is no longer *twenty-four* sheets, but about ten. Many of the best of these little posters are quarter-sheets, a convenient size for collectors, and admirable for window advertising, or any other position where they are viewed close at hand.

In France these posters have reached their greatest vogue, and have attracted the attention of serious artists. Among the famous names of an earlier time are Chéret, Grasset, Steinlen, Mucha, Toulouse-Lautrec, Metivet, and Puvis de Chavannes whose engaging schemes of color and design were used to draw the vagrant public attention to liqueurs, salons, and bains de mer. In England, Hassell, Haskell, Cecil Alden, Hardy, Browne and a host of others made the walls and windows gay in behalf of railroads, watering places and George Edwardes' shows. Few attained the distinction of Beggarstaff Brothers, which was the business name of James Pryde and James Nicholson, two men who later became even more famous under their own proper names, and in other fields of art. Matlack Price, in

A TYPICAL  
EARLY FRENCH POSTER  
FOR AN OPERA BALL  
BY JULES CHERET



POSTER FOR YVETTE GUILBERT BY THEOPHILE STEINLEN

his book "Poster Design," has given many examples of the work of these and other men, with appropriate and discriminating comment. It may interest lovers of this form of advertising art, whether from the advertising or the art viewpoint, to know that a new edition of this comprehensive work is now on the press, which will bring this interesting subject down to the present day, and include the wonderful work done by artists in all the allied countries on behalf of the war's many needs.

In our own country the small poster has been

mainly confined to publishers of books and magazines, and is no longer used so frequently, even by them. Various less interesting forms of it appear as window and store cards, but only occasionally do these have the charm that an artist can give if permitted. The most famous of magazine posters were undoubtedly the Harper series of Edward Penfield, some of the quality of which was due to the fact that the artist himself put them on the stone. Maxfield Parrish must be mentioned, of course, especially as some of his work has been used by a tire company recently in the form of twenty-four sheets. The war introduced a lot of new men to this technique, not always with satisfactory results, but since then the small poster has been almost monopolized by art exhibitions, entertainments, generally for charity, and drives for various good causes.

Some interesting things are being done, especially in cutting on wood and linoleum. Charles Falls did a really remarkable series on wood for one of the vaudeville houses. Some of Adolph Treidler's experiments along this line are promising. Now and then one of the advertising agencies produces a good thing in the small size, and the tobacco people sometimes have a real poster in the large size.

The small poster offers a good field for the advertiser. Its use is a supplemental one. It is the chorus, the refrain, the burden of the song which is given in more detail in magazines and newspapers. It may be in order to define just what a poster should be. It is a quick-acting announcement or advertisement. It should be taken in at a glance. Therefore it should be composed of a single element. In design and color it should be arresting, and whatever lettering it has should be a part of the design. This was always a strong point of the Penfield poster, and it is a weakness of most French work. With them the lettering always looks as if added afterward by another hand. Lettering can, of course, be made just as beautiful as any other design. Cooper's "Save Food" posters during the war was a striking instance of the effectiveness of lettering alone.

A good test of the posterness of a poster is reducing it. A good poster should easily stand reduction, however small. That means, of course, a simple, easily looked-at design. Study a poster design through a reducing glass and you will see whether it complies with this requirement. A few years ago there was a fad for poster stamps, and the designs of many of these were easily recognizable even in a small format, thus showing they were true posters. A design that is distinctive



in a size about one by one and a half inches would make an admirable poster if enlarged to a one-sheet, or an eight-sheet. Increased size merely makes up for being seen from a longer distance. The effect on the eye remains the same.

Flat color is characteristic of a good poster, because flat color means simplicity—elimination of unnecessary detail—but flat color is by no means essential. A good design, handled with a certain massing of effect on the figure or whatever is the central idea, may make an effective poster, even though drawn with a certain realism. The important things are the design, the color, and the lettering. These should be so handled that the observer's interest and attention are centered on the dominant thought or idea of the poster. A poster that one must stop and study, like a

Hogarth print, is not a real poster at all. Some expert has laid down the dictum that three seconds is the maximum time in which a poster must register.

The posters issued by the foreign railway and steamship companies to advertise European watering places and resorts are many of them ideal examples of this art. They are nearly all one-sheets, an admirable size for window use, and they are frequently displayed in the windows of the tourist agencies in this country. They all show a delightful sense of atmosphere, blue sea, white clouds, purple mountains, simple and bold color schemes, with lettering drawn in the spirit of the picture, an essential part of the design, seen in instant connection with the thought that is to be put over. Also the series issued by the London Underground railroad to encourage travel on its lines made good use of the many places of interest in and around London, which were translated into the poster style in a way that was stimulating of interest and lingered in the mind. We do not do enough of that kind of

work over here, though we have no dearth of interesting opportunities to display our talents.

There is hardly a week that there is not some sort of show at the Grand Central Palace or Madison Square Garden in New York City. Horse shows, kennel shows, flower shows, electrical shows follow one another as fast as the places can be cleaned out. Also there are the numerous "weeks" that are organized to turn the public mind toward some public good, the "Safety" weeks, "Good Homes" weeks and "Clean Up" weeks. All these movements demand

poster advertising, and in fact they nearly all use advertising that by courtesy might be called poster advertising. An amateur in this art "obliges" and the result merely emphasizes the opportunity that has been wasted. If the people



POSTER FOR THE AMERICAN LINE  
BY H. CASSIERS

responsible for these things, either for business purposes, or in an altruistic spirit, but realized the force that might be given to the movement by a good poster, summing up the whole message in one vivid, inescapable bit of color, designed by a master, they would add its strength to their work. Aside from the advertising value, there is also the art value, the linking up of the event with a bit of work in good taste, which would attract more sensitive minds and give the whole movement that indefinable atmosphere of art.

For that matter, a really good poster need cost nothing. It would pay for itself. The demand of people for a worth while design would pay both artist and lithographer. When the Fiske tire people put up a poster by Maxfield Parish they were overwhelmed by requests for small duplicates. A special edition was made and over 8,000 copies distributed in response to such requests. This is not given as a reason for using good posters, but merely as a way in which the faint hearted can play safe. The real reason is



simply that a good design is better advertising than a bad

POSTER FOR THE COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE  
BY WILMOT E. HEITLAND

one, but users of posters are slow in finding that out. The cost of the good design is more than the bad one, but the cost of lithography and the space—the posting—is the same.

The question of good work is a large one in advertising. It is the same great truth that is slowly emerging in all applied art. Manufacturers are learning that design has a commercial value. The good taste that is being put into furniture, textiles, rugs, lighting fixtures, business buildings, is paying, and the advertising of those articles demands the same taste, the same vital art force. There would be nothing at all in the idea of art

if this were not true. If a good design made by an artist who

is master of his medium, who has something to say, is not better advertising than the work of a weak, unskilled, perfunctory workman, sometimes not even an artist, then there is nothing to this belief in art.

The fact is that advertising today is offering the greatest aid to art since the sixteenth century, when the church was its largest patron, and used the genius of the greatest artists to advertise the mysteries of religion. A great deal of the art influence that is being shown in manufacture, in the goods themselves, and in the packages in which they go to the public, has arisen from the



advertising need, the impulse to make the goods good enough to justify the tone and message of the advertising. The lesson that the public responds to art suggestion, to good taste in form and color, has been taught by the advertising and has spread to the goods. But, more than that, advertising has given distribution to good design. The pages of magazines and newspapers offer some good things today, and no other force is so actively engaged in bringing design in picture and type before so many people. Color is being used with great skill in magazine advertisements, and some of these pages are really miniature posters, as, for instance, the design reproduced on page 218 by Wilmot E. Heitland.

But the poster proper is the great opportunity for artist and advertiser. These hoardings scattered all over the country could easily be a poor man's picture gallery. They could reach multitudes that never enter a museum. The advertiser can afford to pay for really great pictures as easily as the popes and granddukes of the cinquecento. The lithographer can, by means of photographic transfers, preserve the very spirit of the original, and these posters when distributed over the country will not only exercise a strong influence on the public taste, but they will equally prove better advertising than the inferior work that now makes the billboard an object of execration by the judicious. It is not because posters are advertising that they are hated, but because they are hideous. And in proportion as they are hideous they are handicapping the advertiser who is short sighted enough to make use of them.

Both the artist and the advertiser are to blame—the artist because he has not taken advertising art seriously enough, the advertiser because he has not let himself be convinced that good work is the shrewdest investment he can make. The American business man is more afraid of being a highbrow than anything else in the world, and art is one of the highest-browed



A MAGAZINE POSTER  
BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

things he knows. One of the most amusing touches in "Babbitt," one that comes rather close to the truth, is where Paul arouses the suspicions of the other men in the club smoker by noting the picturesque beauty of a factory building against the sunset sky. The other men fought shy of him after that in the belief that he was artistic, and so not fitted to associate with practical business men. So many of the dictators of national advertising do not yet realize that beauty, the same beauty the artist strives for, is a force as strong, as real, and as practical in the affairs of life and business as a dynamo, cost sheets, or consumer demand.

The poster, large or small, is a legitimate advertising medium. It may well attract the serious study of this new generation of artists





POSTER FOR THE METEOR MOTOR CAR  
BY RAY MARVIN WILCOX

that is coming up among us. The earlier generation cannot change its point of view. The poster requires a certain training, a point of view, that must be acquired—gradually. The great artists of the past, the men who have done their work, cannot for the life of them avoid a certain condescension. And no great work is ever done in that spirit. One cannot help thinking of what dynamic advertising Parrish might create, if he had been reared in the advertising tradition, and believed that a poster, to sell tires, or foods, or cigarettes, was really as great an opportunity as the decoration

of a hotel barroom or a court house rotunda. Blashfield once remarked that had he his life to live over he would devote himself to advertising work. When the new Blashfields feel like that, the poster will be, as it should be, not only a mighty force for advertising, but a great opportunity for the artist, comparable to nothing so much as to the frescoes and altar pieces that are now the chief treasures of Italy. It will do for the taste of the twentieth century public what the church did for that of the fifteenth century—and offer a great and remunerative field of work for the artist.



# The "COLONIAL" Art of QUITO

THE ancient Kingdom of Quito, now the Republic of Ecuador, is one of the oldest seats of culture in the Americas. Long before the Incas under Huayna Capac extended their vast empire and civilization northward from Peru, the Quitus Indians had progressed far in many of the arts and were little behind the Incas in this regard. This is well attested by the numerous pre-Inca remains now to be seen in the several museums of the United States devoted to ancient Indian objects. The Incas descended on Quito about the first quarter of the fifteenth century, and the native confederation gave these invaders a severe conflict before their country was subjugated and brought under Inca domination. One hundred years later, in 1533, (about fifty years after the discovery of America by Columbus), Sebastian Benalcazar, Pizarro's famous lieutenant, wrested the Kingdom of Quito from Atahualpa, the last Inca of Peru and Quito, who had shortly before dethroned his brother Huascar of Peru and had thereby united the two ancient kingdoms

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY POLYCHROME FIGURINE OF ST. JOSEPH BY CASPICARA



*The mestizos and Indian craftsmen of Ecuador, in early days, made many beautiful objects . . . by*  
FRANK H. G. KEEBLE

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY POLYCHROME WOOD FIGURE BY AVILA



into one under his sway. Quito, now burdened with an addition to its nomenclature, namely San Francisco del Quito, was retained as the capital of the new Spanish colony and enjoyed continued prosperity as the chief South American center of art and craftsmanship till the waning of Spanish authority, late in the eighteenth century. It was during this period that all the objects soon to be referred to were fabricated; for during the revolutionary period little but destruction was encompassed.

The old Spanish grandees, the officers of the crown and the prelates of the realm evidently knew where to select a pleasant habitation; for, although Quito is within fifteen miles of the equator, (which gives the present republic its name of Ecuador), it has a delightfully mild and temperate climate. Beautifully situated on a plateau almost ten thousand feet above the sea, in the midst of many sun-

"THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL"  
POLYCHROME FIGURINE BY CASPICARA







AT THE LEFT IS AN INLAID IVORY AND TORTOISE SHELL COFFRET OF THE LATE XVII CENTURY. ABOVE, AN INLAID CHEST OF THE EARLY XVII CENTURY

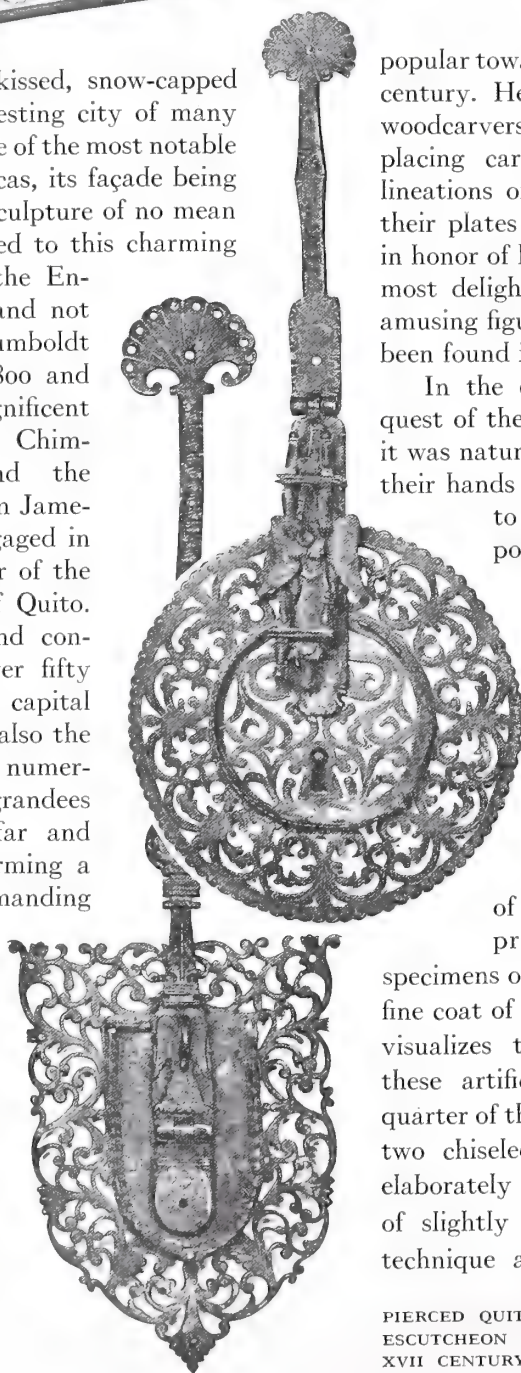
kissed, snow-capped mountains, towers this interesting city of many churches. The cathedral is one of the most notable ancient edifices in the Americas, its façade being very liberally adorned with sculpture of no mean order. Botanists have referred to this charming spot with its rare flora as the Engadine of the New World, and not without just reason. Humboldt visited Quito in the year 1800 and explored the neighboring magnificent snow-capped volcanoes of Chimborazo and Pichincha; and the eminent botanist, Dr. William Jameson, was for many years engaged in research there and a member of the faculty of the University of Quito.

Churches, monasteries and convents to the number of over fifty were to be found in this capital in "Colonial times." It was also the see of an archbishopric, and numerous reigning excellencies, grandees and crown officials, from far and near, foregathered there, forming a luxurious social centre, demanding the utmost artistry and ingenuity from the mestizos—men of mixed blood—and their rivals the convert Indians. Both were apt pupils of, and in notable instances surpassed, the early Spanish craftsmen, painters and sculptors sent over seas from the mother country of Spain to adorn this city of the New World. One quaint custom was inaugurated by a visiting grandee, that became very

popular toward the end of the eighteenth century. He saw the work of the expert woodcarvers and fell upon the idea of placing caricatures or humorous delineations of his guests as surprises at their plates during the banquets given in honor of his visit. A number of these most delightful figurines, recalling the amusing figures of Callot, have recently been found in the ancient city.

In the early days, before the conquest of the country was fully assured, it was natural for the Spaniards to turn their hands to working in iron in order to replace their depleted weapons of offense and defence, so aptly described by Prescott in his "Conquest of Peru." When more settled conditions ensued, and arms were no longer needed in the same degree, the metal workers, mostly young mestizos, turned their skill at the forge to work

of a more peaceful character, producing some unrivalled specimens of locks and other objects. A fine coat of mail, elaborately decorated, visualizes the perfection reached by these artificers as early as the last quarter of the sixteenth century. Again, two chiseled and pierced locks, with elaborately wrought and hinged hasps of slightly later date, are as fine in technique and pattern as any to be



PIERCED QUITANIAN LOCKS AND HASPS. THE ESCUTCHEON SHAPED LOCK DATES FROM THE XVII CENTURY, THE CIRCULAR FROM THE XVI



A CARVED AND PAINTED  
QUITANIAN TRIPTYCH,  
OF THE EIGHTEENTH  
CENTURY. ONE OF  
THE PANELS IS  
SIGNED BY J.  
VENALCÁZAR



found in old Spain. The circular specimen, of the two herewith illustrated, has a floriated scrolled center, an exceptionally well proportioned border of medallioned fleur-de-lys, parted by pearl motives; its pillared and shell-terminated hasp is further enriched with a displayed eagle wrought in full relief. The other, escutcheon shaped, bears most delightful volute scrollings surrounding a rope paneled center; its hinged hasp is adorned with a very fine shell terminal, rope motives, a rosette in relief at hinge and a displayed eagle below. This remarkably interesting specimen of forging was until recently on a vestment chest belonging to the Iglesia de Merced, Quito, and was wrought not later than the middle of the seventeenth century.



late the Gothic style remained in vogue, in comparative purity, in Spain, side by side with the rising tide of the Italian Renaissance, which was gradually permeating the arts of Spain). The ballast and cargo of the returning Spanish galleon was gold and silver, not lumber, till long after the adventurous and exciting days of Drake and Frobisher.

The seventeenth century domed chest illustrated is very elaborately inlaid with panels of quaint interlacing arabesques and leafage, in native woods similar in grain to our boxwoods and rosewoods, on light mahogany; its forged iron lock plate and tabernacled hasp are of the highest order; the tabernacle being supported by a dove in full relief. The interesting inlaid coffret of engraved

XVII CENTURY MARBLE  
FIGURINE BY AVILA

Much furniture, many retables and other appurtenances were constructed in Quito, even as early as the end of the sixteenth century, both for the adornment of the churches and the villas of the grandees. The means of transportation from Spain over the rough Indian trail, latterly known as

Morgan's (the Pirate's) trail, across the Isthmus of Panama, precluded the portage of bulky packages in any large quantity to this remote Pacific colony. Native woods necessarily were used, proclaiming for all time a positive Colonial provenance. Strangely enough, little of the Gothic character seems to have been attempted, similar to a carved and paneled door of light mahogany recently acquired in New York and of the late Spanish Gothic period. (This interesting door, which could hardly be earlier in workmanship than the very end of the sixteenth century, reveals how



ivory and tortoise shell, also shown, is of very skillful workmanship, and is inlaid on light mahogany similarly to the large chest. This distinctly late seventeenth century production came from the Monasterio de la Concepcion in Quito at the time of the revolution, early in the nineteenth century. The carved and gilded prelate's chair, also illustrated, is of comparatively late eighteenth century workmanship. It was made under the supervision of the monks of the Monasterio del Carmen of Quito and presented by them to

the famous Archbishop Paredes of Quito. It is very ornate, with deeply carved cherubs' heads, scrolled *rocaille*, and the back panel embroidered in silks with the prelate's armorial bearings.

Innumerable shrines and altar retables in painted, carved and gilded woods were made, especially in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. Many of these were portable and were carried by the visiting supervising clerics through the country. The eighteenth century painted triptych illustrated is a further memento of the celebrated Archbishop, Paredes, who also held the see of Santander in Spain. He used this fine triptych in his pastoral visits. The workmanship throughout is excellent and the name of the Quitanian painter, J. Venalcázar, has been preserved in one of the painted panels.

The South American Indian has been noted from time immemorial for his knowledge of weaving. No doubt this instinct was of great service when the weaving of pile rugs was introduced as a national industry, toward the end of the seventeenth century, continuing on through the greater part of the eighteenth century. The re-



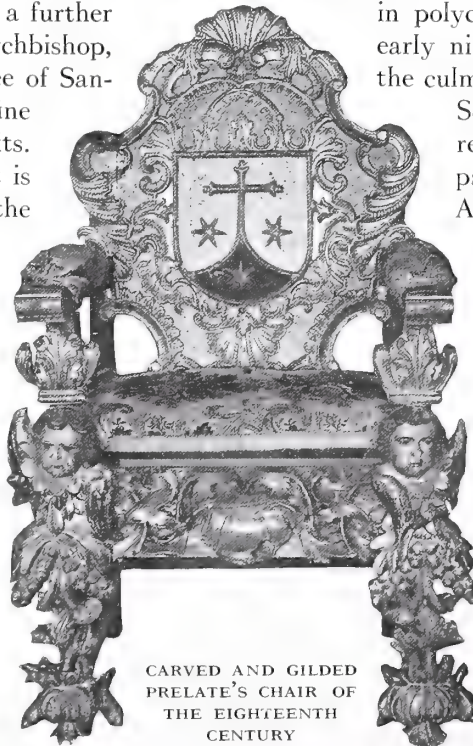
EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY HIGH-PILED RUG FROM QUITO

markable wool of the native llama, combined with the use of vegetable dyes, gave immense wearing qualities to these luxurious high-piled rugs. The example illustrated is early eighteenth century and displays a mythical lion and bird about its center, surrounded by sprays of large roses; it is woven in dull pinks, greens, lavenders, yellows and ivories on a tawny brown ground. A great number of these rugs were called *rodapie* and used as prayer rugs.

Quito, as early as the seventeenth century, had developed

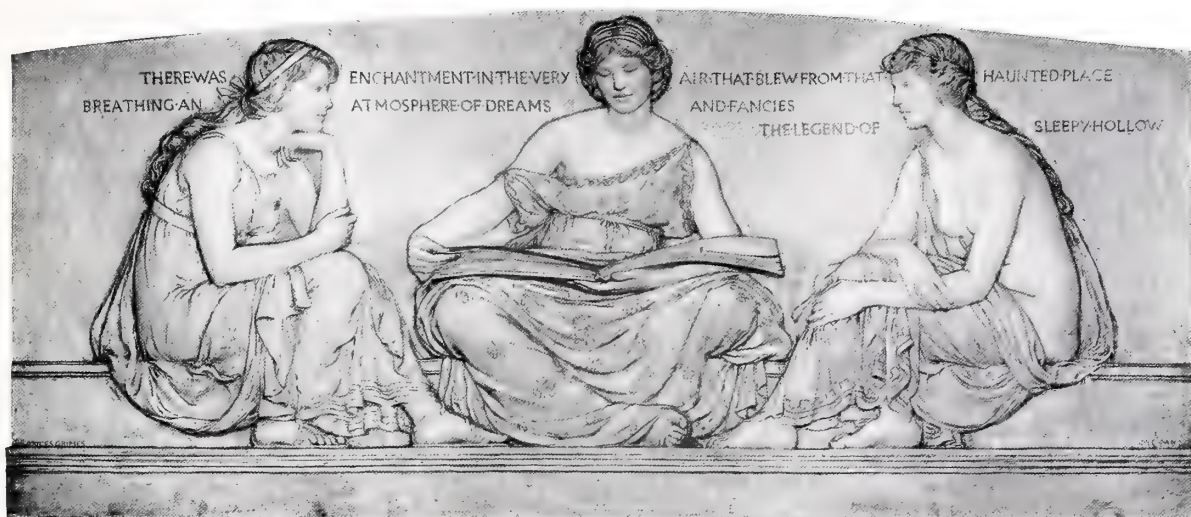
a school of sculptors with which that of no other colony can be compared; it is also noteworthy that these sculptors were invariably Indians or mestizos. The tradition for fine workmanship continued well into the nineteenth century. Our illustration showing the Madonna and Child is by the mestizo Avila, a renowned sculptor of the seventeenth century, who is also known for his fine enrichments of the exterior of the Iglesia del San Francisco in Quito. The figure is finished in polychrome and gilding. Velez, an early nineteenth century mestizo, was the culminating figure of the Quitanian School. He had the distinction of receiving commissions from all parts of the continent of South America and even from Europe.

The two gaily polychromed figurines illustrated of Saint Joseph and the Archangel Gabriel were executed by Manuel Chilli, generally known as Caspicara, a pure blooded Indian of Quito, who formed a school during the late seventeenth century. Among the group of sculptors, are Chiriboga, Lopez, Olmos and Zangurima of the eighteenth century, also Davalos, Guiracocha, Unda and Rodriguez of the early nineteenth century.



CARVED AND GILDED PRELATE'S CHAIR OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY





OVERMANTEL IN THE WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL BY FRANCES GRIMES

## America's WOMEN SCULPTORS

ONE of the most impressive features of the growth of art in the United States in the two first decades of the twentieth century is the increase in the number of women sculptors who have contributed noteworthy works to the big annual exhibitions, and whose sculptures are now distinguished ornaments of the nation's public parks and buildings and of official and private collections.

It seems only a little while ago that the work of a woman sculptor in a public exhibition was a great rarity. But with the rising interest in art created by the various international exhibitions held in this country in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, beginning with the Centennial in 1876, many of our young women took up the study of sculpture—some abroad with Rodin, Injalbert and MacMonnies, others at home with Saint-Gaudens, Lorado Taft, George Grey Barnard, Gutzon Borglum and Daniel Chester French. It is a matter of record that of the six hundred sculptors in the United States to-day, one-fourth are women, and out of the one hundred and sixty members of the National Sculpture Society, twenty-four are women. Enid Yandell and Janet Scudder assisted MacMonnies in his Paris studio, while among the women sculptors who had the distinction of working with Saint-Gaudens at Cornish, N. H., are Frances Grimes, Annetta Johnson (Mrs. Louis Saint-Gaudens), and Elsie

*They have won recognition in the last two decades and are doing work that is vital and significant . . . by*  
Rena Tucker KOHLMAN

Ward (Mrs. Henry Hering). The work done by American women sculptors bespeaks their thorough knowledge of modeling and anatomy; and as evidence of this last quality Mrs.

Anna Coleman Ladd, of Boston, gave sympathetic testimony during the World War when she spent much time abroad making facial masks for grievously wounded soldiers, a work far removed from the creation of the charming fountain figures which are so favorably known.

Janet Scudder has been working in her studio home in Ville d'Avray, France, for two years on garden fountains, to which she devotes most of her time nowadays. One of these, which was exhibited at the Spring Salon in Paris, is to be emplaced in the Hispanic Society Museum in New York after being publicly shown next year. Miss Scudder has received awards at the Salon, and her work was the first example of sculpture by an American woman to be purchased for the collection of the Luxembourg Museum. At the annual exhibitions of the more important art societies in this country she has received prizes, medals and "mentions" since 1893.

She is an Associate Member of the National Academy of Design. Her "Frog Fountain" was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The "Fighting Boy" fountain at the Art Institute of Chicago, and the "Tortoise Fountain" at Peabody Institute, Baltimore, are typical examples of her work. Miss Scudder

received her early training with Lorado Taft in Chicago and later she studied with Frederick William MacMonnies in France.

Enid Yandell was also a pupil of MacMonnies. She had the honor of collaborating with the architect of the Woman's Building at the World's Fair at Chicago and was commissioned to make the large caryatid figures. She received one of the three designers' medals given to women. Miss Yandell's best known work is the Carrie Brown memorial, representing "The Struggle of Life," emplaced at Providence, R. I., in 1900, a commission which she won in competition with nineteen men. She has modeled many beautiful fountains, perhaps the loveliest being the eight foot column with figures representing "The Five Senses," which supports a large shallow basin. The original is placed in the garden of an estate at White Plains, N. Y., and a replica is at Tenafly, N. J. Miss Yandell's studio is at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., where she is at present working upon the design for a fence, gate and lamps for the entrance of a clubhouse in New York. Perhaps her most unique achievements are the splendidly carved figure-heads and trailboards for two pleasure yachts which cruise in Cape Cod waters.

One of the very interesting studios to visit in New York is that of Malvina Hoffman, who has converted a brick coach house in East Thirty-fifth street into a suite of studio rooms. She is at present at work on the Robert Bacon memorial, reproduced here, which will be placed at Harvard University. The group represents "Sacrifice," with the figure of a knight lying upon a cross, while a kneeling woman in flowing mourning veil supports his head upon her knees. Her hands are extended, expressing the idea of her sacrifice as well as that of the soldier's. Her two-figure group, "Offrande," cut in marble by the sculptor herself (a craft she learned while studying with Rodin) is an unusually fine work. It was exhib-

BELOW:  
"SARAH  
TIRED"  
BY  
ABASTINA  
ST. L. EBERLE



"CHILD AND PUPPY"  
BY ABASTINA ST. L.  
EBERLE



ited in the National Academy of Design and the Pennsylvania Academy, being awarded a prize on each occasion. Miss Hoffman is well-known for her statuettes of the Russian dancers, Pavlowa and Mordkin. Visitors to her studio may see a fifty foot frieze in low relief under way, representing all the important transitional movements of these two in the famous "Bacchanale" dance, a work which the sculptor has done with infinite pains. To get the action and the perspective of the figures correctly in relief, Miss Hoffman first made a series of drawings and then miniature statuette models from which to work.

Her life-size bronze called "Russian Bacchanale" was purchased for the Luxembourg gardens. The Metropolitan Museum owns her "Pavlowa Gavotte" and her "Head of a Modern Crusader," a statue of most impressive qualities. She was awarded the Julia Shaw memorial prize for sculpture at the National Academy in 1917, also a first prize in Paris, and an honorable mention for sculpture at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Harriet Frishmuth has imprisoned the charms of her favorite dancer, Desha, in numerous examples of her work. In her studio in Sniffin Court, in East Thirty-sixth street, one may see her "Joy of the Waters" fountain, for which the dancer posed, a spirited figure with arms raised in glee as the spray of the water leaps in the air with her. The "Globe Sundial," which has been so marked that when properly placed it will record the time of day and night on either hemisphere,



is one of the artist's finest accomplishments. Among her smaller bronzes is the exquisite "Ecstasy" which was awarded the National Arts Club prize at the exhibition of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors in 1919. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition she received honorable mention for her "Saki Sundial," illustrating a quotation



Her most recent group of young dancers, in the more modern mode, called "Allegresse," was awarded the sculpture prize at the National Academy of Design in 1920 and was purchased for the Detroit Museum. The

Art Institute of Chicago owns eleven of her statuettes and the Brooklyn Museum thirteen. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has her "Young Mother," and the Carnegie Institute her "Girl Dancing." Mrs. Vonnoh, who was a pupil of Lorado Taft in Chicago,

ABOVE:  
"BABY GOAT"  
BY  
LAURA GARDIN  
FRAZER

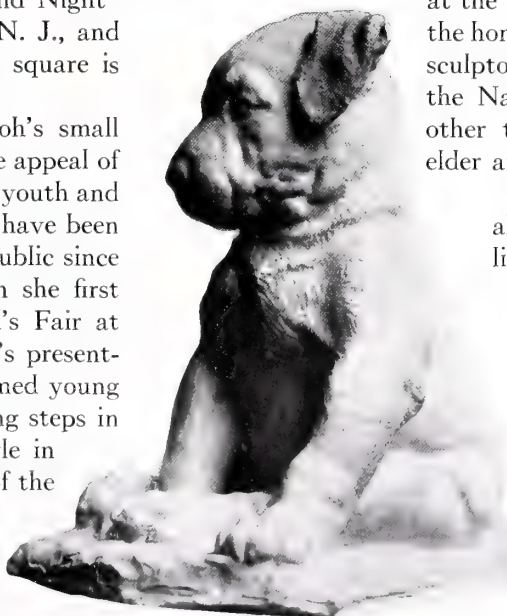
AT LEFT:  
"CALF" BY  
MATILDA  
BROWNE  
VAN WYCK

BELOW:  
"SNUFF" BY  
LAURA GARDIN  
FRAZER



from Omar Khayyam. Her life-size bronze, "Joy of the Waters," is at the Dayton Museum of Art, her "Morning, Noon and Night" sundial at Englewood, N. J., and a sundial for the public square is at Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Bessie Potter Vonnoh's small statuettes expressing the appeal of childhood, the charm of youth and dignity of motherhood, have been well known to a large public since her girlhood days when she first exhibited at the World's Fair at Chicago. Mrs. Vonnoh's presentments of prettily costumed young girls taking their dancing steps in easy grace are of a style in direct contrast to that of the sculptors who are depicting the more sophisticated classical dancers of the modern stage.

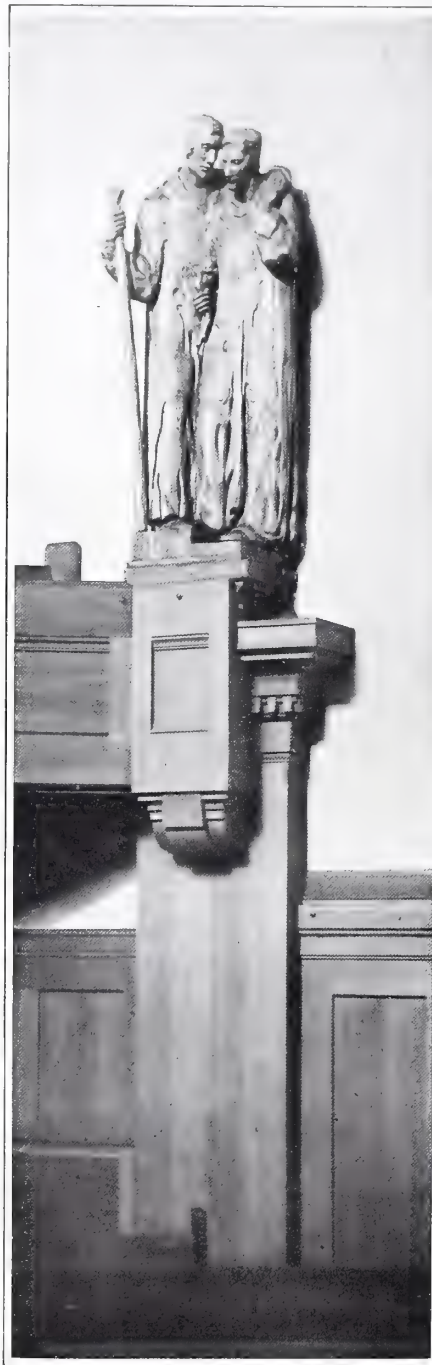


has received prizes and awards at many exhibitions in this country as well as the bronze medal at the Paris Exposition in 1900. She has the honor of being one of the three women sculptors who enjoy full membership in the National Academy of Design. The other two are Evelyn Longman Batchelder and Anna Vaughn Hyatt.

Abastina St. Leger Eberle has also specialized in studies of child life. For a time she lived in the lower East Side of New York in order to acquaint herself with types hitherto almost entirely disregarded. She used to invite children to play in her studio while she observed them from an adjoining room, where her modeling table and clay were available. On her daily marketing excursions she caught

glimpses of those picturesque types she preserved in such works as "The Rag Picker," "The Windy Doorstep," "Roller Skater" and "Little Mother." Perhaps her highest artistic qualities are reached in "The Windy Doorstep," owned by the Worcester Art Museum, a classic of its kind, simple and direct and, with all its action, having a certain sculptural repose. It was awarded the Helen Foster Barnett prize at the National Academy of Design in 1910. The Metropolitan Museum purchased "Roller Skater" and the Detroit Museum owns "Hurdy Gurdy," while "Rag Time" is at the Toledo Museum. Her figure of the veiled Salome was bought by an Italian art society in Venice. She was awarded a bronze medal at the St. Louis Exposition. Miss Eberle is an associate member of the National Academy of Design.

The very difficult art of modeling portraits in low relief and the making of medals and medallions has been conquered with remarkable success by many of our women sculptors. Laura Gardin Frazer is one who has achieved exceptional success in this branch as well as in the more robust work in the round. She was the first woman to design a coin for any government, having been awarded the commission for the Alabama Centennial half-dollar in 1921. She also designed the war medal for the army and navy chaplains, awarded to them by the Federated Council of Churches. Her "Better Babies" medal, made for the *Woman's Home Companion* in 1914, is one of her well known works in low relief. The "Irish Setter Club Medal" was difficult of execution inasmuch as she was required to make a composite portrait of a setter with all the standard championship points included. The sculptor followed these restrictions so faithfully that she was made a member of the club. Mrs.



"FRATERNITY"  
A GROUP IN THE ETHICAL CULTURE BUILDING  
BY ESTELLE RUMBOLD-KOHN

Frazer has done some interesting small fountain figures, notably the "Grape Baby Fountain" in the rose garden, Delaware Park, Buffalo, and the "Goat Baby Fountain" for the interior of the Lockmoor Country Club building at Detroit. Her life-size group of a "Nymph and Satyr" in the Metropolitan Museum won the Barnett prize at the National Academy in 1916, and the Shaw prize was awarded to the "Baby Goat" in 1919. She is now at work upon a finely modeled figure of a man, above life size, called "The Man Against the Sky," suggested by the poem of that name by Edwin Arlington Robinson.

Another sculptor who has specialized in portraiture in relief is Frances Grimes. She has also executed some exquisitely fine portraits in the round in marble of infants and older children. One of her best known works is the large bas-relief overmantel at the Washington Irving High School, New York, the central figure showing a young woman reading to two girls from Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" with the quotation, beautifully lettered, "There was enchantment in the very air that blew from that haunted place, breathing an atmosphere of dreams and fancies." Miss Grimes was awarded the McMillin prize for an example of her work at the exhibition

of the Women Painters and Sculptors in 1916.

Elsie Ward Hering specializes in portraits in low relief and is working on the large Isom memorial tablet for the Portland, Ore., City Library. Mrs. Hering was a pupil and, for a number of years, assistant to Augustus Saint-Gaudens and she completed several of his works after his death, including the George F. Baker memorial at Kensico Cemetery. She did the entire work of the bas-relief of the angels at the back of the seated Christ and has the honor of having her name



signed with that of Saint-Gaudens on the monument. Before Saint-Gaudens' death she enlarged his models of the Daly, Parnell and Hanna statues and she also did the work of enlarging the seated Lincoln, now in Lincoln Park, Chicago. Mrs. Hering received a silver medal at the Charleston Exposition and a bronze medal at the St. Louis Exposition, and won the competition for the fountain for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a feature at the latter exposition.

Still another sculptor who has done exceptional work in bas-relief is Evelyn Beatrice Longman (Mrs. Batchelder), though her work in the round is even better known. Her large bronze doors for the chapel at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis are fine examples of this branch of her art, as well as the beautifully modeled doors for the library at Wellesley College. Evelyn Longman's life-size statue called "The Future" won the Shaw prize for sculpture at the National Academy of Design in 1918. The figure is that of a young girl with arm and hand extended as though groping her way. The Ryle memorial, for the Public Library, Paterson, N. J., is one of her important works, and others are the Allison monument, at Des Moines, Ia., and the Centennial monument in Chicago. The great figure of "Electricity," which is in place on the Western Union Telegraph building in New York, is a notable creation by the same sculptor. The Metropolitan Museum owns her beautiful little "Torso" and her "Victory," while the Toledo Museum also owns a replica of the "Victory." Other museums in which her sculpture is represented are the Chicago Art Institute, City Art Museum of St. Louis, Cleveland Museum of Art and the Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis. Evelyn Longman was the first woman sculptor to be made a member of the National Academy of Design, an honor bestowed on her in 1919.

Edith Barretto Parsons has a wide reputation for her fountain figures of laughing children who gleefully struggle with turtles, ducks, or frogs. The "Turtle Baby" and the "Duck Baby" fountains received much favorable comment at the

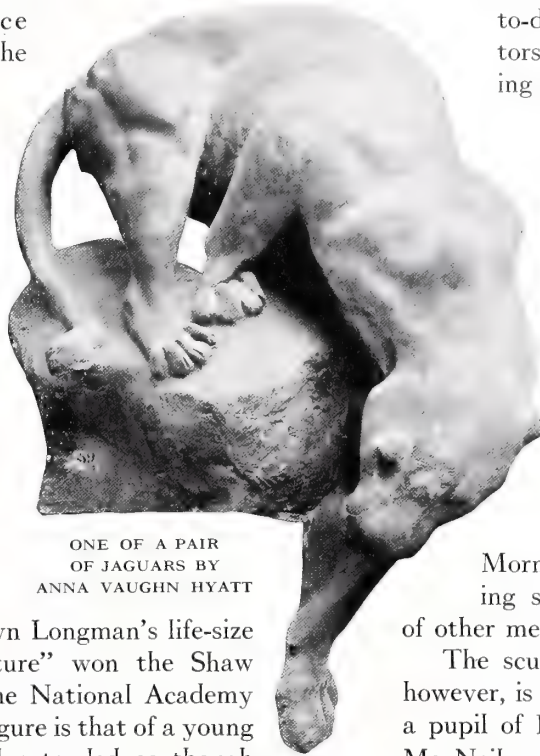
Panama-Pacific Exposition. Mrs. Parsons' little daughter was her model for many of the fountains, and for the bird bath called "The Joy Fountain." The figure of a little girl, called "Springtime," with a lamb gamboling at her feet while she plays on Pan's pipes, was awarded honorable mention at the architectural exhibition held in New York at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1921.

Animals have found their favor to-day, as of old, with many sculptors, who produce serious or amusing studies, according to the mood

and the decorative purpose. Grace Mott Johnson, a pupil of Gutzon Borglum and Hermon A. MacNeil, has made a considerable reputation for her studies of animal life, and Matilda Browne Van Wyck, well known as a painter of animals, has lately produced some admirable studies in bronze, particularly a "Calf" and two calves asleep called "The

Morning Nap," as well as interesting studies in characteristic poses of other members of the barnyard family.

The sculptor of animals best known, however, is Anna Vaughn Hyatt, who was a pupil of Kitson in Boston and later of MacNeil and Borglum in New York. Her "Lion" is at Dayton, Ohio, on the lawn of a public school, and the Carnegie Institute owns her "Fighting Elephants." Miss Hyatt's most celebrated work is her equestrian Jean d'Arc, which has an attractive setting on Riverside Drive overlooking the Hudson. There are two replicas of this monument, one, presented to the city of Blois, France, by J. Sanford Saltus, being unveiled in August, 1921. The other, constituting a war memorial at Gloucester, Mass., was dedicated in September, 1921, and, besides serving as a symbol of friendship with France and the sacrifices made by the men of Gloucester, also figures as a compliment to the sculptor, whose summer studio has been on Cape Ann for many years. Miss Hyatt was decorated by the French government with the Purple Rosette and lately was made a member of the Legion of Honor. She has been the recipient of numerous prizes and awards, among them honorable mention at the Paris Salon in 1910. At the St. Louis Exposition she was awarded a bronze medal, and a silver medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. She became



ONE OF A PAIR  
OF JAGUARS BY  
ANNA VAUGHN HYATT

an Academician a few months ago, having been an Associate Member of the National Academy since 1916. Her "Diana" was awarded the Saltus medal at the spring exhibition in 1922.

Another woman sculptor who has the honor of having one of her equestrian statues in New York is Sally James Farnham, whose "Bolivar" was unveiled in 1921 in Central Park, the gift of the Venezuelan government. The commission came to her because of the very successful "Frieze of the Discoverers" which she did for the board room of the Pan-American Building, at Washington, a commission won in open competition. Mrs. Farnham has done several portrait busts and statues for South Americans as a result of this frieze, among them two busts of Marechal Sucre and one of Unanue for Peru, and a bust of Padre Hidalgo, a hero of Mexico, for Rio de Janeiro. Her large portfolio of photographs is a record of an astonishing amount of monumental sculpture as well as figures and busts, among these the superb "Soldiers and Sailors" monument at Ogdensburg, N. Y.; two monuments for the cemetery at Rochester, N. Y.; a monument for the public square at Bloomfield, N. J., won in a competition; and a bas-relief of General Chaffee on horseback which has been placed at Arlington Cemetery in Washington.

Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney has modeled several public monuments, one of the most notable being that for the victims of the Titanic disaster. Her latest group to be unveiled stands in Mitchel Square, New York, and was dedicated on Decoration Day, 1922, to the memory of the men of Washington Heights who died in the war. She is now at work on a memorial for "Buffalo Bill" for Cody, Wyo. Her "Aztec Fountain" in the Pan-American Building at Washington is a beautiful adaptation of the art of that ancient race. Mrs. Whitney was awarded the National Arts Club prize at the exhibition of the Women Painters and Sculptors in 1914, and a bronze medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Marie Apel, a young Englishwoman who has resided in this country for a number of years, has collaborated with architects in executing monuments of considerable proportions as well as making sympathetic portrait busts and statuettes of sensitive refinement. She designed and modeled the three stone eagles which form the decorative ornament at the top of the war memorial at Stamford, Conn., unveiled in October, 1921. Her life size portrait statue of Chin Gee Hee, president of a Chinese railway, which was exhibited last year in New York, is now in the city of Hong Kong, used as a feature in the decoration

of the railway station for which it was designed.

One of the most successful examples of the sympathetic collaboration of architecture and sculptural adornment is to be found in the building of the Society of Ethical Culture in Central Park West, at Sixty-fourth street, New York. The deeply cut relief in the tympanum above the entrance to the lecture hall was designed and executed *in situ* by Estelle Rumbold-Kohn. The composition includes half length figures representing friendship and brotherly interest which have a group arrangement and movement that is excellent. The problem of creating the right amount of light and shade to balance with the façade of the building is managed so that this ornamental feature takes its place naturally in the whole. It required three months of carving upon a scaffold to complete this work. Mrs. Rumbold-Kohn is one of the few women who have accomplished the difficult task of carving directly in stone. The same artist has carved from wood two twelve foot groups for the auditorium of this building which are remarkable in many ways. As there were no pieces of solid oak large enough from which to carve the groups, they had to be constructed. Logs of oak were cut and joined together in such a way that the direction of the grain of the pieces followed the direction of the modeling of the planes of the figures. In the group called "Fraternity," illustrated here, one figure in long robes advances with a staff; even this staff was composed of a number of pieces in order that the lines and curves might be in sympathy with the rest of the composition. The group is placed high on a side wall in the centre of a great arch at the juncture of the balcony with the walls. In the second group, "Transmission of Knowledge," a mother is holding a child, while a sage is attempting to attract the attention of the child. These groups are Gothic in spirit; there is an arbitrary elongation of the figures to make them serve their decorative purpose. Mrs. Rumbold-Kohn's work in carved wood and stone is so sympathetically co-ordinated with the work of the architects that it creates the desire to see more of that kind of sculptural ornamentation in our buildings. She is one of that talented group of young women who studied with Augustus Saint-Gaudens at the Art Students' League, many of whom have made names for themselves in their chosen field.

Another of this group is Lucy Perkins Ripley, whose achievements were noticed at length in the March number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. This artist departs from the conventional to a great extent and is highly individual. Some of her

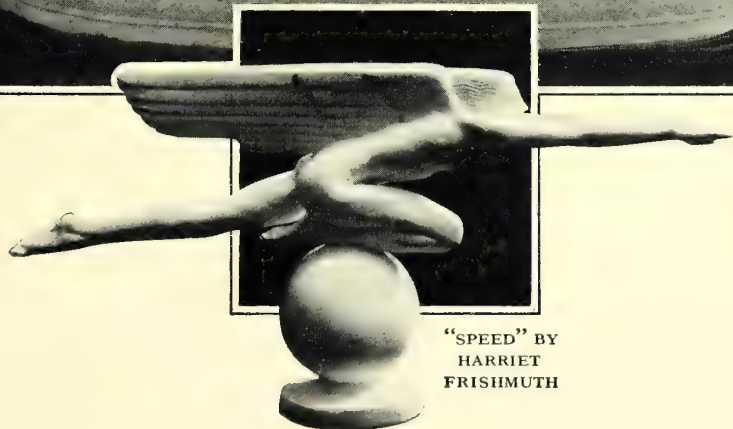
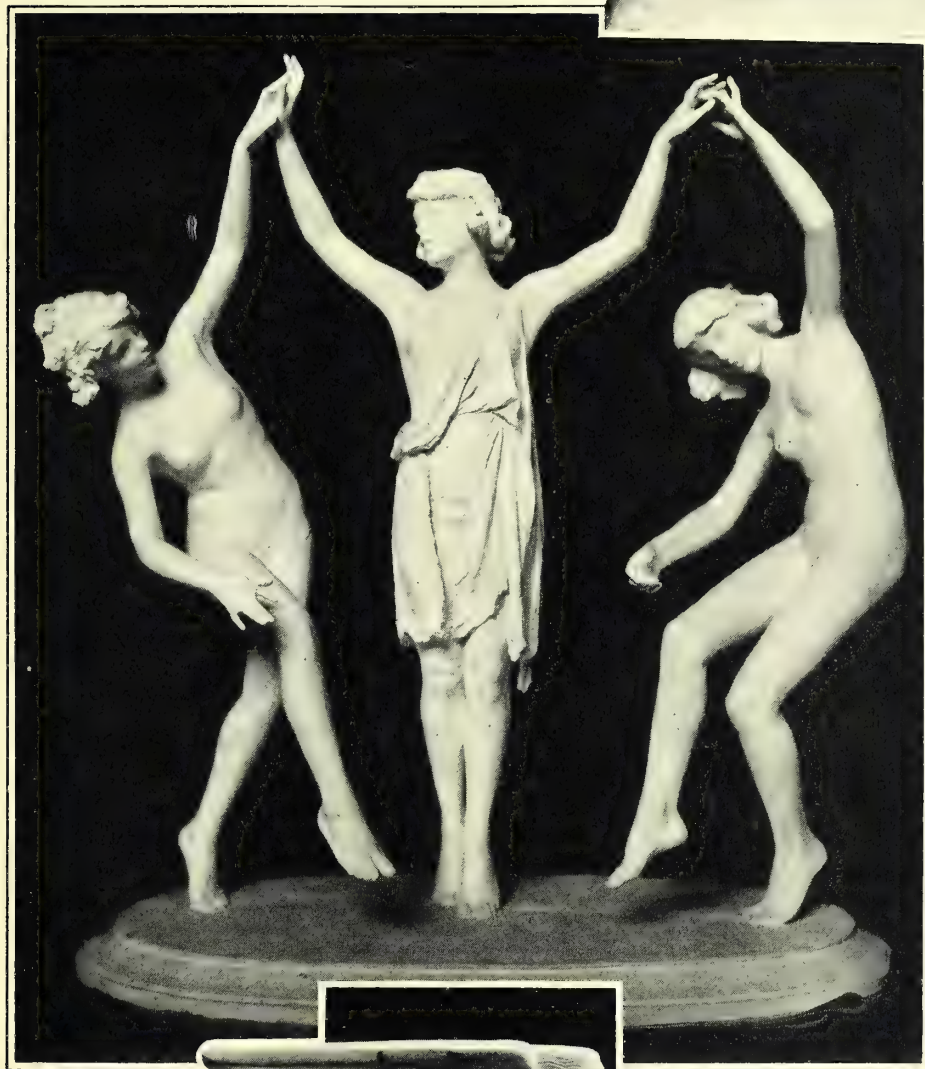


# A GROUP of SCULPTURE

By  
American Women

"DANCERS" BY  
BESSIE POTTER  
VONNOH

"PORTRAIT OF A  
YOUNG GIRL" BY  
FRANCES GRIMES



"SPEED" BY  
HARRIET  
FRISHMUTH



"CHINESE PRINCESS" BY  
IDA MCCLELLAND STOUT



"JOY OF THE  
WATERS"  
BY HARRIET  
FRISHMUTH



"REFLECTIONS" BY  
MAUD SHERWOOD JEWETT



"TOM, TOM, THE  
PIPER'S SON" BY  
LOUISE ALLEN

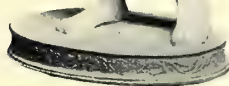


"SPRINGTIME"  
BY EDITH  
BARRETTO PARSONS

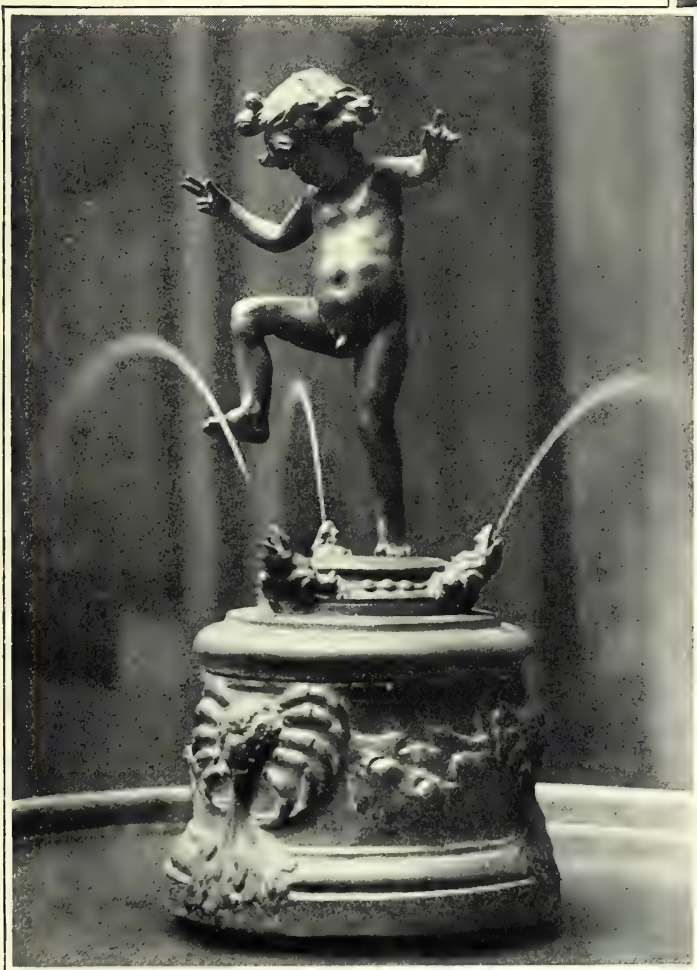




AT LEFT: "THE FUTURE,"  
A MARBLE FIGURE BY  
EVELYN BEATRICE LONG-  
MAN, N. A.



AT RIGHT: "CHILD AND  
FROG," A BRONZE FIGURE  
BY JANET SCUDDER



"THE FROG FOUNTAIN" IN BRONZE, ABOVE, AND AT RIGHT "A GIRL  
WITH A FISH," BOTH BY JANET SCUDDER

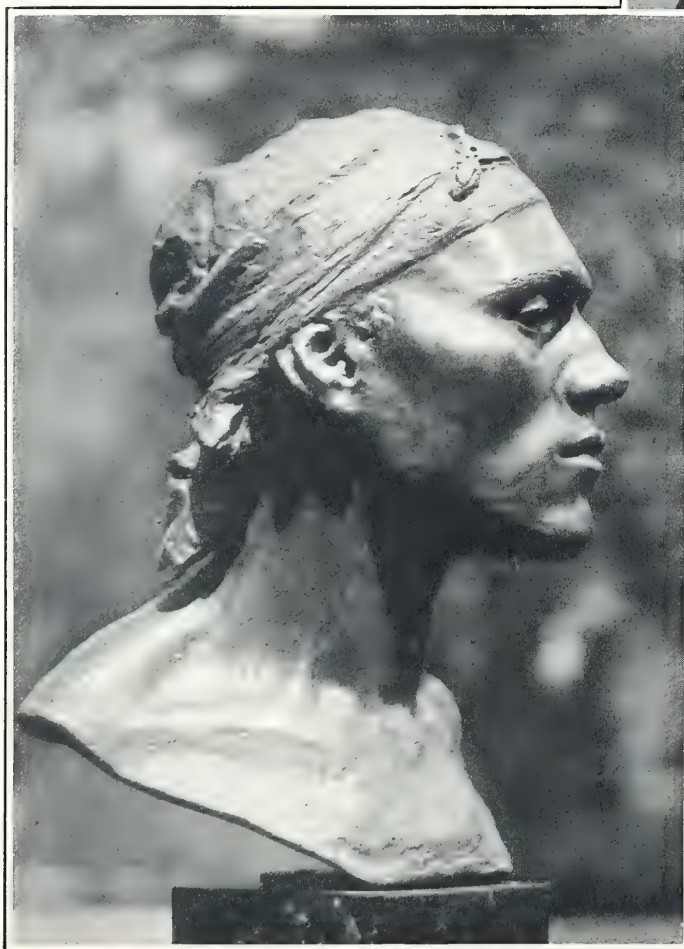




"DESPAIR" A MARBLE BUST BY  
MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY



ABOVE: "CHINOISE"  
BY MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY



AT LEFT: "A SPANISH PEASANT"  
BY MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY



work might be said to be Buddhistic-Chinese in style, like the "Inner Voice" which won the Barnett prize at the exhibition of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors in 1919. It has a calm repose that is restful, yet there is movement in the backward line of the draperies of the skirt. The arms are slightly extended at the sides, one hand seeming to invoke outer forces while the other seeks to repel them. The upturned face and closed eyes give an impression of deep meditation. Her reclining figure called "Dawn," cast in lead and mounted upon an old gray-green stone, also shows a Chinese influence in the slanting eyes of the female figure, and the peculiar lines of the folds of the garment,

"THE SACRIFICE"  
A GROUP FOR THE  
ROBERT BACON  
MEMORIAL AT  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY,  
BY  
MALVINA HOFFMAN



which is drawn around her. The feet and legs are bound, like a mummy's. One feels that a symbolism is intended, a stirring, an awakening of consciousness, or, if in direct reference to the Chinese nation, the growing realization of power. Mrs. Ripley's work has in turn been influenced by the Orient and the Renaissance. Her "Boy with a Fish" fountain, one of her earliest works, is distinctly Italian, as is the small Della Robbia like figure called "Contemplation." The "Seated Woman" has a monumental austerity that has borrowed something from the Greek and something from the Egyptian masters of line and form. Mrs. Ripley's work has a native quality of tranquillity and unity which is distinctly satisfying. It is full of significance and freedom and though not "finished" in the old sense, yet there are no loose ends to disturb the impression as a whole. Though her style shows an oriental influence to a marked degree, it is nevertheless entirely her own.

This group of twenty women sculptors by no means includes all who are doing significant work to-day; the arbitrary limitations of magazine space unfortunately make an exhaustive treatment of the subject impossible. Their complete number is large indeed, and a full record of their achievements makes it seem self-evident that this is a field in which women are more than

holding their own. No more fitting example in support of this point of view could be chosen than "The Sacrifice" by Malvina Hoffman, reproduced on this page. In this group the sculptor has achieved a work of art which, independent of its sentimental or associational interest, is of the highest esthetic merit. That, in addition, it speaks eloquently of a great sorrow born with high courage and noble pride, gives it place as one of the finest and most sincere memorials that war and its sacrifice have brought into being. The group was presented to Harvard University by Mrs. Robert Bacon in honor of her husband and in memory of the other Harvard men killed in the war. An appreciative study of this group, and of the other sculptures reproduced as illustrations to this brief review, will show beyond question that the work of America's women sculptors is not confined to any one field or character of expression. They are producing works of art that do not depend for their importance on their literary or illustrative qualities, however excellent these may be, but are inherently expressive of formal beauty and significance. Their high standing as artists is unquestioned. They have attained wide recognition. It only remains for the appreciative world to grant to the work of these sculptors the full measure of recognition which it so greatly merits.

# RECORDS of a Vanished RACE

THE artist is the father of the alphabet. Writing, as we know it, evolved from the rude pictures made by pre-historic draughtsmen. The scribes of ancient days had of necessity to be artists. The

power of man to communicate with his fellows grew at the same rate that these artist-scribes increased their facility for drawing. They learned to make recognizable pictures of boats, weapons, implements, possessions of all sorts, the plants and cereals in which their agricultural interests centered, the animals they had—so that their pictographs present to us, even though untranslated in a strict sense, something of a panorama of the past.

But the artist's hand was not the only one in the making of the alphabet. He created, and gave the fruits of his creation to his fellows for their use. Copying leads to

conventionalization, and when he found his picture-symbols becoming simplified he lost interest. His fancy centered around the pictorial for its own sake, and not in the alphabet-to-be. So he went on his way to other and broader fields while the rest of his people set to work to use the very convenient forms he had evolved. In the process of copying changes took place. In the haste of writing, a part was substituted for the whole, angles resolved themselves into curves, and in time a script was born.

Perhaps nowhere on earth can the growth of writing be studied so well as in Crete. The records of pre-historic man are there, not far under the earth's surface, in a remarkable state of preservation. At Knossos—the principal city of this ancient race—the earth seventeen feet deep contains stratified layers of antiquity that cover twenty-two hundred years of a pre-historic civilization, and underneath, twenty-six feet more embrace the relics of the Neolithic age. The very latest boundaries of this Cretan culture, about

*In ancient Crete the artist played the rôle of historian by recording the interests of pre-historic man* · by

HELEN COMSTOCK

1200 B. C., antedate by many centuries the rise of the barbarians on the mainland to their position as the Greeks of the Age of Pericles. Buried among the ruins of the great palace at Knossos, whose unearthing

is described by Sir Arthur Evans, in his "Palace of Knossos," there have been found clay tablets, sealstones, and pottery which have embalmed for us a system of writing that died before history began. The work of the ancient artist is there in the first rude pictographs of the Neolithic age and also in the more developed forms in use dur-

ing the period of Minoan civilization proper. During the long centuries between 3400 and 1850 B. C. the hieroglyphic system grew up, and toward the end of the era it reached a high state of perfection, embracing about one hundred and thirty-fivesymbols. The same individual signs and



CHART NUMBER ONE—MINOAN WRITING OF OVER 3000 YEARS AGO

the same combinations of signs appear on the clay tablets and on the sealstones—those small engraved gems that were so precious to their owners in antiquity since impressions from them served as signatures. The sealstones, buried for long centuries, are playing an important part in furnishing the modern archaeologist with the antecedents of the script.

There is at present in the Metropolitan Museum a loan collection of Cretan sealstones which have been won from the present inhabitants of the island with a great deal of labor and diplomacy. The sealstones, which to the ancients had a very practical use, are thought to have talismanic properties by the peasants who find them in their fields to-day. Often they will not part with the stones at any price. But the persistent archaeologist is untiring in his efforts to secure these small gems for they are invaluable in showing the derivation of the script. There is also in the collection a later group of stones which have purely naturalistic designs, many of them of



great beauty, but these belong to the later period of Minoan civilization, when the hieroglyphs were no longer used, and have no bearing on the story of the growth of writing.

Because the forms were carefully engraved on the stones, they were more intelligible than the more hastily scratched versions of the same signs on the clay tablets. Chart No. 3 shows the difference in the two versions of a few sign groups. The upper row illustrates their careful working out on the seals, the lower their more hasty incision on tablets. Here we have an actual glimpse of the process by which a script came into being. Simplification is already at work, and from the lower row it is not far to the script proper. Chart No. 4 shows the same transition carried a step farther. In this, the first column shows the hieroglyphic form of three signs and the two others represent the linear versions which grew out of them. The script comes into view a little before 1600 B. C. and the initial form persisted down to the final period in many parts of the island, although at Knossos a second form was employed during the last century of the Minoan age of glory, the thirteenth before the Christian era. The early form appears in Chart No. 2, which is copied from a reproduction in Evans' "Scripta Minoa." This was inscribed in a cup, probably with a reed pen or brush, and was made not long before 1600 B. C., when this script first came into view. The later form, illustrated at the beginning of this article, in Chart No. 1, appears on several thousand clay tablets found at Knossos. Almost all of these seem to be business records, dealing with horses, chariots, ingots, stores of grain or flocks and herds. This particular example relates to chariot wheels. In the store rooms of the palace there are also a number of clay sealings which attest to the loss of many documents that have crumbled to dust. It is evident that all legal and business proceedings were highly



CHART NUMBER TWO

systematized, which argues the attainment by the Minoan race of a definite degree of civilization.

Until 1893, when Evans announced his discovery to the Hellenic Society, it was not known that a system of writing existed in the West at the same time that the Egyptians were inditing their records on temples and tombs and the Babylonians were inscribing their cuneiform script with a stylus on clay and metal tablets. The discovery was something of a vindication of the West, proving that culture was not confined to the Orient. This first system of European writing is not a copy of any other system, although some of its signs show influences from Asia Minor and Egypt. But the insular position of the race saved it from servitude and consequent forced imitation. There is an admirable striving after clarity evident in the division into paragraphs and sentences. The characters are upright, read from left to right, and are quite European in appearance. So far, it is untranslated in all of the three forms, the hieroglyphic and the two divisions of script. The numerals alone have been deciphered, a system of straight lines, dots and circles which expressed units and fractions.

While we are waiting for some "Rosetta Stone" to be discovered for Crete, it is far from unprofit-

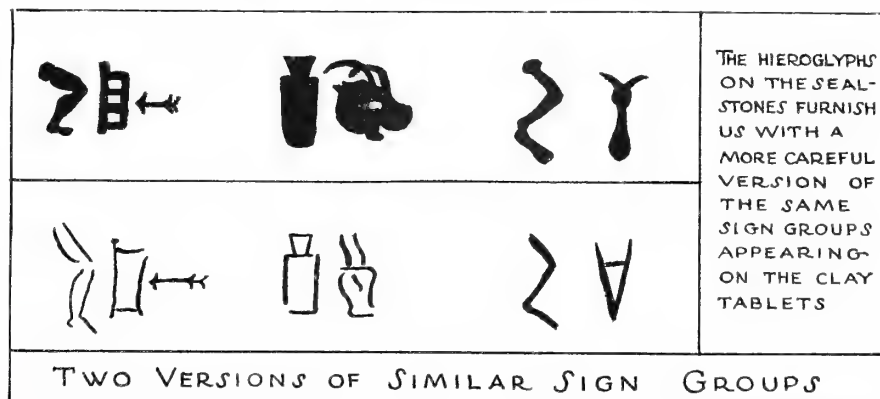
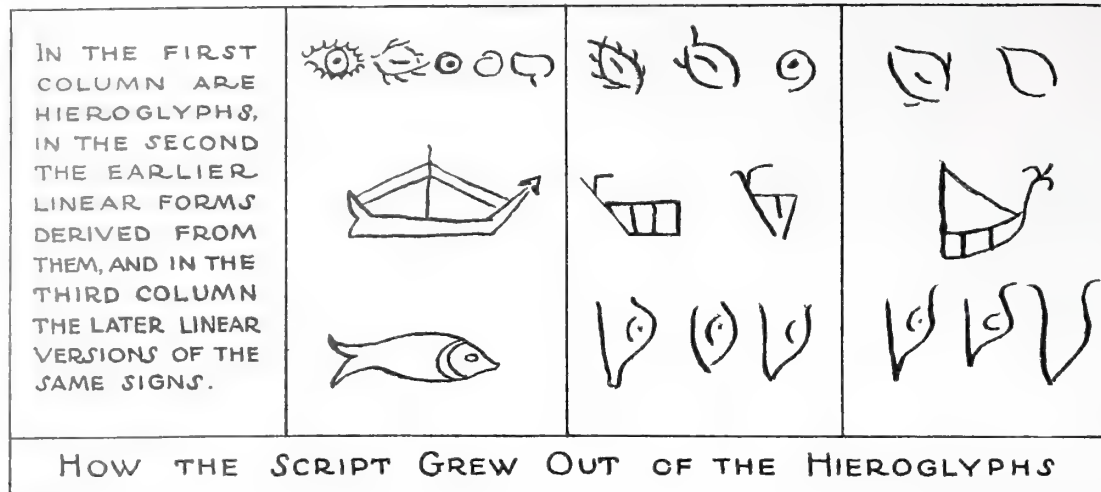


CHART NUMBER THREE



able to study all three forms of writing—the hieroglyphs particularly. The later system shows us the antecedents of the script and also pictures the material objects which suggested them, so that they tell us a great deal about the life of the day. The hieroglyphs fall into eleven divisions, according to derivation, which Evans names in his "Scripta Minoa." Some represent arms and implements, others utensils, still others marine objects, and so on, illustrated in Chart No. 5. Only one example of each class is given on the chart. The silphium, that extinct plant which the ancients prized for both culinary and medicinal use, is the third sign from the bottom. It was evidently of great value for the sign appears in what seem to be official titles. The saffron flower appears frequently — no doubt they employed it in dyeing. The olive spray is associated with the ship sign—suggesting export. It was no doubt this commodity that brought the Cretans a substantial revenue from the land of the Pharaohs. The ship sign itself comes into great prominence about 2100 B. C., the end of the first era of their history, intimating that the early stages of their civilization were over and that they had learned to build boats in which longer and more frequent journeys could be made. The tools of these people also appear in their

CHART SHOWING SOURCES FROM WHICH HIEROGLYPHS WERE DRAWN, NUMBER IN EACH CLASS & TYPICAL EXAMPLE

SOURCE	NO.	EXAMPLE
HUMAN FIGURES AND THEIR PARTS (MAN)	11	
ARMS, IMPLEMENTS AND INSTRUMENTS (SINGLE AXE)	24	
CULT OBJECTS AND RELIGIOUS SYMBOLS (DOUBLE AXE)	5	
BUILDINGS AND ACCESSORIES (PALACE)	6	
UTENSILS, STORES AND TREASURE (TROWEL)	10	
SHIPS AND MARINE OBJECTS (SHIP)	4	
ANIMALS AND THEIR PARTS (GOAT'S HEAD)	24	
INSECTS (SPIDER)	2	
PLANTS AND TREES (SILPHIUM)	20	
SKY AND EARTH (SUN WITH RAYS)	8	
UNCERTAIN OBJECTS AND GEOMETRICAL SIGNS (DELTA)	21	

CHART NUMBER FIVE

CHART NUMBER FOUR

pictographs — the mason's trowel, and the adze being frequently seen. An interest in music is affirmed by the stringed lyre. Their domestic animals were evidently the cat, Molossian hound, swine, sheep, and long horned and short horned oxen. Figs and cereals were among their agricultural interests. The bee sign is a prominent one, and it is interesting to recall that, according to legend, the Cretan Zeus, who was born on the island in the Dictian Cave, was nourished by Amaltheia and Melissa, who were personifications of the goat and the bee.

The double axe sign, the third from the top on the chart, had great religious significance. In fact it was the most important religious symbol, and the axe as a cult object figured in the worship of the two deities, Rhea, the great Nature-Mother, and her son, the Cretan Zeus. This sign is seen again and again

on the walls of the palace at Knossos, which was a sanctuary as well as a royal residence.

The "palace sign," the fourth from the top on Chart No. 5, is identical with that of the Egyptians, with whom the Cretans were no doubt ethnically related, and with whom they held communication from an early period in their history. The palace sign is associated with the bee sign on the seals—and the bee was also an Egyptian symbol of royalty. Other witnesses of Egyptian



and Cretan intercourse are many. There have been found ivory bead seals in Cretan tombs which show the influence of Egypt in the VIth Dynasty, while many scarabs of the XIIth Dynasty are found in Crete. The faience and inlays made at Knossos were similar to VIth Dynasty Egyptian forms, while Cretan vases are like the first stone bowls of syenite and diorite made by the ancient Egyptians. On the other hand the polychrome ware of the Cretans was highly esteemed along the Nile and by the time of Sesostris was imported into Egypt in quantities.

Another interesting sign is the spider, which did not occur in Greek signs, although it did among those of the Lydians in Asia Minor, arguing a relation with that people. The spider on the seals of Crete may have meant the possession of looms, since, according to the legend of Arachne, the spider seemed to represent the textile art.

This much we have learned from the untranslated writing of the Cretans. For the rest, the remains themselves say much, and it is strange that at every turn the modern archaeologist is being reminded of the ancient myths. There is the story of the minotaur, for instance, the monster kept by Minos, to whom the Athenians were forced to send their youths and maidens to be devoured. By way of confirmation of the story, there have been discovered on the walls of the palace at Knossos pictures of the bull ring in whose events both boys and girls took part—no doubt captives trained for the purpose. Then there were accounts of the marvelous palace itself, which the skilled craftsman, Daedalus, built. From the extent to which these people understood sanitary and hydraulic engineering, it is evident that Daedalus stands for an accomplished group of architects and engineers. Some of their achievements left the Egyptians far behind. Of "Minos" we hear so much wherever the early Cretan race is mentioned, that Evans suggests the word may have been used in a dynastic sense, like "Pharaoh" or

"Caesar." Greek myth records him as a "destroyer" and yet the civilization built up under these priest-kings suggests instead the rule of wise and far-seeing sovereigns. According to legend, Minos was the son of the Cretan Zeus and received from that deity a code of law. That these people had a highly developed legal system is evident from the great monument of Gortyna, dis-

covered in 1884 by Halbherr and Fabricius which is the most important record of law in the Greek world. It is claimed that the laws of Lycurgus at Sparta were copied from the earlier Cretan system. At any rate, the invading Dorians and Achaeans were not slow to see the advantages of the laws they found operating on the island. These newcomers also appreciated the power in the name of Minos and, by way of establishing their chiefs more firmly in the popular imagination, claimed descent for them from the great priest-king. Because of the frequency with which the word Minos appears, Evans has given to this civilization the name "Minoan." In the absence of all written history, the story of this ancient people has been preserved to a remarkable extent by their masons and builders, their pottery makers, their engravers and metal workers—in








SOME OF THE SIGNS ENGRAVED ON SEALSTONES WHICH SEEM TO DENOTE THE OWNER'S OFFICIAL TITLE OR PROFESSION		
SIGN ON SEAL		SUGGESTED MEANING
	GATE OR DOOR	KEEPER OR GUARDIAN
	BENT HUMAN LEG	LEADER
	HUMAN EYE	OVERSEER OR GOVERNOR
	TROWEL	MASON OR BRICKLAYER
	ADZE	CARPENTER OR BUILDER
	TEMPLATE	WALL PAINTER BEAUTIFIER
	ARROW	HUNTER WARRIOR

CHART NUMBER SIX

other words, their artists and craftsmen. It is only a proof of how great a part of all human achievement is summed up in man's expression through art. It is in his art that he leaves the most complete and significant expression of himself. In the evolution of writing the artist's hand was the source of all written symbols. No doubt he was only obeying the law of his nature when he drew the pictures that were seized upon as the basis for writing, but his contribution to the culture of his people and to our knowledge of their culture was none the less valuable because it was unintentional. He did more than create a form of writing for his race. He left a record, all the more complete because it is so largely pictorial, of the lives of his people for another race to read when his own had for centuries been forgotten.

# ART BY THE WAY *Guy Pène du BOIS*

CUB reporters are told, by those who bother to tell them anything, that they should write stories as though they expected, with them, to sell an important mercantile article within a limited advertising space. This should be said more often to painters, and especially to those who spread a very meagre substance over a very large area. These are painters, for the most part, of exhibition pictures, men who play safe, sophisticated men perhaps, who feel that when their canvases fail in everything else size will be seized upon and a notice not lost. They are somewhat like actors in the stress they place upon the importance of the press. It does not matter to them that the press is largely in the hands of writers who became art critics by accident. They must be mentioned. Indeed, while it may be said with an appearance of justice that the press made Cézanne it can also be shown that it took a very long time to unmake Bouguereau and that it has not yet, to come to this country, succeeded in puncturing the vogue for the works of the late J. Francis Murphy.

Indeed, the pots of the pot-boilers continue to be active with or without a press. This may not be so true of dramatic and music and literary critics. However, Harold Bell Wright sells very well and Lucia is still being presented. It is quite possible that the critics of one art and another are not read by the people for whom the pot-boiler is born. The vogue for Bouguereau died of its own volition. The critics were powerless against it. The vogue for Cézanne, which begins to be on the wane even now, exists among readers of critics, a scattered few, who buy things they should like rather than those they do like. These are the fashionable people whose changes of furniture, clothes and pictures are done with one gesture. Their taste is a coat changed at the suggestion of a barometer and a tailor. They are met, perhaps particularly, among people whose social backgrounds are kept in view by a wobbling set of frail sticks. But they are important nevertheless. They are important because they are restless. Without them men might sit back in a self-content given the ugly countenance of smugness. They are terriers fretting bears. But this is something that should be analyzed much more thoroughly than I am able or willing to do.



The effect these people have had upon the

loftiness of the pedestal accorded Cézanne is tremendous and ludicrous at once. That French master has always seemed to me to be a voice giving expression to the modern desire for organization. Indeed, I have never been able to separate his work from socialism, communism, trade unions and trusts. The get-together weeks with which New York is so sorely afflicted are a caricature of his spirit. But his is rather the sturdy voice of the people, sturdy though gauche in language and exceedingly errant in fluency. Summed up, it is aggressive but without natural grace. There is something of the snarl in it. For the voice of the laborer demanding his rights, finally, from the employer before whom he has groveled for centuries could not be easy. It must be combative. The possibility of politeness has been lost in time. Cézanne demands like a master with the growl of a slave. He valiantly or doggedly keeps his hat on in the parlor. His grand manner is full of stutters. (Compare him with Rubens.) It belongs to a gigantic underdog whose sudden realization of strength is mixed with an old fear. That realization, with the feeling of inferiority bred by it, must make for bitterness. This is not said in an attempt to minimize the real importance of Cézanne. The classifiers were forced to build a new niche for him. It is a niche of tremendous importance but not of greater importance than any other ever made. His is on the other side of Rubens' slate. They are both solid men, but one of them is free and the other constantly tortured.

But the reason for the social success of the Fleming is much more easily reached. He returned from a morning's ride and painted or directed the painting of several life size figures. He was a diplomat at some spare moments and a social lion at others. He was a collector of no mean taste. Cézanne posed Vollard, his patron, on a box where the slightest movement would topple him four or five feet to the floor. He required that he remain rigidly still. He painted from paper flowers because natural ones faded too quickly. He owned very few friends. He was without a particle of urbanity. Gertrude Stein's ambition is to have a poem accepted by a popular magazine. Cézanne's ambition was to be represented in the Salon des Artistes Français. The stutterer wanted to parade with the sophisticated past masters of language. How he must have envied their glibness. His speeches, which





DECORATION FOR THE "RUSSIAN INN," NEW YORK, BY BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

eventually became masterpieces of organization, cost him an enormous expenditure of energy, a concentration which, at its lightest, was terrific.

The fashionable collectors who have placed Cézanne on a pedestal reaching to the clouds do everything lightly. It must be that the clouds of his lofty place befog their vision for they and this giant hold little in common. They are on opposite sides of a very tall fence, a class fence. This is not to say that Cézanne is without moments of great beauty. But his beauty is rarely gracious, rarely an easy thing swept in with urbane manners. It is a beauty put together piece by piece like the fortunes of misers, a thing built of main force with many coincident privations, the push of a soul demanding an explanation of itself from an uncouth biographer. Cézanne might be the Bunyan of this unreligious period. Inspiration has given mastery to more than one bungler, or voice and even beauty to bungling. But it is impossible to imagine Bunyan or Cézanne gracing an eighteenth century drawing room or any room which might hold a feather fan as a symbol of

beauty. Cezanne is apart from every kind of sophistication. To society he can only be a voice out of the wilderness. But I am not sure that this is not a social point in his favor. Sophistication often seeks relaxation in its counterpart. In that case the forceful Frenchman might be brought in as a curiosity or as a tonic, even though there are over-wise laughs continually lifted against the efficacy of tonics. In any case if you can imagine Cézanne hung on a gold wall as a tonic this note is pointless.



We might in this place return to the press and artists, as introduced at the beginning of this departmental effusion. But this would be merely a technical string used to tie up a bundle. There are many of these in painting and writing. They are, indeed, numberless in all fields of endeavor. Think of those used by actors in getting off stage or of the arc of a sentence from capital letter to period. These things are somersaults whose revolutions bring us back on our feet in the



DECORATION FOR THE "RUSSIAN INN" BY BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

original position. Perhaps the sense of being brought back to our feet is equivalent to the so rigorously demanded happy ending. In the history of painting there are a great many examples of the somersault method and in some instances, not isolated by any means, there are whole schools of it. The "picturesque" schools of the nineteenth century are very good examples for this place. In France the Barbizon painters whose pictures are definitely concluded within the limits of one canvas may be thought of first. The plein-airists make a fine contrast to them. These men do pieces of nature, snapshots of a strip of nature that begins beyond one side of the picture and ends beyond the other side. All the truly Barbizon pictures resemble circles in that each one is complete in itself, giving no suggestion of anything before or after. The mistake of Impressionists, if it is one, lies in that each of their pictures gives but one aspect of nature and but one aspect of the painter himself. In order to know an Impressionist well it is necessary to be acquainted with a great many of his pictures. But one picture will generally prove a very fair introduction to almost any one of the old masters. There is no effort in this to reproduce a mere momentary thing.

However, a great deal of art, like a great deal of thought in every direction, is the product of a revulsion of feeling, a reaction against an existing order. Some chap on the other side of a net bats a ball and we must send it back. This might be the result of a subconscious desire to keep a thing,

on the way to inanity, alive. The snapshots of the Impressionists sent the Barbizon ball back. The Barbizon men were tired or had passed on because now we find that the Impressionist ball is being returned by a new set of champions. These have learned, while remaining on the Barbizon side of the net, a new set of twists from the Impressionists. Their pictures are organized more subtly than those of the 1830 group, who reached an effect of light by contrast and a concentration of interest by a much too palpable spotlight. But they are organized, they have design and a consideration for form which the atmospheric

preoccupation of the Impressionists left out of their reckoning. The Impressionists' example stopped the drawing of circles, of obvious circles at least. The play is not begun and finished in one sitting. The spectator leaves the theatre planning the remainder of the play or speculating upon it. The play thus continues when we have left it or when the curtain has gone down. Life does that also. And we have to like it.

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It may very well be that the obvious thing is the worst of all things in art. Art divorced from life can be of but momentary value. Life is so rarely obvious that only the blind come to definite conclusions about it, and they, perforce, draw their own. It is in the wisdom of great painters, as of other great artists, that robbed of mystery a work is robbed of power. Indeed life without mystery is as unthinkable as a greyhound without legs. Art must give a sensation of life or fail as art. Art is not more complicated nor more simple than this.

◆ ◆ ◆

The organizations in nature are so subtle that it has taken science generations to discover a few of them. That it still has a long way to go or that the mystery remains unsolved makes the continuance of life worth while. It may be because of the impression made by the discoveries of science that obvious designs are only used by



artisans. The painters who use them do not live long. The definite conclusions of Bouguereau, as an example, hardly outlived him. His pictures leaving nothing to the imagination left nearly everything wanting. Things went on in the Barbizon circle; a sense of movement, a radiance, delightful little touches of imperfection which gave it a bump here and a dent there. Bouguereau's circle was perfect. It was drawn with a compass. Theirs was drawn by hand. Only inhuman things are symmetrical. Indeed, symmetry is the only perfect thing we know. Life cannot be perfect to us for it is too full of things none of us have plumb lines long enough to sound. When our mathematical genius will have solved all the problems, the world will be the scene of a lot of fatuous deaths and art will have been for a very long time in the grip of the academies.



There is so much to be written about decoration in its various forms that the first things to be said are not easily arrived at. The method one time employed in the decoration of a home made that job a quite simple matter. French prints or reproductions of masterpieces of religious subjects simplified the question of the bedroom. In the parlor one had a few oil paintings when rich and, when merely comfortable, steel engravings, sometimes colored by the hand of a wandering hack painter. The dining room was settled with still life pictures of food: a red lobster, a bunch of grapes or a group of oranges; a realistically painted dead hare might hang from a nail on a board. We were to consider certain things in certain rooms. A Landseer St. Bernard dog could hang in the hall, though in the more spiritual or sentimental homes he was found in the parlor. In these parlors one could imagine the host valiantly taking up a cudgel in an effort to condemn the propensity to place all stress upon subject matter alone. With patience one learned eventually that dogs had souls. Of course, subject matter counted. The method of decorating restaurants changed



DECORATION FOR THE "RUSSIAN INN" BY BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

earlier than the one used in private dining rooms. Food was pictured in them, when the change began, rather abstractly. A good example of this change was a Parisian restaurant, which I saw in 1905, decorated by Ethel Watts Mumford. In this place the story of the Knave who stole the tarts of the Queen of Hearts ran around the room. The food was enriched with a playful sauce; a dash of philosophy if one could consider it such. Besides there were no groaning colors in this mural. The whole thing was light, gay, witty, a thing to start conversation and to take the mind off such weighty matters as beefsteak and Burgundy. This was probably my introduction to this higher order of thinking in restaurant decoration. Plain food need have no reflection of itself in the place where it so easily reigns. Perhaps the anteroom might hold, with the cocktails, reflections of food. But it is impossible to find real judgment in hanging, as an example, Rembrandt's beef in a butcher shop. The live thing would be better. A decoration, however, should create an atmosphere. It is indeed quite possible that English mutton chops taste better with a tankard of ale and a floor covered with saw dust. The fragile chairs of the French eighteenth century are scarcely fitting accessories to a meal of this kind, even though there is a harmony as there is a balance in contrast. However, the decorations



DECORATION FOR THE "RUSSIAN INN" BY BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

done for Jack's restaurant in Sixth Avenue, in New York City, a great many years ago, by Siddons Mowbray, I believe, are of an order inspired by that dictum of Puvis de Chavannes's to the effect that the wall, painted or not, must remain a wall, the decoration must stay back. In this case the demand is so well realized that the decorations do not take part in the affairs of the restaurant at all. A certain amount of wall space is covered with discounted paint. The painter has neither been attentive to the spirit of this restaurant, nor, in any but a negative way, succeeded in decorating it at all. The restaurant spirit in general is much better expressed in the murals for a series of three restaurants here painted in a modern manner by Winold Reiss. Here color and line contribute to the gaiety, and to the expression of the transient nature of the rooms of which they are a part.

The decorations for the new Russian Inn which have just been completed are a fine example of a particular problem dealt in with an intimate appreciation and understanding of its nature. These are the work of Boris Artzybasheff, the young son of the author of "Sanine," who has been in this country for about two years. The style of this decoration is essentially Russian, a style with a Byzantine background, rich in color, bold in design and in imaginative symbolism. Here we leave a New York street to enter Russia, the

Russia of the icon painters, of mysticism and of a joy that is childish in its valiant boisterousness. Here we shall find on the walls such heroes as Illya Moorometz, the oldest of all the Russian heroes; Ivan Tzarevitch, the youngest son of Ivan the Terrible, a weakling, who won love as so many do; the fabled bird Siren who figures in an opera of Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Uanka, third son of a peasant, a half wit, whose charm and bravery win him a princess. This last favorite is equivalent to our barefoot boy who, starting in poverty, ends as the president of a railroad. Vanka acquired a feather from the Bird of Fire. It accomplished miracles for him like Aladdin's lamp or like the perseverance of Lincoln. Something to consider while eating, this! There must be feathers from birds of fire for all of us. And they save half-wits, these feathers. Think what they could do for us! Here is a decoration in tune with a particular atmosphere (for Russian is very much spoken in this restaurant) and with a particular kind of food. Food is not portrayed on these walls, but the food on the tables is decidedly flavored by them. The painting is done in tempera. Maybe the average citizen will regard these decorations as outlandish, but that has nothing to do with the case. They show what can be done by a painter who has had a sense of the fitness of things that is not too fit.



# McCALL, of Books and Bookplates

THAT a librarian should be interested in bookplates would seem to be a natural reaction of his profession, for the ex libris is nearly as old as the printed book itself. But that a professional librarian should be the designer and engraver of these printed labels which indicate that ownership in individual volumes is not at all a frequent occurrence among keepers of public or private collections of books, and this unusual combination in the person of G. H. McCall, who has been a professional librarian for nearly twenty years, gives an added fillip of interest to the more than three hundred bookplates he has designed and engraved in England, France and the United States during that time. Together with this special work, Mr. McCall has found time to paint figure studies, a few portraits, landscapes and illustrations and he has designed several stamps to commemorate philatelic congresses. But his love of books and of engraving are two forces, or a combination of impulses, that nowadays confine the artistic side of his life to the making of bookplates, the art in which he is best known.

Although an Englishman by birth (he was born in London forty-three years ago), he is truly a cosmopolitan both in his nature and in his art expression. His success in Paris, where he lived and worked from 1910 to 1917, is proof of this, as is the favor he has met with in Austria and in the United States. He has exhibited his bookplates in London, Paris, Düsseldorf and Vienna—cities renowned for their devotion to the graphic arts—and always with acclaim. The Austrians have

*Librarian has produced many beautiful ex libris for collectors of Europe and America . . . by*

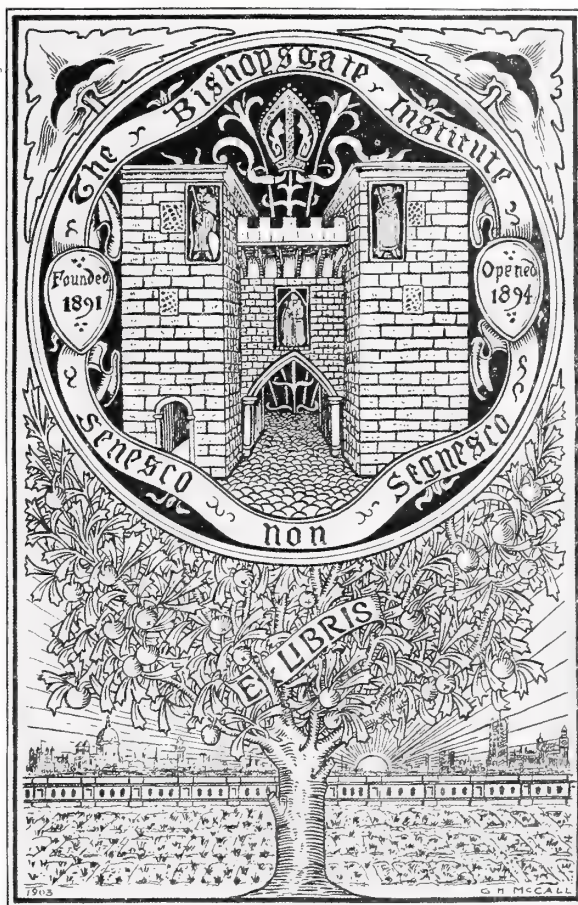
WM. B. M'CORMICK

Rhine Maiden groups, based on a scene in one of Wagner's Nibelungen music dramas. It is to France, however, that he chiefly owes his very

marked ability as an engraver and also his "school" of design. He was a pupil of his grandfather, who had studied in Paris, long ago, with Andrieu, the famous medallist for Napoleon I, and through this chain of French tradition became more Gallic in his technique than would be expected of an Englishman whose country has so pronounced a school of engraving of its own. To every one familiar with the engraved portraits by the great Frenchmen of the eighteenth century, a first glance at a group of Mr. McCall's bookplates is to be reminded of the supreme beauty of the ornamental borders with which those engravers adorned their portrait plates. They

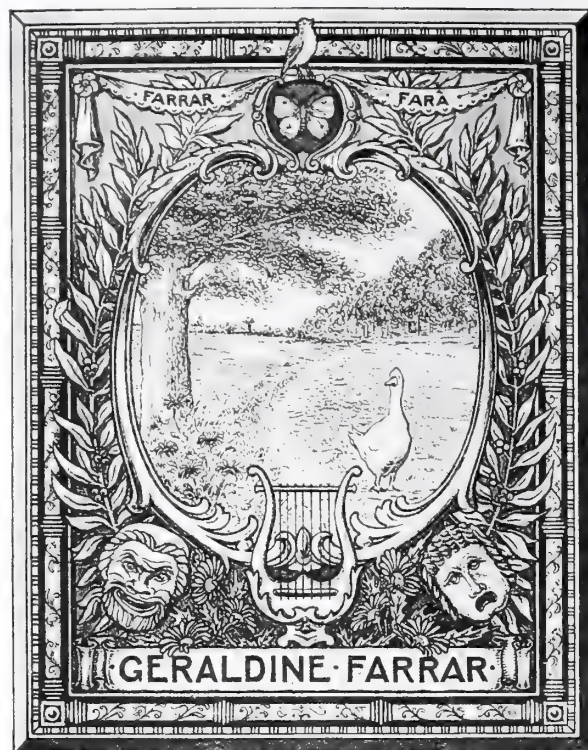
had an exquisite decorative sense, and Mr. McCall very frankly acknowledges his obligation to those great designers.

Bookplates usually record the influence of contemporary fashions in decoration, but this does not apply to the ex libris designed and engraved by Mr. McCall, for his are dominated by the decorative art of the eighteenth century French school almost entirely. Only a few suggest the traditional manner of the English school of drawing rather than of engraving or woodblock cutting. English authorities on bookplates are accustomed to dividing them into five classes:



BOOKPLATE  
BY G. H. McCALL





library interiors, landscape plates, allegories, portrait-plates and book-piles. Mr. McCall's bookplates fall within three of these divisions for the most part—library interiors, landscape-plates and allegories;—and he often combines two or more of the classes in one design. Thus his most recent example, made for a New York art collector, combines the interior and the portrait, the composition in the center of the bookplate showing a relative seated in the great living hall of their home in a familiar and characteristic pose. In its realism this main element of the design is luxurious America; but in the technique of its rendering and the greater charm of the ornamental border this ex libris is purely eighteenth century French. Quite as pronounced is this French influence in the bookplate made for Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Libbey, of Toledo, the interior shown being that of the foyer hall of their home, the little woolly dog in the

TWO BOOKPLATES  
BY G. H. McCALL

panel below the two names being a family pet whose presence is softened

by his own outlines and those of the pillow on which he sits, this last being a decorative note as subtly effective as that of the conventionalized floral border, which has the highly ritualized regularity of his favorite school.

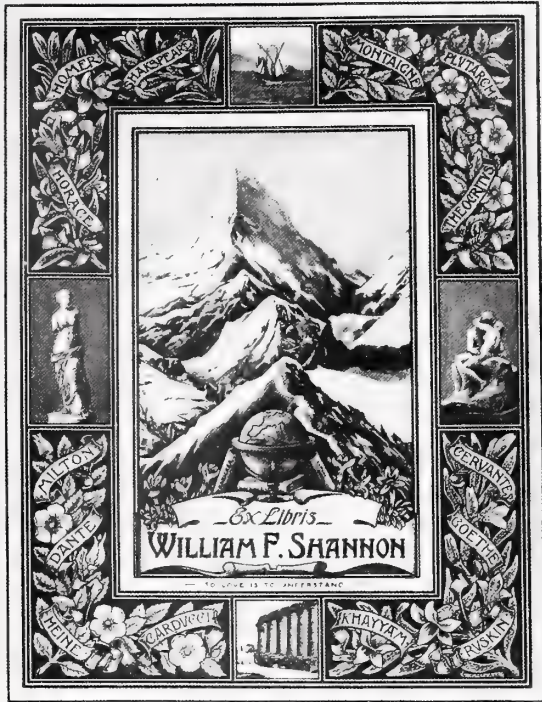
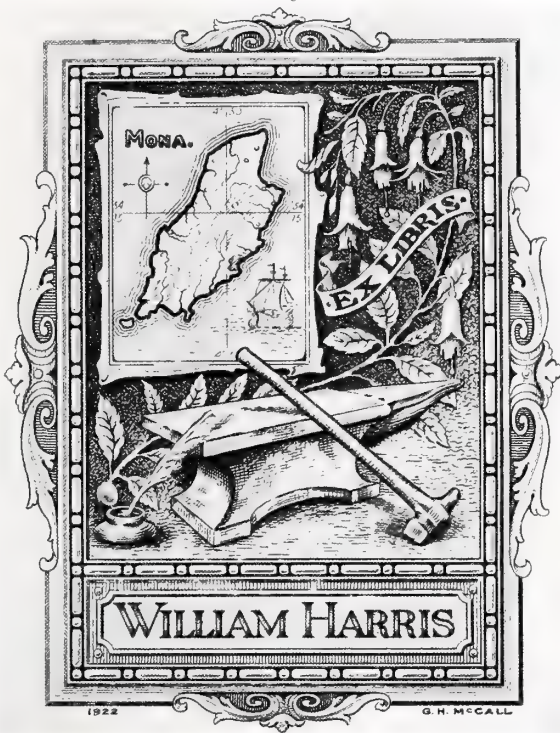
Another graciously effective interior ex libris is that of Kate Davis Pulitzer, widow of Joseph

Pulitzer, the decorative border of this view being exquisitely and wholly French. England and English pictorial tradition are very marked in the ex libris of the Quincey brothers, this being a combination of the interior, the portrait and the allegorical styles of bookplate. The portrait shows the great De Quincey, ancestor to these brothers, who wrote the immortal "Confessions of an Opium Eater," in his library, the family coat-of-arms, the poppy, and the weapons of the chase and war, symbolical of the vocations and avocations of the two English brothers for whose book



BOOKPLATE  
BY G. H. McCALL





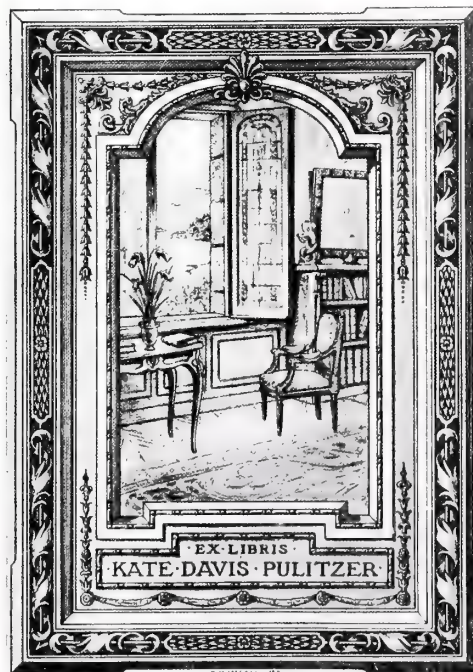
TWO BOOKPLATES  
BY G. H. MCCALL

collection the plate was engraved. In the fine William Harris bookplate is to be seen a perfect illustration of Mr. McCall's happy faculty for combining symbolism and design. Mr. Harris was born on the Isle of Man and so we find the map of the country of the Manxmen—with its ancient name of Mona—here with the fuchsia, a plant indigenous to the island, binding the other elements together. In his youth he was a blacksmith, a craft of which he is proud, and in later years he has become an authority on dietetics (apart from his vocation of being the general manager of a great hotel system) and has written books on this subject which is the *raison d'être* for the inkpot and the quill pen. This bookplate also shows another distinctively fine feature of the librarian-artist's work, his skill in the ancient craft of lettering, a flaw in which can mar the finest design that was ever made. The simple dignity of the enframing border is both rugged and graceful, and links together the two ele-

ments that have been so conspicuous in the life of the owner of the bookplate.

Among the purely landscape bookplates designed by Mr. McCall may be put, among many others, that for Frieda Byles Maynard showing a little rustic house she uses for a workroom in her place near Chicago; the broad landscape in its grandiose frame with the attributes of arts and letters designed for Mrs. C. G. K Billings (this

plate being notable for the variety of its technical renderings); the typical French landscape in the ex libris of Henrietta Neilson Potter, which actually shows a view out of the windows of her home at Puy, in southern France; the Californian redwoods that stand unadorned in the plate for Ross Ambler Curran; and the plate designed for William F. Shannon, who was an Alpine climber, a devotee of the arts and literature, a yachtsman, and who lived in Greece for many years, each one of these phases of his life being



BOOKPLATE  
BY G. H. MCCALL



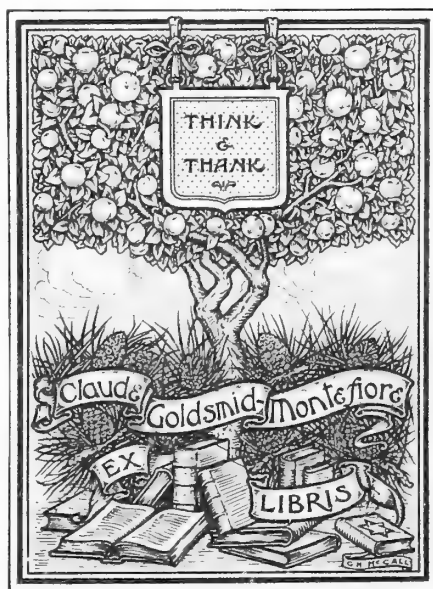


illustrated in his bookplate. Of his purely symbolical bookplates, that designed for Geraldine Farrar is a perfect exemplar. The goose in the landscape panel immediately suggests Miss Farrar's immortal Goose Girl in the "Kingly Children," the butterfly connotes her most famous rôle in the Puccini Japanese opera, and the daisies typify her Marguerite in "Faust." The engraving of this plate shows decided contrasts between the feathery lightness of the flowers and foliage in the landscape and the bold solidity of the pattern of the ornamental border. The very ornateness of the whole composition befits the art with which the singer's fame is associated. The ex libris of the British Bishopsgate Institute is appropriately medieval in spirit; in style it resembles the old wood cut more than the engraving. The Montefiore ex libris appears almost coldly reserved after some of these floridities of design, but in this it reflects the spirit of the man for whose

TWO BOOKPLATES  
BY G. H. MCCALL

library it was designed. The Harriet W. Sproul bookplate is another exquisite illustration of French influence and French technique, the engraving of this plate being a superb piece of work apart from the Gallic grace of the whole design.

All of these bookplates are engraved on copper in drypoint, a method familiar to art lovers. His illustrations have a greater delicacy of line and a wider range of color for that reason, his designs for stamps (such as those made for four annual exhibitions of the French Congress Philatelique International) being simpler and bolder as befits their smaller dimensions. The spirit of these stamp designs is even more Gallic than is that of his ex libris. And after looking at them one may readily understand why Paris took this Englishman to its heart. Since we, in the United States, have so strong an admiration for the art of France it is easy to realize why Mr. McCall's ex libris have made so warm an appeal to Americans during the years since 1917.



BOOKPLATE  
BY G. H. MCCALL



# Oriental RUGS as FINE ART

## II. The Main Sources of their Inspiration\*

NOWHERE do the beauties of abstract and formal design find such perfect embodiment as in the finest of the early oriental rugs. The art of rug weaving was, in its greatest moments, brought to a degree of perfection beyond which nothing further could be reasonably wished or imagined. It is an art which, like Chinese porcelain and Gothic tapestry, realized to the full the ideals inherent in the craft itself, and which gave vivid expression to the almost infinite possibilities it found in the simple materials with which it worked. Its very excellence is something of a mystery. Sometimes a royal art, the creation of renowned artists, working for famous monarchs and gorgeous courts; more often a humble art, the work of lowly people, or presumably barbarian tribes; but always, even in its simplest forms, a sophisticated art; always, even in death and

decay, immeasurably superior to the utmost efforts of the western world. European monarchs—the Doges of Venice, Henry II, James I, Louis XIV and many others—thought that they, too, like Chosroes and Shah Abbas, could command the loom to yield masterpieces. It is charitable to make no comparison of the results. Even with the Orient as teacher and the West as humble pupil no art has been produced, and all the mountainous labor of our modern industrial world, with its capital, its science, its machinery, has brought forth but very small mice. How is it that one continent in producing floor decoration creates works of art, while another produces nothing beyond dreary utilities, sterile imitations or tiresome eccentricities? How is it that a little

*A survey of the general conditions from which their artistic qualities were derived . . . . . by*

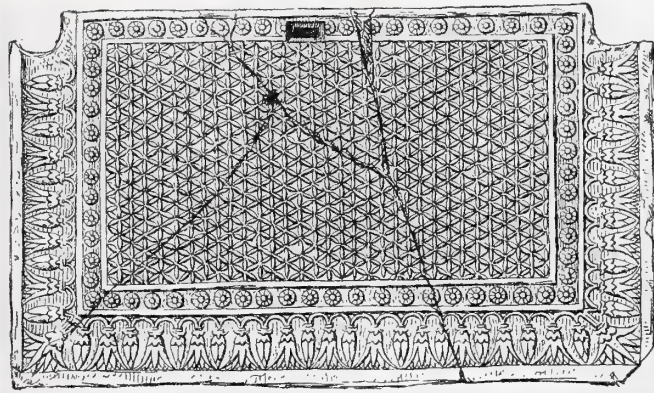
Arthur Upham POPE

vonneries and cruelly exposes the inertness and inappropriateness of their pretentious patterns? What reason underlies such a markedly different capacity? Whence came the intriguing patterns and resplendent colors so shrewdly blended that mark the oriental rug as a thing apart? Out of what funds of human experience were those moving

forms created? If we could get sure answers to these questions and if we could identify the sustaining and moulding conditions which have guided rug weaving in its long development we could shed light not only on this art, but on the universal conditions of all esthetic creation.

Unfortunately the problem is quite as difficult as it is

interesting and important, and our present knowledge is discouragingly meagre. Strykowski, a scholar of great power and boldness as well as vast learning, thinks that we have only begun to understand the problem and that many essential facts are still and perhaps permanently, lost in obscurity. The question is surely one of the most arduous in the whole field of art—the one perhaps in which we have the least help from contemporary records, and the one in which we are most baffled by being unable to test and prove promising hypotheses. Nevertheless, although it is too early to try to read the specific history of rug weaving, and although the tracing of the origin and development of particular patterns is not our concern here, yet it is possible to assemble and interpret some of the results which the skill



DOOR RUG FROM THE PALACE OF KHORSABAD, ASSYRIA

*This fragment of a relief dating from the eighth century B. C. depicts a rug which saving for the border, is almost identical with rugs woven to-day in Western Kurdistan. In the Louvre*

\* In his next article Mr. Pope will deal concretely with Persian rugs.





LEATHER BOOK COVER. FIFTEENTH-SIXTEENTH CENTURY  
*Many rug motives were inspired by these beautiful gold enriched covers. Here we find the proximate origins of medallions in rugs*

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

and hard labor of archaeologists, ethnologists and historians have already revealed.

The central problem is, what were the various conditions which contrived to elevate a utility craft to the rank of fine art? There has been no lack of plausible and ingenious answers. There was Birdwood's pious sentimentality that old rugs were artistically great because, being old, they stood nearer to the divine source of all excellence. There are the geographical and climatic theories which see such complex cultural problems easily dissolved by the sun and wind and rain. Birdwood's incantation, dutifully copied in rug books, need not detain us. It belongs in a museum of theological curiosities; but the other viewpoint has enough truth in it partly to conceal its defects. Such misleading half or quarter truths must be disposed of before we can get at the principles that have been really vital and productive.

It is an engaging notion that the beautiful patterns of old rugs are; in a sense, the handiwork of Nature, that these expressive forms were ultimately moulded by primal forces; that the essential qualities of the physical environment had so burned themselves into the minds of men that

they inevitably issued forth again as noble designs. Elie Faure has repeatedly expressed this idea with such glowing lustrous phrases that one is almost persuaded to prefer the poetry to the fact, while Professor Huntington has endowed the view with sufficient scientific respectability to make a wide acceptance of it easy. But there are difficulties. It is true enough that Nature furnishes the designer with many inspiring models, but she does this everywhere and in many places spreads her glories before unseeing eyes. One set of peoples respond, another set are indifferent. Moreover we often find quite different artistic responses to an identical environment, or very similar arts flourishing in totally dissimilar surroundings. It has been suggested that Turkoman rugs are woven in their deep dark colors to provide respite to eyes wearied by the harsh glare of the desert; but if so why are the very darkest of the Turkoman rugs woven in Adraskand and Sabzwar, a relatively fertile hill country in Afghanistan where forests provide shade and the inhabitants are not harassed by the severe light of the desert?

There are plenty of cases where climate and geography control the major forms of art and supply much of its content; witness for example March Phillips' brilliant account of the influence of the Nile upon Egyptian art. But in the main, while the physical environment does count, it is hard to show in detail just how these very general

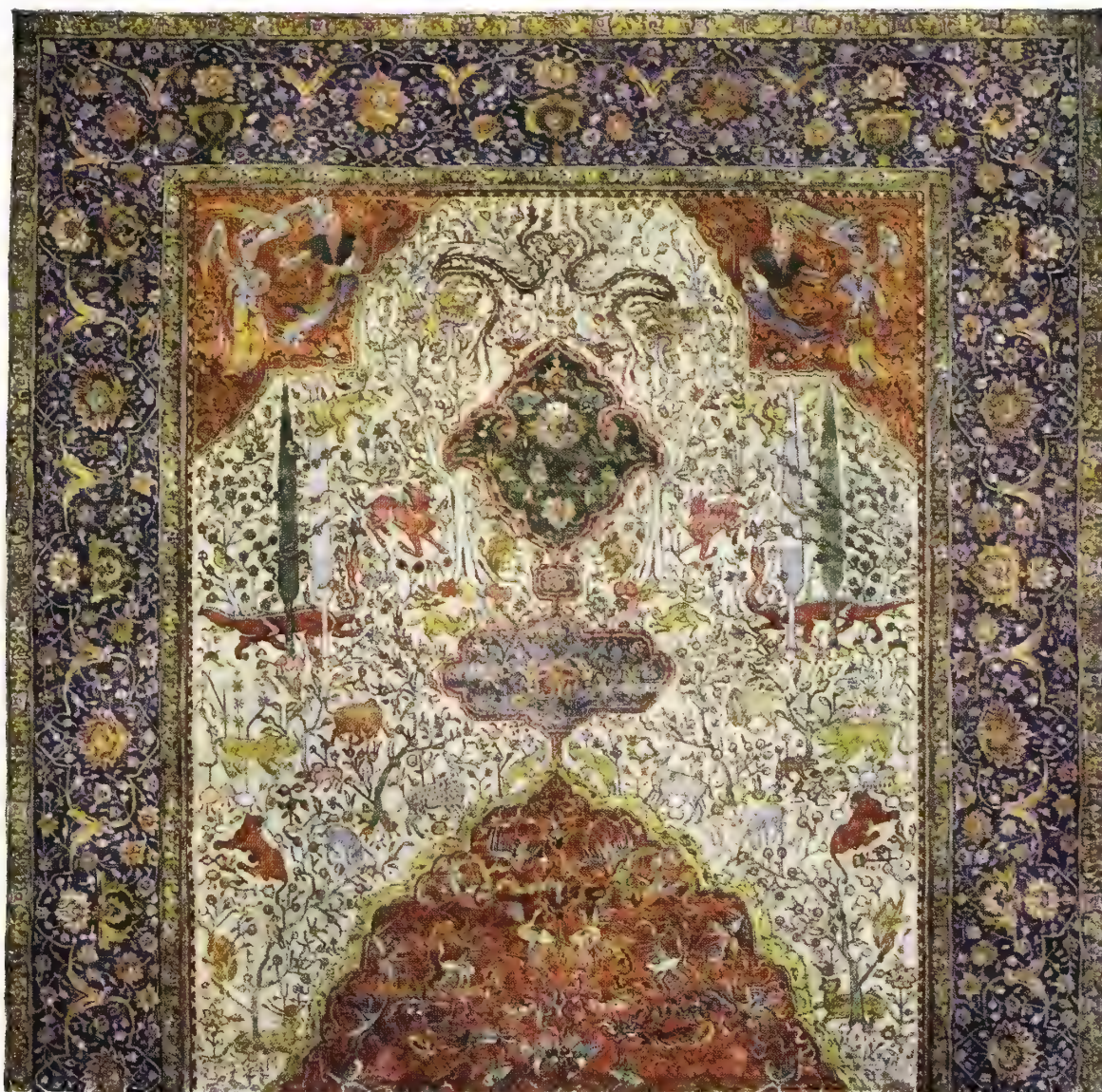


THIRTEENTH CENTURY RHAGES BOWL

*The star pattern with pendants is the central motive of the Ardebil Mosque Rug and other Persian carpets of the period, while both the star and the interlacing knots (the latter of Buddhist derivation) are found in Turkish Oushak carpets from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries*

(Courtesy of Parish Watson)





## *Early 17th Century COURT CARPET*

*Probably from Eastern Persia*

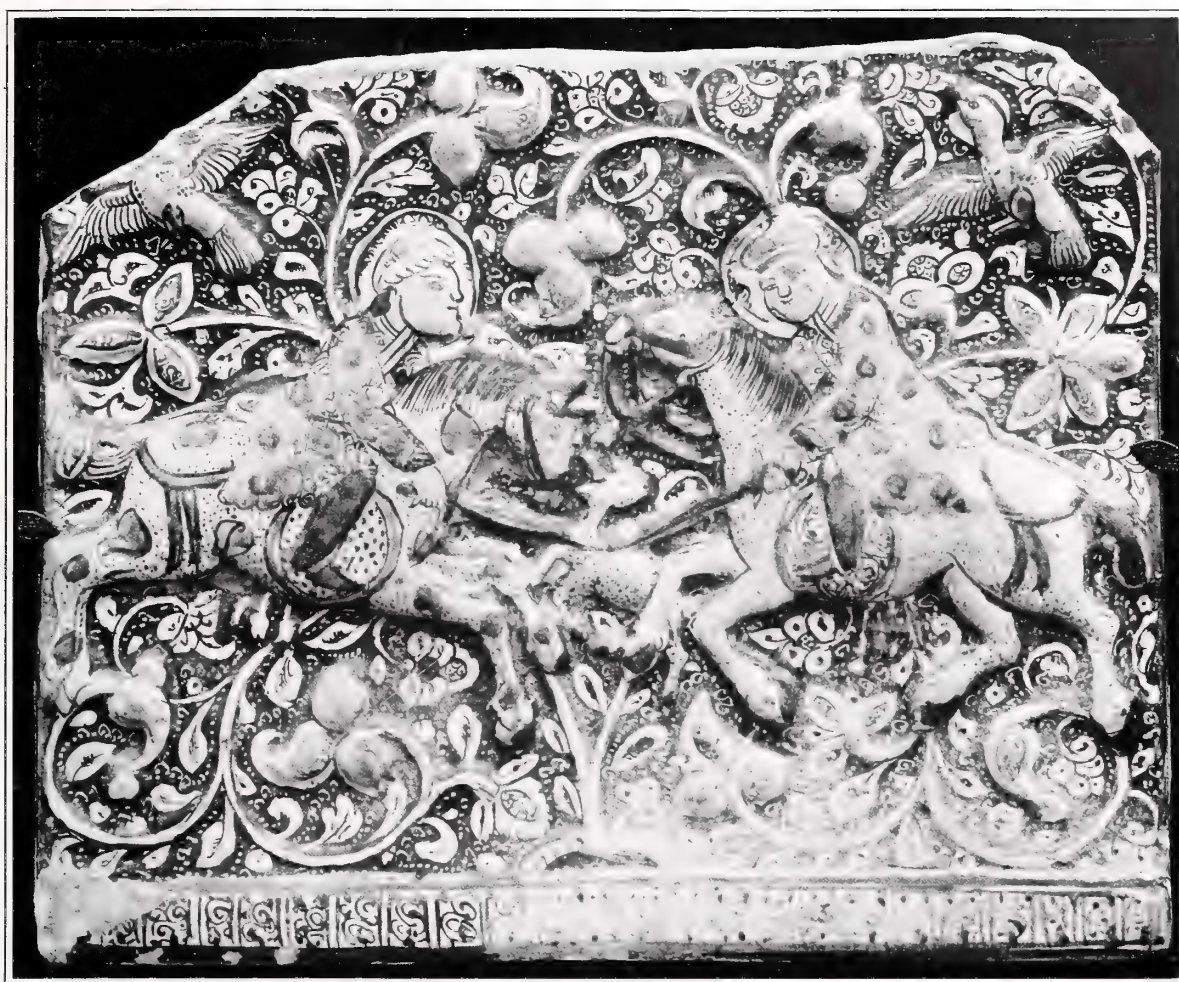
*A general design of superb grandeur controls a wealth of ingenious and imaginative detail. The patterns are all rendered with vivacious animation, the full decorative quality of each is realized to the full and, despite their markedly individual character, they are combined into a harmonious and consistent whole. The details of the field are drawn with a good deal of force, independence and expressive spacing, contrasting with the more intricate border. The entire rug is strongly and clearly conceived and rendered with impeccable perfection. It presents an unexcelled and impressive combination of richness and power, of exquisite delicacy and structural energy.*

*The mate to this carpet, somewhat mutilated, is one of the chief treasures in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum.*

*(From a Water Color Drawing. Courtesy of P. W. French & Co.)*







FOURTEENTH CENTURY TILE FROM RHAGES

*Horsemen and animals dashing across backgrounds of spiral tendrils and variegated foliage are common in sixteenth century carpets. The illustration shows the well developed motive used in fourteenth century tiles*

*(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)*

factors are actually translated into artistic quality. Certainly the process of imitation is unable to achieve any real esthetic excellence, and as a matter of fact rugs are not produced with one eye on nature, but with both eyes on some previous rug or at best on some patterns in allied arts. These, in turn, especially in the case of the decorative arts of western Asia, have also been sustained by tradition, gradually evolving from the simplest beginnings, in which the arrangement and selection of materials played an even more important part in the artistic effect than did the objects represented.

These facts of climate and geography are themselves external to the esthetic impulse. The quality of art itself is not found in them. Northern climates may necessitate steep roofs for the shedding of snow and rain, while southern climates may dictate flat roofs for the sake of coolness; but flatness and steepness as such are a

long way from being art. The essential quality of beauty presupposes the mind of man. No one, of course, denies that the major facts of environment have modified the course of the history of art. The gradual desiccation of the central Asiatic plateau was partly responsible for sending waves of conquest across Asia, which were followed by periods of great artistic activity. But it was not the aridity that produced the art nor the massacres and devastations by the conquerors. Rather the new epochs in art resulted from the stimulating and productive mingling of cultures, the bringing in of new ideas, new motives and new opportunities. Climatic conditions had little to do with launching Arabia on her world storming mission and the prodigious artistic consequences of that event cannot be explained in terms of geography. The scenery is not the play.\*

\* For an admirable statement of this point of view see Robert H. Lowie, "Culture and Ethnology."

How much the weaver's physical environment counts and in just what ways it influences rug designs we shall see in detailed studies of each important group. But this much is sure: between the bare facts of climate and geography and the ultimate work of art there lies the whole realm of human experience. In the exploration of that field we may find our solutions. Although each of the conditions that have been responsible for the artistic quality of rugs calls for a separate monograph and the whole problem for a treatment of encyclopedic proportions, yet we may outline some of the central and most vitally important factors that made of rug weaving a fine art.

It is an art that from its vast antiquity acquired maturity, that from its close dependence upon the life of the common people acquired sanity and breadth; an art, the chief concern of countless millions, whose very universality provided the basis for superlative achievement, a collective and impersonal art, produced by peoples of simple but firm cultural integrity, favored by a fortunate combination of racial traits and religious influences; an art which gathered and blended material and inspiration from various lands and peoples, an art which was, finally, brought to its highest crest by the unbounded and lavish enthusiasm of a long succession of great monarchs.

While the pile rug was probably not made much over two thousand years ago, the weaving of textiles primarily for floor decoration, and the ornamenting them with abstract designs, goes back perhaps three thousand years more. Looms were set up in Egypt at least by 2500 B.C., and by the eighth century B.C. we find rugs in common use in the palaces of the Assyrian kings with design schemes now well perfected and established. The Sassanian kings and the Mameluke princes as well had rugs of incredible magnificence, while Marco Polo makes numerous and enthusiastic references to the rugs he saw on his momentous journey. Now age by itself does not produce excellence in art any more than climate and geography do. But where there has been a vital and continuous culture, or a succession of cultural epochs that could take over the legacies of preceding ages, where interest and appreciation on the part of the common people have been

sustained and creative effort kept alive, there we find with increasing age increasing power. Art is, after all, something of a voyage of discovery, and particularly in the employment of decorative patterns it profits by endless experimenting and the leisurely opportunity to absorb the contributions of diversified civilizations.

Intimate contact with the life and spirit of the people is a source of power for any art. It was essential for the greatness of Greek sculpture and the perfection of the Greek drama, and from the personal support of each individual in the community came something of the grandeur of the Gothic cathedrals. To a very exceptional degree the art of rug weaving has sprung directly out of a common humanity. For whole races, spread over half the continent of Asia, the rug has been the most treasured possession—often an object of commerce or of homely everyday utility, but always something to be treated with consideration, even reverence. It is in constant, intimate and varied use and conspicuous on all occasions. The rug is floor decoration for palace, hut or tent; it is a hanging for the door, the wall or window openings; it covers the divan, the cushions, chests and tables; it may be a saddle cover, a valise or a sleeping bag. There are banqueting rugs, victory rugs, rugs for penance, while in China we find rugs dedicated to the traveler, the scholar and for celebrating official promotion. Rugs are woven for presentation to mosque or palace, for the dowry, and for prayer. Here is an art that is the vehicle of every possible expression of the common life.

It is also a significant fact that in the rug producing countries all can weave. One learns weaving as one learns to walk. The entire community consists of connoisseurs. Hence for many centuries every rug weaver has had the constant inspiration of an expert audience. Where an entire community is skilled in a single art, technical perfection must be necessarily common. Where the general level is high it is no mystery that exceptional eminence should often be reached.

The art in oriental rugs is a collective achievement; it expresses the slowly maturing experience of whole races. Individuals count for little; it is their task to render the



BACK OF KNIFE OF  
HEAVY GOLD

(Courtesy of the City Art

CARVED STEEL WITH  
INLAY

Museum, St. Louis)



common designs with self-effacing loyalty, to make the personal contribution largely one of perfection in execution. No flaming sacred egotism animates the oriental weaver; he is not emotional about the preciousness of his own personality, and he feels no morbid urge for self expression. He is content to be one of a group, to make a modest contribution to the common fund of esthetic experience, to carry on unsullied the common tradition. Like the builders of Gothic cathedrals and the weavers of Gothic tapestries he also is content to be known to a grateful world solely by the quality and perfection of his work.

Quite as important is the general attitude toward life and its problems that has prevailed for centuries among rug weaving peoples. They have benefited by a security and simplicity of outlook that decidedly favored esthetic creation. Art is ill at ease and withers in a distracted, confused, self-doubting, hurrying world like ours. But as we look into the lives of the common people of western Asia, we find their simple souls well knit, their spiritual problems won for them, their intellectual problems nil. Neither curious nor discontented, they have the peace of mind and the concentration vital to esthetic creation. Such advantages have perhaps been purchased at great price. Mohammedanism has its seamy side and in its domain one finds ritualism and hypocrisy, cruelty and often downright baseness, exactly as all these vices flourish in Christendom. But even if the religion does tend to intellectual impoverishment, and even if it does favor carnality, it has some compensating merits and it has created an attitude of mind in which art flourished superbly for a thousand years.

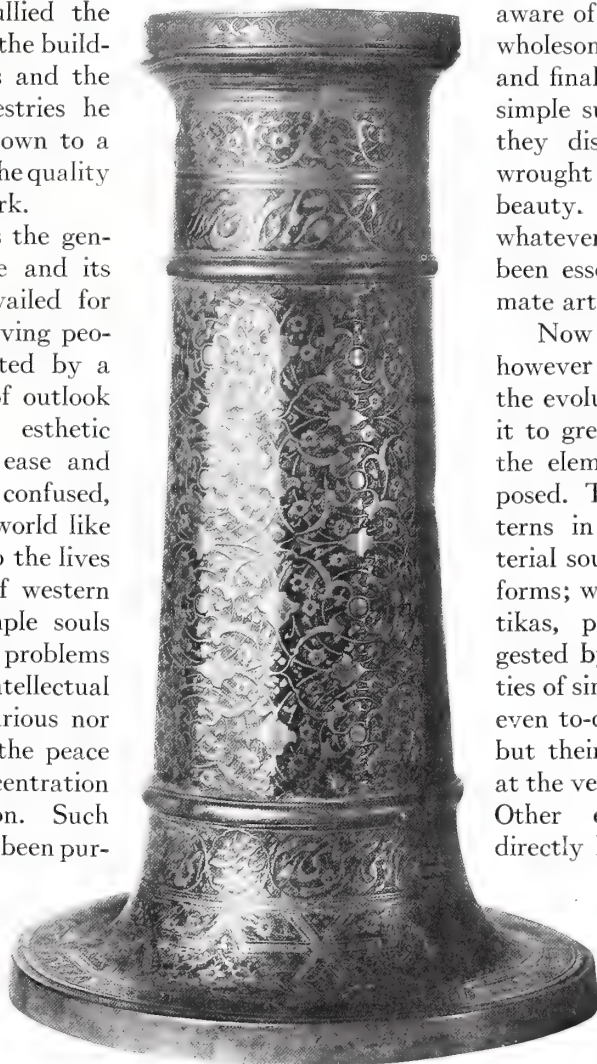
Even its prohibitions have been productive. Its proscription of music, its injunction against the representation of living beings, although often evaded, did tend to intensify and enhance artistic expression in the permissible forms. Into the

relatively narrow channel of abstract decorative art was largely concentrated the ardent experiences of emotional and imaginative peoples who brought to the new problems their rich and sophisticated artistic tradition. Characteristic also of all of these peoples is a quality of patience, very useful in tendering a rug requiring years; an attitude of reverence toward nature which made them

sensitive to her authority and quite aware of their own finitude, also a wholesome attitude for the artist; and finally a profound respect for simple substances whose qualities they discovered, cultivated and wrought into images of glowing beauty. All of these traits, from whatever source derived, have been essential factors in the ultimate artistic triumph.

Now these various factors, however much they may control the evolution of an art and direct it to great heights, do not create the elements of which it is composed. The actual forms and patterns in rugs have specific material sources. Simple geometrical forms; wave lines, triangles, swastikas, patterns apparently suggested by the obvious opportunities of simple weaving are common even to-day in Nomadic weavings, but their origins are to be found at the very beginning of the crafts. Other elements are suggested directly by natural objects which were carefully observed and represented by the earliest and most primitive of peoples, not so much probably for their esthetic effect but for use in ritual, magic, and also for various practical purposes of control and designation.

Later they were undoubtedly made out of that disinterested amusement which was the beginning of the art impulse. These prehistoric apparitions, horses, dogs, various fowls, comical human beings that look for all the world like gingerbread men, survive almost intact in Caucasus rugs to-day. Common plant forms, the lotus, pomegranate, hyacinth, lily, tulip and carnation, are essential ingredients in many Asia Minor rugs, while almost everything



CARVED METAL CANDLESTICK. ISPAHAN  
END OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY

(Collection of the author)



that had decorative possibilities was utilized in their designs by the facile and dextrous Persians. The welding of all these primitive natural elements into artistic forms was partly a matter of infinite time, but still more a matter of contact and interchanging influences between various peoples of various habits and cultures. Patterns were transmitted like coinage of foreign countries, at first unfamiliar and suspected, then accepted and incorporated. Skill in weaving, in color combinations, in drawing were, despite the natural conservatism of the east, disseminated everywhere, by migrations, conquest and by the ordinary processes of commerce that have been operating for thousands of years. Each region made its special contribution, Egypt, the mother of the arts, probably giving the greatest amount of originally developed material, to which Babylonia and Assyria made additions, perfecting rug types, such as that of the Palace at Khorsabad, that have been continued to the present day almost intact. Some patterns are of Hittite origin while from Greece came important designs, such as the palmettes and perhaps the arabesque that played such a glorious rôle in the great Persian carpets. Central Asia created patterns such as the octagon which spread clear across to the Aegean, while from China came a host of devices, peonies, rich verdure, all sorts of mythical animals, cloud bands, and endless knots that were eagerly appropriated and put to new uses by the most sophisticated designers.

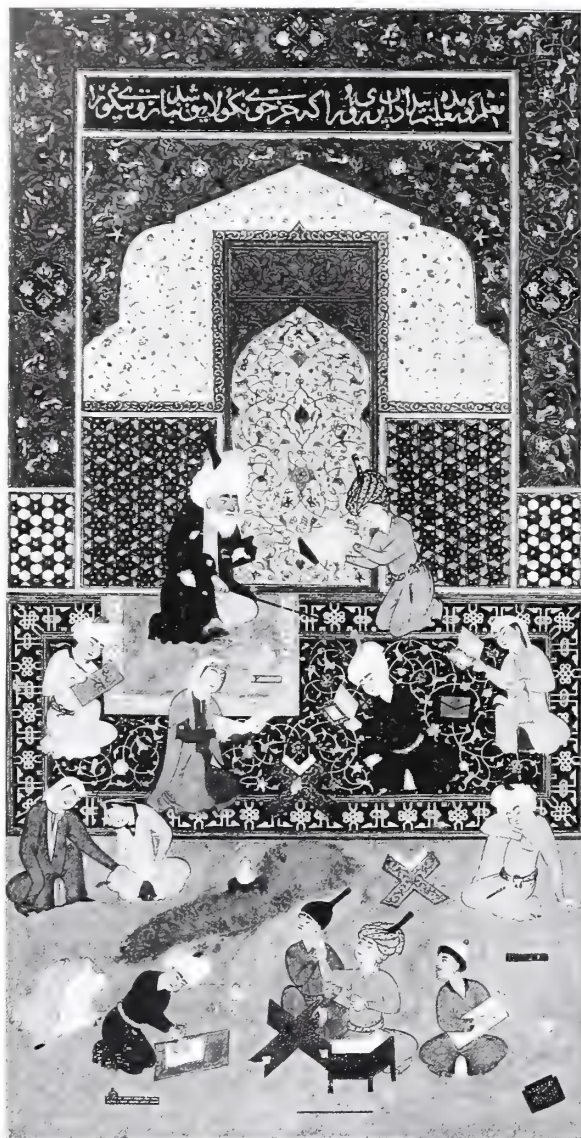
Thus far we have spoken mainly of the simpler kind of rugs, the weavings that were made

by common everyday people throughout the length and breadth of the vast lands of western Asia, working now these many centuries. Despite the indifference of some critics who do not understand them or who have not seen the best pieces, they do attain often a very high level of artistic

excellence, and if by common consent the supremest achievements in the whole realm of rugs is to be found in those phases of the art that were under royal patronage, it may be asked upon what were these more pretentious pieces based? They did not spring into being at the wave of a sceptre; European monarchs found the mere word insufficient. The great court rugs were but the commoner rugs carried to an exceptional degree of perfection and elaboration, and where they departed too far from their native originals, as they sometimes did, despite their startling virtuosity they showed a marked loss of esthetic power, and their capacity to arouse our amazement at their ingenuity, dexterity and lavishness does not compensate for the loss of artistic integrity and substantiality. But where, as in the greatest Persian carpets, they maintained vital contact with their origins; where the designers blended their own tra-

ditions with the numerous contributions from the other arts; where their devotion to beauty protected them from being distracted by the gorgeous and expensive materials which a generous court supplied, there, as in the famous carpet of the colored illustration, they attained a quality that places them among the world's masterpieces.

Owing to a typographical inadvertence, the seventeenth century Kuba rug illustrated in the November number was ascribed to the thirteenth century. Courtesy of Kent-Costikyan.



EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY MINIATURE BY MIRAK

*In the rendering of carpets, mosaic, tiles and wall painting was shown brilliant mastery of a variety of decorative forms each adapted to its special medium*

*(Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art)*



## TAPESTRIES of Five Centuries

## III. The Transition to the Renaissance

THE Renaissance filtered gradually into Flanders and into the studios of the cartoon painters and the tapestry weavers there. It appeared, at first, only in the modification of

small details, changes in the fashions of dress, a touch of foreign suavity in the personal types, the ascendancy of the ideals of grace and charm, and especially an added care in balance and symmetry of composition. It brought an Italianizing of the rugged, abundant Flemish genius, a softening, sweetening, feminizing of its sometimes gross but always vital male strength. It relaxed the rigorous vertical feeling into easy compound curves. It carried with it the end of primitive directness and the beginning of sophisticated skill, so that exquisiteness took the place of power in color, in drawing, in massing, in emotion.

The first traces of the southern pseudo-classicism were brought in by the Flemish students who were drawn to the ateliers of Florence and Rome by the lustre of their reputation. The earliest of the Flemish painters to go in search of Italian experience was Roger Van der Weyden. He was, however, a mature man with an established style when he took his transalpine trip, and so his Flemish spirit was scarcely deflected, even, by what he saw in the southern studios. Nevertheless, by chance, some of the tapestries that can be attributed to him are the first foreshadows of the death of the Gothic style. For these tapestries were woven, not after cartoons prepared especially for that purpose, but as copies of paintings. Though Van der Weyden may have painted cartoons, and it seems quite probable inasmuch as his master, Robert Campin, made *toiles peintes* and his fellow pupil Daret designed for the weavers, all of the pieces left to us which we can attach to his name are woven renditions of paintings. Some of these, notably a group of large pieces in the Museum of Berne, were done after wall paintings, but others are exact reproductions of this Flemish master's panel paintings.

Now these tapestries reproducing panel paintings foreshadow the death of the Gothic manner because a central characteristic of the Gothic tapestries comes from the fact that they are al-

*Raphael was final factor in obliteration of the Gothic qualities of flatness and naturalism . . . by*  
PHYLLIS ACKERMAN

ways treated as mural decorations. As such, they have their composition distributed evenly over the whole area with the centers of interest dispersed. The Renaissance, on the other

hand, assumed the conception of tapestry as a follower of painting and so introduced designs strongly centered on one point of interest to which the rest of the composition is entirely subordinated and about which it all balances. Van der Weyden's tapestries that are copies of painted panels have, of course, this type of composition. In every other respect, however, he is truly Gothic, his figures rendered in simplified flat planes, his drawing structurally treated in simplified straight outlines, and his figures erect and vertical.

The painters of fifty years later who went down to Italy were more affected by the experience. Typical of this later, transitional type among the tapestry designers is Maitre Philippe, that same Philippe who was an apprentice boy under Jean Van Rome, then rose to be his collaborator and ended, probably after the older man's death, as himself master of the great shop. Philippe's master, too, had gone to Italy as the name indicates but the art he saw there had made no impression whatsoever on his style. Philippe, on the other hand, probably went just to get some of the Italian finish that the taste of the late fifteenth century was beginning to demand. But he, too, was a mature man when he went there and had perfected and conventionalized an entirely Flemish style for his cartoons. He picked up a number of good tricks to add to his trade and simply inserted them in his already established style. He gave his youths a new jaunty insouciance, quite unfamiliar among the staid Flemish types. His costumes, too, he tried to make more chic. The most notable contribution, however, that he brought back was the conception of the Triumph designs. These had been for a half century or more a favorite theme in Italian decoration, developed especially on the cassone panels, whose long narrow space could be filled naturally by the sequence of the procession. The most popular Triumphs, of course, were those already created by Petrarch in his sequence of



"THE APPROACH OF SCIPIO TO AFRICA, B.C. 203." BRUSSELS—SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*This tapestry, one of a set of three representing scenes from the deeds of Scipio, was woven in Brussels in silk and gold thread after designs attributed to Giulio Romano, and signed by Hubert de Mecht*

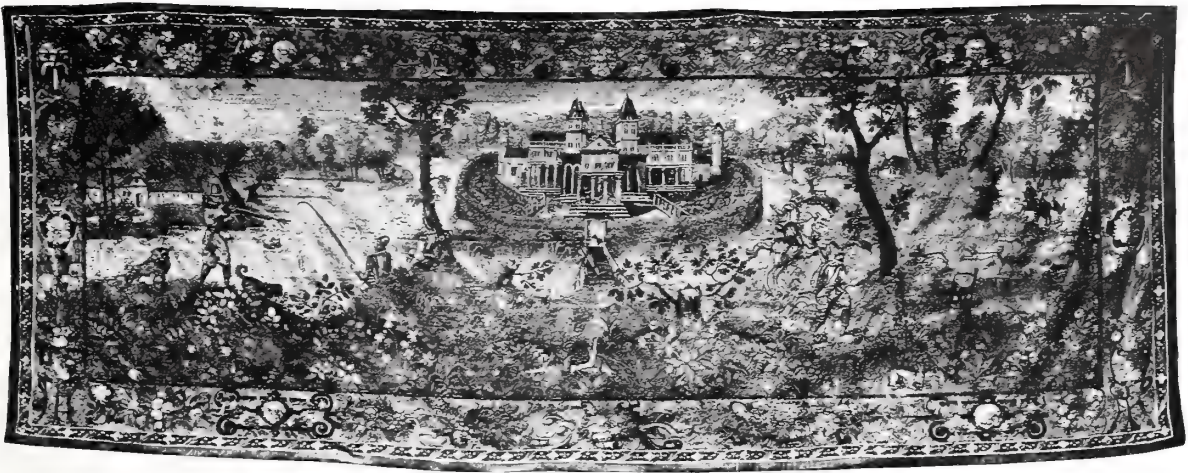
*(Courtesy of Duveen Brothers)*

poems, and they were illustrated innumerable times. The designers themselves invented innumerable other symbolic Triumphs and to these were added the Triumphs of the great historical and legendary heroes. These scenes were as well fitted to tapestry as to cassone paintings, and Philippe adopted them with industrious enthusiasm. They permitted him still to pile his personages in superimposed groups and gave opportunities also for all the incongruous complexities dear to his Flemish heart. And he performed in them all his newly discovered Italian tricks.

Philippe's acquired Italian mannerisms were quite too unimportant really to create a Renaissance style of design. He was, moreover, entirely a cartoon painter interested, therefore, in decorative arrangements on a large scale, dispersed in design and fully enriched with both anecdotal and ornamental detail. Other young artists, however, who were primarily interested in panel painting and who had had less previous experience to give them a Flemish bias went to Italy also. When they came back they often found profitable employment in designing for the looms and so gave to tapestry the second impulse toward the Renaissance, brought it closer to panel painting

and made the art more Italian in character. The most notable of these was Bernard Van Orley. He was a very young man when he first went south, about twenty years old only. He seems to have come in contact there with Raphael, whose prestige would, of course, have enormously impressed the young Fleming. Van Orley was of noble family, so he may very well have come in contact, too, with some of the titled Italians who were patrons of the new style in painting and the new learning and caught from them some of their enthusiasm. Certainly he came back thoroughly imbued with the Italian spirit and when he began designing cartoons rendered them entirely in imitation of the graceful sweetness of the south. In composition, in the handling of the modeling, even in the delicate richness of the blond tones his cartoons were entirely Italian and entirely Renaissance. Yet at the same time he was in close touch with the weavers and so with the problems and needs of their craft. He adapted his painted panels to those needs by giving his minor spaces a fuller enrichment of delicate and beautifully drawn details, flowers and birds and plants—the heritage of the Gothic naturalism. As Philippe is the last of the Gothic, giving in his details homage





LANDSCAPE TAPESTRY. BRUSSELS—SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*A close netted pattern of leafy vines in the foreground and a thick fringe of foliage against the sky make these landscapes, in spite of their genre scenes and carefully rendered architecture, truly verdure designs*

*(From the collection of Mrs. William H. Crocker)*

to the new Renaissance taste, so Van Orley is the first of the Renaissance, leaving only in his subordinate details a parting trace of the Gothic tradition.

The full flood of the Renaissance and the Italian manner broke over the looms of Flanders when Raphael sent to them to weave, on order of Pope Leo X, his twelve great cartoons of the Acts of the Apostles. In executing the commission, Raphael, oblivious of the special requirements of the unfamiliar medium, approached his themes in exactly the same way in which he would have approached twelve ordinary canvases on the subject. He made twelve enormously enlarged panels. The figures he drew with fine classical modeling, centering his episodes in each case, only lightly indicating the setting. Thereby he violated all of the established traditions of the weavers' art, destroyed the flatness that had hitherto

been maintained even in the most complicated illustrations and that is essential to a textile, and left the problem of large undecorated spaces, which are not impossible in paint but which in wool leave glaringly ugly spaces of ordinary



"THE RESURRECTION"

BRUSSELS—SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*Probably after a design by Van Orley. The rich and delicate floriation is continued from the Gothic manner of design*

*(From the collection of Mrs. William H. Crocker)*





VERDURE TAPESTRY. PROBABLY FROM ENGHEIN—SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*The heavy scrolling of large leaves serves as a background for flowers and birds, making a formal design of great decorative unity*

*(Courtesy of Dikran G. Kelekian)*

material that destroy the decorative consistency. If, however, Raphael represents such an unfortunate influence in tapestry by the introduction of these serious mistakes in design he almost compensates by introducing, at the same time, a new and gorgeous interpretation of the border. By degrees during the fifteenth century the border had grown wider and a little ornament had crept in, either a simple pattern of jewels on a dull gold ground, or, more often, a naturalistic continuous garland of flowers and fruits with, perhaps, a little bird here and there. At the most these borders were four or five inches wide, a very minor feature of the design that could even be omitted without loss of the effect. Raphael, as in all other respects disregarding tradition, used his fine decorative imagination to invent borders five times as wide as any that had hitherto been used and put into them a series of individual designs framed in architectural outlines and including even human figures. These Renaissance borders

that Raphael fashioned provided a new resource for the designers, a resource that was exploited with especial variety and ingenuity for the next hundred years. One rendition of the new wide border, for example, that was invented a decade or so after this and many times repeated with adaptations indicated the whole of creation. Along the bottom was the Sea and its creatures, up the sides the Earth and the animals and plants thereof, a sequence of little hillocks with all the beasts marching up like the voyagers in Noah's ark on parade, and across the top were shown the Heavens full of fluttering birds.

The precedent that Raphael set was immediately followed by hosts of lesser men. Some of these were his own Italian pupils, most notable among them Giulio Romano, who provided a number of striking cartoons for the great craftsmen of Flanders. Others were Flemings who had absorbed Raphael's classicism at second hand, modifying it to their

own more deeply embedded traditions as cartoon painters. The latter evolved a kind of design that became generally standardized. In the foreground there are a few large figures so sharply silhouetted against a distant background full of minute episode that they look almost as if they were cut out and applied to the design. The intermediate planes are usually omitted entirely. The color is in the warm blond range typical of Renaissance decoration, a suffusion of golds weighted with some crimson but with a very moderate employment of the cold colors.

In addition to this type of pseudo classical cartoon, and in addition, too, to the invention of the wide and richly ornamented border, the Renaissance contributed a third valuable resource to the available material for tapestry decoration, the grotesques. The imaginative and heterogeneous decorations found on the walls of the old Roman grottoes, and hence called grotesques, were seized upon with enthusiasm by the

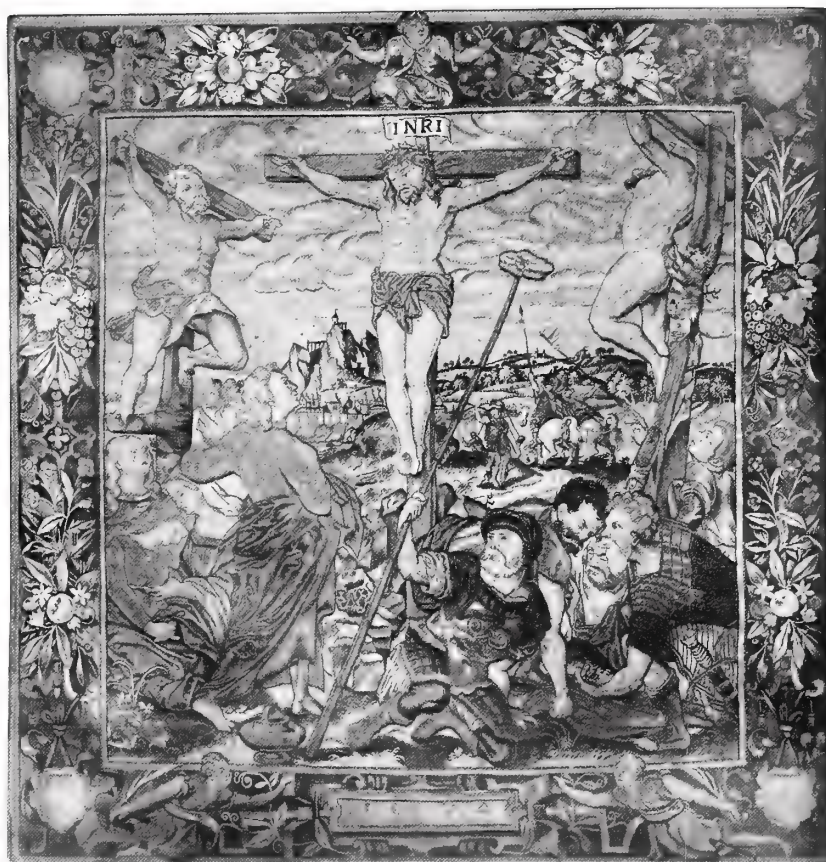


designers of the period. These grotesques, with their goats and gods, their birds and nymphs, their fruit garlands and scrolls and cornucopias in delightful irrelevancy on a slender but firm architectural scaffold are perhaps the most delightful and successful type of pattern that the Renaissance introduced.

Still another innovation of the period was the miniature tapestry, a truly woven painting in scale as well as in conception and drawing, and entirely Italianate, small religious scenes made apparently for the altars of private chapels. Done always with exquisite perfection of workmanship and with the costliest materials, heavily but soberly enriched with gold, these works compensate for their mistaken compositions by the beauty of their texture and the clear glow of their colors, coming to rank, in spite of the painting treatment, with the greatest of the larger and more important tapestries.

The original weaving of Raphael's cartoons and the weaving of most of the designs of his followers and their derivatives was done in Brussels. In the wars of Charles the Bold both Arras and Tournai had suffered and many of the weavers had migrated to Brussels, which therefore immediately sprang to the foremost place in the industry. In 1528 a law was passed requiring that every tapestry have, woven in its seluage, both the registered mark of the city and the signature or insignia of the weaver. The red shield flanked by the two B's, the mark of Brussels, is to be found in hundreds of the tapestries executed during the sixteenth century.

Though Brussels was thus by far the most productive city of the period, other Flemish cities had large numbers of skilful weavers. Enghien, especially, developed a very interesting and individual type of design. Throughout the history of tapestry two main themes of design run parallel, the illustrative, pictorial cartoons, and the purely decorative, half naturalistic and



"THE CRUCIFIXION." FLEMISH—FIFTEENTH CENTURY

*This tapestry, attributed to Roger van der Weyden, though essentially Gothic in feeling, foreshadows the change in design of the Renaissance*

*(From the collection of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Bayer)*

half conventionalized designs of leaves, fruit, flowers and birds. The Gothic interpretation of this motive had been the mille fleurs without personages. The Renaissance invented, to fill this need, strong, large scale patterns in scrolling leaves with the compound curves that the period loved, and against this thickly intertwined background a few flowers and an occasional bird, a sort of realistic acanthus pattern usually rendered in blue greens with the blossoms in a musty hot terra cotta. Enghien seems to have been the center of the production of this individual and interesting type of wall decoration.

No precedent for this design is to be found in tapestry and it was never developed into any further interpretations. The seventeenth century, to be sure, repeated these verdures and in the repetition coarsened and degraded them, but it did not invent any new modifications on the theme. Very similar netted scrolling leaves in thick large scale patterns are to be found in the background of German woodblock prints of the late fifteenth century and it seems quite plausible that some cartoon painter recognized here the





"THE TRIUMPH OF DIANA." FONTAINEBLEAU—SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*Probably after a cartoon by Primaticcio. The classicism of the Italian Renaissance has been shaped to the taste of the very feminine Diane de Poitiers*

*(Courtesy of Wildenstein & Company)*

decorative possibilities of this type of ornamentation and borrowed the design for his own art.

Intermediate between the illustrative, pictorial cartoons and these decorative textile designs is another familiar Renaissance type, the true landscape tapestries. In a leafy wood with intricate flowery undergrowth and perhaps a castle or a formal garden in the background, tiny personages hunt and fish and ride, or merely

stand about conversing. The richness of the floriation and foliage makes these pieces part of the history of verdures, but the little episodes impart to them a minor anecdotal interest. These, too, were woven in Brussels and some of them probably in Oudenarde.

The interesting and very Flemish school of genre painting in the sixteenth century gave little to the sister art of tapestry. Such men as Jan Van Hemissen, Pieter Aertsen, Joachim de Beuckelaer, Peter Huys and the Breughels contributed nothing of their strength to tapestry. The Italianate painters such as Jan Vermeyen painted on royal commission the contemporary historical events, notably the Conquest of Tunis series, but the ordinary life of the common people, always a sympathetic theme to the Flemish, was, strangely, left almost entirely out of tapestry at this time. There is one set from the period that gained added fame by being re woven many times a hundred years and more later at the Gobelins, which does show some scenes of daily life, the series of the Months, usually called the Months of Lucas. The authorship of these has long been in confusion. It came to be assumed that the Lucas referred to was Lucas Van Leyden, but the most

superficial comparison of his work and these cartoons shows the impossibility of this surmise. Recent writers have given the set to Bernard Van Orley, some of the scenes having figures similar to the figures in his famous Hunts of Maximilian series. But the similarity seems rather the accident of identical costume and of the general manner current at the time. There is, however, one Lucas who might very well have painted these





"GROTESQUES." FONTAINEBLEAU—MIDDLE OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*Grotesques were the rediscovery of the Renaissance and were a characteristic product of the looms of Fontainebleau. The Delta, for Diane, is in the middle of each side border*

*(Courtesy of P. W. French & Company)*

cartoons and his authorship would account for the striking alternation of the energetic Flemish types and the graceful and affected Italian figures which is noticeable in the series. This is Lucas Van Valckenburgh who on the one hand followed the vital directness of Brueghel, but could with equal readiness adopt the Renaissance finesse. Lucas' brother Martin Van Valckenburgh painted a series of the months and the tapestry series might have come to be known as the Months of Lucas to distinguish it from his brother's set.

While Brussels wove her Raphael cartoons and those of the followers of Raphael, her grotesques, her landscapes and her miniatures, and Enghien produced her luxuriant tropic verdures, and the other lesser cities of Flanders followed Brussels' lead, some other countries were trying to enter the field of tapestry. All of them looked to Flanders for craftsmen and instruction in the craft. Italy was the first of these, the Duke d'Este calling to Ferrara, to set up a shop, Nicholas and Jan Karcher in 1536. Ten years later Nicholas transferred his activities to Florence and there in partnership with Jan Roost set up a shop for the de Medicis. Both looms had a fairly long and prosperous career, the Florentine shop producing some especially

distinguished designs. Outside of Flanders it was France that made the most serious contribution to the tapestry of the Renaissance. Francis I began to make out of Fontainebleau the greatest royal residence of the continent. He needed tapestries, so he sent to Flanders for weavers and had them set up their looms right under the supervision of his architects. He died with his dream unfinished, leaving it to Henry II to complete. Henry continued to adorn Fontainebleau but was even more interested in the Chateau d'Anet, the home of his fascinating if mature mistress, Diane de Poitiers. Primaticcio and his assistants made the cartoons. The looms lasted only about twenty years and their output was small, so that representative pieces are very rare. A large proportion of them are grotesques, in keeping with the decorative character of Fontainebleau. All of them are strongly Italianate, but the lucidity of the French taste is so thoroughly inwrought into the Italian conventions that these have been shaped to a national idiom.

The Renaissance in both its Flemish and its French productions represents, thus, a complete break with the traditions of the Gothic age, and marks the beginning of the end, but before the end there were still to be two periods of fine production.

JUBILATION may well be the opening theme of the editor's page this month—and without any sacrifice of modesty. The circulation of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* has more than doubled since the first issue appeared under its new management last March! The editor feels as gratified as a candidate who has been swept into office by a landslide, and he can be pardoned if he makes use of that trite expression preferred by political victors to the effect that the result has exceeded even his fondest expectations. For a magazine that is twenty-five years old to increase its circulation one hundred per cent. in a period of nine months is a remarkable thing. It means it has suddenly found a way to fill a vital and urgent need. This phenomenal success of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* more than vindicates the policy outlined on this page last March—the policy of unprejudiced presentment of those things that are “informative, interesting and inspiring” in the art of the world.

What do you think of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* as a Christmas gift? A year's subscription, bestowed upon a friend, will be appreciated by him twelve times during the coming year. On a dozen separate occasions the monthly copy will remind of the kindness, good taste and judgment of the giver. A week before the holiday, *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* will mail to whomever you wish an appropriate card apprising the subscriber of the fact that you have made him a Christmas present of a year's subscription.

The unrest among artists that has manifested itself in so many different countries, giving rise to new schools of painting in the effort to escape from the weariness of ever-enduring academicism, has had a salutary result in Mexico, where certain painters have turned for inspiration to the art of the old Aztecs. This aboriginal revival in the sister republic, however, is only one of the interesting points in Jose Juan Tablada's article on “Mexican Painting of Today,” which leads the January number. The author, who wrote this review at the special request of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*, is the leading poet and art critic of Mexico. As frontispiece there is a reproduction of “The Circus Tent by the River,” a nocturne by Jorge Enciso, who has been called Mexico's Whistler.

Among the arts of antiquity one of the rarest and most beautiful is that of mosaic glass. The

vessels produced by Roman artisans in the time of Augustus have a beauty no modern can imitate. One reason for this is the fact that the colors were produced by crude methods. Science afterwards came along and made fine perfect colors, but their very purity prevented the attainment of the beauty and softness of the old craftsmen's work. The art did not live long, and even in the time of Nero specimens had become “antiques” and were so scarce that the mad emperor, being a lover of beautiful things, paid fabulous prices for them. The story of mosaic glass is told authoritatively and entertainingly by the expert, Gustavus A. Eisen, in an article in January. It is perfectly profusely illustrated, and three magnificent vessels that have survived the long centuries are reproduced in color.

It is well known, of course, that Rubens merely made the sketches for his most monumental paintings and that his pupils or assistants did the actual work of applying the pigment. Some of his most famous works were produced in this manner. *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* has the rare privilege to present in January a full page photograph of the immortal “Descent from the Cross” and opposite it to reproduce a photograph of the master's original sketch, which is now in a London collection. A comparison of the two is astonishing. If the large composition in Amsterdam is worthy of its renown, then no words can describe the sketch.

Many fascinating articles will appear in January, among them one on the intarsias of the English artist A. J. Rowley, with color reproductions of his interpretations in wood of paintings by Frank Brangwyn and W. A. Chase; another on the frescoes illustrating the “Legende de Saint Julien l' Hospitalier” which the American artist Gardner Hale has done in the ancient manner on the walls of an old Italian villa. There will be new installments in the series of tapestry articles by Phyllis Ackerman and the series of rug articles by Arthur Upham Pope.

The painting “Antonina la Gallega” by Ignacio Zuloaga, reproduced in color on the cover of this number, is used through the courtesy of the Kraushaar Galleries.

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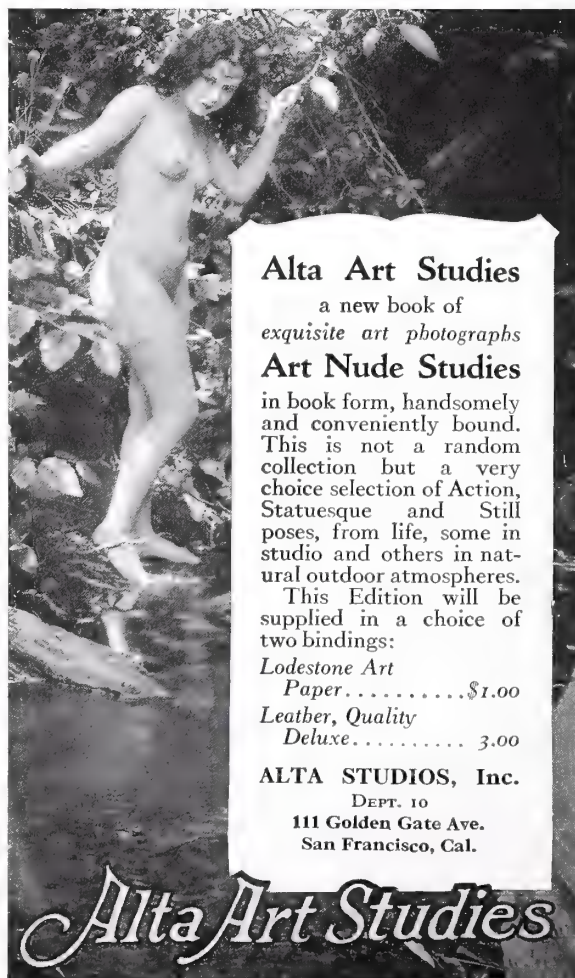
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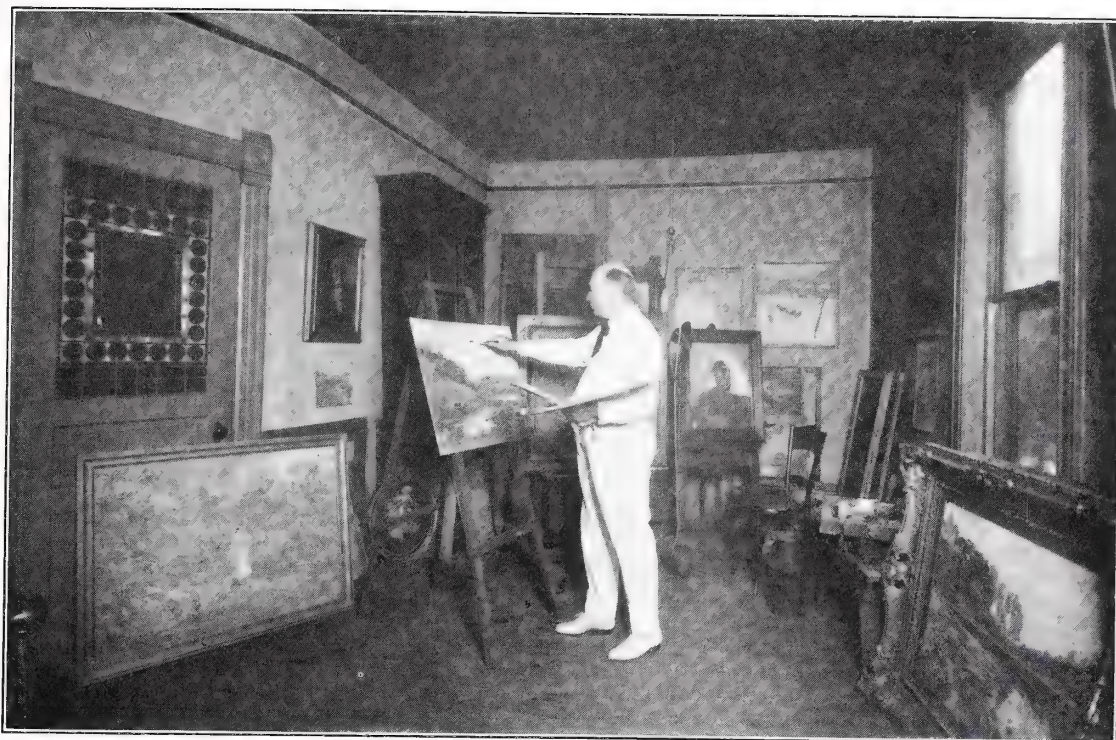
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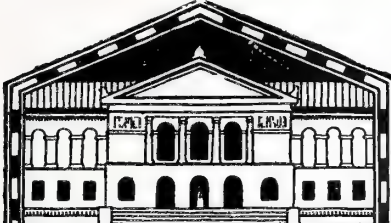
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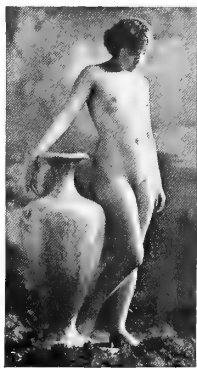
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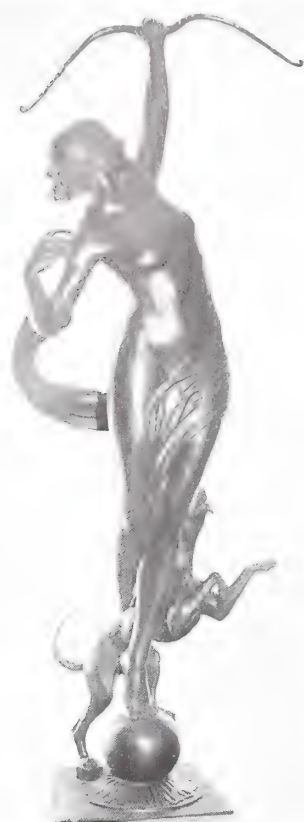
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*"The CIRCUS TENT by the RIVER"*

*by*

*Jorge Enciso*



January 1923

# MEXICAN *Painting of* TO-DAY

**M**ODERN Mexico underwent for a long period a dull stagnation in the arts. This era proved to be ripe enough for social upheavals and political changes, while in the realm of art the cast-iron methods of academic teaching still prevailed. In spite of the fact that Mexico had two inspirational sources in art, the indigenous and the Iberian, the Academy confined its activities to mannerism in subject, pattern and technique. So it lived on into modern times—that is to say since Mexico separated from Spain. Before the separation it had at least one reason for existing—to supply with religious paintings the numberless churches of the country and with

*After a long academic sleep, the old Aztec art has inspired a national Renaissance . . . by*  
**JOSÉ JUAN TABLADA\***

portraits the members of the nobility, in full regalia and gilded coats-of-arms.

Although a romantic, in the manner of Böecklin, Klinger and Stuck, the painter Julio Ruelas in-

augurated the era of modern art in Mexico. His early sketches disclose a vivid imagination and accomplished drawing. While still very young he painted mural decorations. He then proceeded to Germany and in Karlsruhe and Munich

\* Jose Juan Tablada, leading poet and art critic of Mexico, besides being the author of a number of books of prose and verse, has received two Orders (the Meiji and the Sacred Treasure) from the Imperial Japanese Government for his writings on Japanese art. In verse Tablada is the author of "El Florilegio," "Al Sol y bajo la Luna," "Un Dia," "Li-Po y otros Poemas" and "El Jarro de Flores"; in prose, "Los Dias y Noches de Paris," "En el Pais del Sol," "Hiroshigue," "Mexican Plastic Arts."

"OUR GODS," PART OF A TRIPTYCH BY SATURNINO HERRAN





"OUR GODS," PART OF A TRIPTYCH  
BY SATURNINO HERRAN

attained through a few years of patient learning the maturity of his talent. Returning to Mexico he executed several orders for portraits and military paintings, and then an event came about which did much to influence his career. "Revista Moderna," a magazine of literature and the arts, was founded and the art directorship was given to Ruelas. It was an ultra-modern magazine, in the last



"MEXICAN GIRL" BY  
SATURNINO HERRAN



"MEXICAN DANCE"  
BY SATURNINO HERRAN

years of the past century, and one which brought about for the Mexican arts the revival that academies and official teachers had failed to evoke. A prolific illustrator of the magazine, Ruelas was compelled to express himself in black and white, very seldom resorting to his palette. This circumstance was not detrimental; on the contrary it was beneficial to the artist. His paintings, worked to the most careful detail, disclosed marvelous knowledge of tone values. He was a poet in black and white, not in pigment. His drawings were poetry by sentiment of design, by the meaning of the literary conception, at the same time disquieting and torturing by a sort of objective realism recalling Goya, Valdez Leal and certain other Spanish masters. Nature was his source of inspiration, but, interpreting it with a whimsical fancy, he gained a peculiar originality, going through a morose gamut from a gloomy sarcasm to the most agonizing expression. One of his famous works was the drawing of a man in mortal anguish pierced by an anchor—the Christian symbol of hope and security. Another was a sketch depicting a desert

planted with numberless gallows and shaken by an earthquake which made hanging corpses swing and frightfully clash together. Modern girls abducted by satyrs; mediaeval knights enamoured of mermaids; nocturnal trains assuming in the dark the uncertain aspect of both a Chinese dragon and a giant diplodocus; trees opening bestial eyes in the nodes of their trunks and twisting branches like human limbs; ghosts, apparitions and sprites were the *dramatis personae* of his weird realm. The mood of this peculiar artist was by no means either fictitious or illegitimate. Ruelas was an Indian and thus the truculence of his subtle works may be traced to

the ancestral spirit of the oldest Mexican sculptors,





"GIRL WITH FAN"  
BY ROBERTO MONTENEGRO

who were as skilful in the expression of terror as were the old Assyrians in the representation of animal strength. The spirit of Ruelas was often roused by the beauty of woman, and her form and grace of movement evoked thus in gloomy nightmare and dreadful episode were by contrast made more banefully fascinating. When the artist died in Paris, at thirty-six, Ruben Dario, the great South American poet, who was at his bedside, impressed by the pangs of his distressing agony said: "Ruelas' death is like a Ruelas drawing!"

Next after Ruelas, Jorge Enciso became a distinguished figure in modern Mexican art. Notwithstanding his occasional painting of the human figure and some remarkable decorative works, Enciso is mainly to be considered as a landscape painter. It was he who, above all others,

may be said to have discovered the blue Mexican night and the first to discern a treasure of color harmonies dormant in the dusky villages or in twilight fields. He expressed his crepuscular or nocturnal visions by means of a palette of sombre grays suggesting light and air through their values. Most of his canvases were sunless, imbued with the melancholy atmosphere of pueblos of the Mexican high plateaus, so different in character from the ardent tropical districts. When Enciso chanced to paint Lake Chapala by daylight, he found exquisite harmonies in pinkish saffron and coral with charming complementary violets and blues, not inferior to the mysterious emerald, profound sapphire and mystic turquoise he was wont to melt in the atmosphere of his nocturnal landscapes. Through the Mexican-born painter Xavier Martinez, a

talented disciple of Whistler, who later made his abode in California, Enciso felt the influence of the great American master, but, having an individuality strong enough to withstand the dangerous wizardry of the poet of the "Nocturnes," his creations display only a subtle redolence as remote as was the Japanese bias in Whistler's masterpieces. Enciso as a decorator was the first to conceive a thorough and really Mexican art derived from the indigenous monuments, architecture, sculpture, painting and crafts of the different tribes who inhabited the Mexico of pre-Spanish times, many of them gifted with wondrous sentiment and skill. But unfortunately the artist who had that clear vision did nothing, or very little, actually to foster and unfold it. This achievement was to be accomplished later by Best Maugard, with whose productions we shall deal later on.

A close contemporary of Enciso is Roberto Montenegro, author of a portfolio of twenty black and white drawings published in Paris which well deserved to be introduced by the poet Henri de Regnier.

These drawings were noteworthy for their imaginative fancy and literary touch, enhanced by both a decorative sense and a technical skill which exhibited a certain Beardsley influence. This influence was strong among the young artists of the beginning of the century: they were readers of Baudelaire and De Goncourt. The Mexicans, like the Russians, have an innate love of decoration and this is nowhere so well shown as in Montenegro, who in pen and ink as well as in color, often sacrifices the essential of line to an overwhelming decorative opulence. Most of his work might with advantage be simpler. Lately Montenegro has attempted to express the beauty of Mexican subjects. He is gifted and doubtless will be able to achieve much—provided he strengthens his own individuality.

Another of these translators of the art sense of Mexico is Angel Zarraga, whose name is familiar

to European followers of art movements, particularly to those of Paris. He is one of the foremost representatives of Mexican modern art, who with a real talent, strengthened by a capacity for hard work, has earned wide recognition. Born in Mexico City, he went to Europe at an early age, studying assiduously, while in Spain, the old masters, notably El Greco and Goya. While

there he became acquainted with Zuloaga, who influenced his early work. After journeying extensively through Italy, Zarraga made his home in Paris and began to turn out a steady production of work which seemed to be surely inspired by the Spanish masters as well as the Italians, Mantegna above all. His canvases of that period are studies of human figures, characterized by beautiful composition, subtle sense of line and color, refined selection of imaginative subjects, with distinct literary stress. The reason for this latter characteristic may be found in the fact that Zarraga had the writing urge



"ST. SEBASTIAN"  
BY ANGEL ZARRAGA

simultaneously with his adolescent yearning for plastic expression. Recently he purged himself of this transgression by plunging into cubism and putting himself under the severe discipline of pure form and the abstract, much as did those worldlings of the Renaissance who fled at intervals to some convent to do penance for their sins. From cubism Zarraga emerged the master of himself. His present works display solid construction, strong individuality, ardent chromatism and real sincerity.

After a long sojourn in Italy Gerardo Murillo returned to Mexico imbued with the ideas of the European impressionists, notably the Italian Segantini. His principal aim being to paint the vibration of light, technique had for him supreme importance. He worked in the open air, gaining inspiration from close contact with nature, but ever restricted in creative attempt by the literal tenets of the school he followed. He is the creator of some very remarkable portraits and landscapes,





*"THE BRIDE"*

by  
*Angel Zarraga*

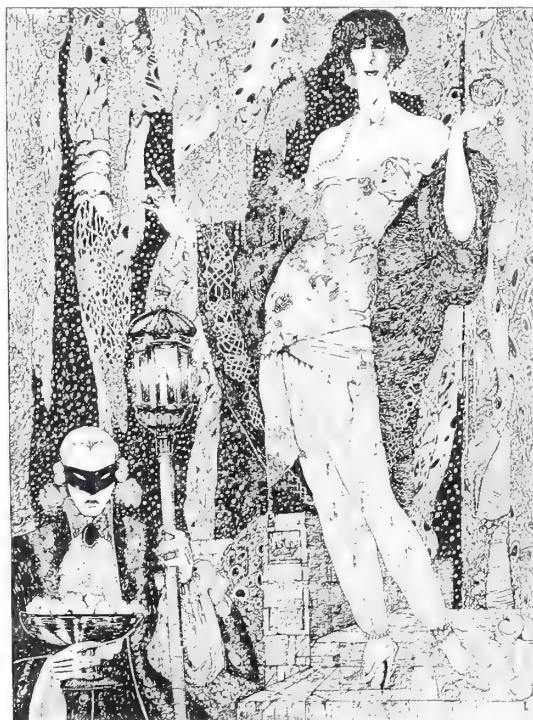




"LA BELLA OTERO"  
BY JULIO RUELAS

which include, among others, a fine series of views of the Mexican volcanoes.

Murillo deserved well for inducing Joaquin Clausel to take up painting as a career. Clausel was endowed with every natural gift requisite to express sincerely and refreshingly the beauties of nature. Urged by Murillo, who first discerned the possibilities of his rare talent, Clausel started to paint at a mature age, producing in a very short period, with eager and indefatigable effort, hundreds of landscapes. These were sometimes painted with small dabs of primary colors laid on so as to give at a certain distance the fusion of tone required. Otherwise his canvases were constructed with heavy grumes of pigment and broad brush strokes, the results being invariably amazing. Then suddenly this admirable artist relinquished quite unconcernedly his quickly gained triumph, turning to more remunerative employment in order to support himself and his family. About Clausel and his spiritual conflict, the great painter Diego Rivera recently wrote a subtle and moving article. He proclaimed Clausel as the Mexican poet painter "par excellence" and suggested that his life was as sombre a tragedy as that of the martyrdom of Cézanne or the exile of Arthur



"MARCHIONESS  
CASATI" BY  
R. MONTENEGRO

Rimbaud in the unknown Abyssinian jungle. Amongst the youngest artists, Saturnino Herran was perhaps the most admired by the public, and his premature death two years ago affected every one who knew his work as a great misfortune. He was developing his solid talent in a remarkable way and was raising himself out of incipient academicism towards something that approached classicism. Although his vision at that stage was what is called photographic it is easy to perceive in his work the coming of possibilities to react before the model. His canvases dealt always with national topics.

The aim of this article being to point out to the American public the most prominent Mexican artists of today it is probably superfluous to say anything about Marius de Zayas, his career having developed for the most part in this country. His versatile talents as a cartoonist, art critic and a revealer of the latest movements in modern art as well as the indigenous Mexican and Negro arts, are highly appreciated everywhere.

A victim of the everlasting conflict between the old and the new is Jose Clemente Orozco, a young Mexican painter of vision and feeling, possessing as no one else among his compatriots a power of emotional statement and irreducible individuality.



"PORTRAIT OF  
A POET"  
BY JULIO RUELAS



His first works were met with derision. They were far out of the ordinary, that being enough to arouse the vulgar misunderstanding. Orozco is essentially a painter of Woman, but his peculiar mood and originality of expression, unlike that of the conventional painter's attitude toward feminine beauty, are not qualities that ingratiated him with the public. Although having nothing in common with them, Orozco reveals in dealing with his subjects the uncompromising penetration of a Guys, the simple directness of Dautier and the cruel realism of a Toulouse-Lautrec. The women he is wont to paint



"MIDNIGHT FROLIC"  
BY JOSE CLEMENTE OROZCO



"PORTRAIT" BY DIEGO RIVERA

are of two kinds, in violent contrast but altogether typifying, one might say, striking phases of femininity—the wholesome college girl, the bud on the verge of maturity already asserting the authority of her sex with coquetry and the lure of dress and gesture, and the courtesan, the peculiar picturesque Mexican type, in gaudy attire and showy head-dress, in which, under a mask of cerise and crude rouge, the lips are a gash and the black-fringed eyes shining live coals.

Orozco also used to delineate his subjects in black and white, creating a lineal synthesis with a sensitive understanding of form, and revealing a technique always subdued to emotion. His spirited drawings

"STILL LIFE"  
BY DIEGO RIVERA



are the equal of his paintings, which are enriched with the sombre iridescence of submerged shells. The pictorial work of Orozco might be compared with a garden containing only flowers of two kinds: one untouched and white, fresh with virgin sap, scarcely unfolding their corollas, and the other autumnal and decaying, with rare orchid hues, disquieting shapes exhaling with their perfume an offensive smell of decomposition and death. . . . Orozco has but one hand. Being maimed as was Toulouse-Lautrec, his work seems to reflect a like sadness. Unlike the great Spaniard Urrabieta Vierge, illustrator of "Don Quixote," who after losing his right arm courageously began again, Orozco gave up his life work when he





"JOY"  
BY BEST MAUGARD

sadly realized that, being a good artist notwithstanding his infirmity, he was nothing to a public hopelessly incapable of appreciating his gifts.

A feeling for elaborate decoration, together with a charming naïveté, seem to be the leading characteristics of the art of Best Maugard, the interesting young Mexican to whom I have already referred. He won fame for his designs of costumes and stage settings for a suite of Mexican dances given by Pavlowa's ballet in Mexico City, and afterward performed in New York, Paris and London. The scenery painted by this young Mexican struck every one by its novelty, its intricate designs, its gay colors in huge masses, all exuding a luxuriant exoticism and, in spite of all this elaboration, a peculiar atmosphere of primitivism. Oriental glamor was evident, but it would take a trained eye to discover that the manifold influences uniting in those gorgeous ballet settings were really the old Aztec, the Spanish and the Chinese.

As was the custom of Mexican art students, young Best Maugard followed the call of Europe at the very moment in which Post-Impression-

"SPRING"  
BY BEST MAUGARD



"THE BRIDE" BY BEST MAUGARD

gaining for the painter the boon of personal expression. Interpreting broadly this message of freedom, Best Maugard found himself: in a sudden intuitive glance he saw his future way, not through European paths, but in the folk tradition

of his native country. Returning to Mexico he found the field both rich and absorbing when he plunged into a patient study of the Aztec crafts, of which he made more than 2,000 copies. Analyzing them, and other plastic documents, he was able to find the basic elements in which lay the ancient pictorial art. Next he began a close examination of the popular crafts developed in Mexico under the Spanish influence and was able to distinguish between the hybrid decorative combinations—the Aztec survival, the Iberian element (with its two factors Moorish and European) and the Oriental influence. This could easily be traced to the Chinese ships, loaded with silks, porcelains, lacquers and other art treasures which in the Seventeenth and



"THE FOUNTAIN"  
BY BEST MAUGARD

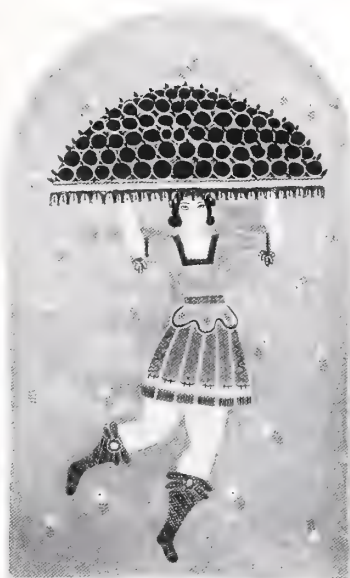


ism and Cubism were advancing with the aim of clearing the pictorial arts from the tyranny of academicism and objective realism, thus



Eighteenth centuries touched at the Mexican ports on the Pacific, their cargoes to be distributed by caravans of mules and burros to the popular *ferias* or open air markets. To strengthen further his individuality within the scope of a national artistic tradition, Best Maugard became a teacher of design in the schools, and instructing his pupils in the main principles, he secured from them numberless drawings which disclosed in varying degree a feeling for line and color which he was satisfied was enough to establish a general trend toward a distinctly Mexican expression.

Then came in a generous flow the new creative work of the



"FRUIT SERVER"  
BY BEST MAUGARD



"INDIAN GIRL" BY CARLOS MERIDA

artist. He portrayed the beauty of the Mexican woman in her most picturesque attire—the "China Poblana" in chemise of foamy lace, and needle-work and red tinsel embroidered skirt; the "Tehuana" dressed entirely in white with heavy gold necklaces, like some giant lily of tropical gardens. He pictured also the modern woman of the most refined type, notably the "Girl with the Doll," and "The Bride," and in striking contrast to this type the "Broadway Girl" flaunting her unique beauty against New York's glittering background. Even in the treatment of such alien subjects as this and the "Tennis Player," exhibited in New York and Boston two years ago, the peculiar and unmistakable Mexican style was strongly evident. The lineal element of design in Best "INDIAN WOMAN AND VASES" Maugard's art recalls the Aztec

BY CARLOS MERIDA

symbolism; and the floral decorations of old Spanish brocades and Oriental shawls, with their color schemes in startling contrasts and strange harmonies, reveals the Chinese impress. Enciso's Mexican night was decorated by Best Maugard with radiant fireworks, in which a single sky-rocket rises up in a golden jet, trembles and scallops an instant in the ebony sky, bending finally toward the earth, scattering a treasure of gems like an overturned jewel-casket. It is essentially a decorative art, working only in two dimensions and not at all concerned with atmosphere or depth, nor indeed requiring them for attaining a fascinating charm. His work reaches far in

its influence. He has restored a tradition of vision and expression which had been forgotten.

Diego Rivera stands in modern Mexican art as its most gifted exponent. He was already an accomplished painter before he went to Europe, but he did not come into the fullness of his powers until he had spent a few years there. Like Cézanne, Rivera is a remarkable personality. Like the French master, he has always been eager to realize a complete plastic expression and must always go through life bitten by that desire. Only the lesser artist achieves his standard. It was a



long struggle for Diego Rivera to find himself. More than ten years ago, after a deep study of the Spanish painters and after having thoroughly mastered his medium, he might easily have considered himself a finished artist, a part of the stem of the great Spanish tradition. But that was not enough. Doing his best to unlearn all that he had begun with, he started anew. Reacting against academicism, he went over to Impressionism, but his journey through the realm of flimsy dynamics of light was of short duration. The spiritual reaction of El Greco haunted him—those paintings whose very distortions somehow revealed more clearly the hidden soul. So, with his canvases painted in Toledo, Rivera began the first stage of his march to the attainment of his ideal. Then the overwhelming influence of Cézanne swayed him toward the possession of form and the subjection of volume in its three dimensions by means of an intransigent purity of vision and method. To plunge from this into radical cubism only needed a swerve, and Rivera cut away from the last objective tie and soared aloft in fullest freedom. He contributed considerably to the Cubist

movement, encouraged by the poet-critic Guillaume Apollinaire, taking a most important place amongst his confrères and even originating by his peculiar views a “doctrinaire complex” called “l’affaire Rivera,” discussed at length by even such an authoritative critic as André Salmon who exclaimed: “Il n’est plus pesant ‘volume dans l’espace’ que celui de Diego M. Rivera. Il n’en est pas de plus suspendu.” The same critic praises the combination of strength and delicacy in his work and another famous art writer, Elie Faure, in his “History of

Art” has written the following about him in reference to the influence of Cézanne and Renoir: “Elle est déjà manifeste et salutaire, en ce qui concerne l’art du portrait, chez quelques artistes étrangers dont le Mexicain Rivera me semble le plus intéressant, à la fois par sa préoccupation des dessous architecturaux et des volumes tournants où persiste la double action des deux maîtres français, et quelque chose d’inattendu,

de surpris, de fantomal qui dénonce l’ascendance espagnole manifestée sous les auspices de Goya et de Zurbaran.”

At present Rivera is painting a series of mural decorations for the Mexico City High School, a truly classical synthesis of mighty subjects, Mexican in character, but rather deserving universality for their plastic essentials.

We should not close this outline without the mention of Carlos Merida and his remarkable paintings of South Mexican Indians, expressed in simple and almost hieratic forms, and Ernesto Garcia Cabral, the extraordinary caricaturist who is the acknowledged leader of a group of promising young cartoonists, among them Covarrubias, who is even now hardly more than a child.

Beauty which was about to die in the clutch of the old academicism is blossoming again in Mexico through the modern and free means of artistic visual expression. Renouncing their slavishness to the old European masters, Mexican artists are discovering infinite and undreamed of possibilities in the new field. Mexican art is at the dawn of a brilliant revival succeeding both art periods of its past—the indigenous, thrilling and masterful, and the creole-Hispanic, flowering in the ecclesiastic crafts and architecture.



“THE BROTHERHOOD MEMBER”  
BY SATURNINO HERRÁN



# "The DESCENT from the CROSS"

OWING to the fact that it has been in two private collections in England for many years, the original finished sketch by Rubens for his great altar piece in the Antwerp, Cathedral, "The Decent from the Cross," is practically unknown to the world, and it is through the courtesy of its present owner, A. L. Nicholson, of London, that INTERNATIONAL STUDIO is enabled to reproduce it in comparison with the actual altar piece. This panel is forty-five by thirty inches in size and was painted in 1610 or 1611, the altar piece having been painted between 1611 and 1614. Previous to coming into the possession of Mr. Nicholson, the panel was owned by Mrs. Holloway, of Cheltenham, and before that, by Lord Methuen of Corsham Court, Wiltshire. The original study is much the finer work in every way, being more brilliant and purer in color and presenting many variations from the altar piece which add greatly to its charm and power. Our reproductions of the two paintings give our readers the opportunity to see the results of a painter working under his original inspiration and under the compulsion of the labored copy or elaboration.

To study the contrasts between the original sketch and the completed picture in detail one may begin with the lowest figure in the composition, the Mary Magdalene. In the sketch, the face is youthful and appealingly sweet, the draperies fall in soft lustrous folds, the hair suggests young womanhood. In the completed picture, the face of the Mary is that of a middle-aged woman and the dress has the hard sheen of metal, its folds being particularly graceless. Again, the second Mary's face is more youthful and sweeter in the first sketch, the light is more truly distributed over face, shoulder and arm, and the arrangement of the drapery over the arm is softer and more effective. Most marked of all the differences in this particular figure is that which may be seen in the eyes, those in the original actually looking up to the figure of the dead Christ in an immobile anxiety while those of the Mary in the actual altar piece are round and fearful and without a trace of the melting tenderness of those in the study.

In the third Mary, the Virgin Mother, the original far surpasses the figure in the altar piece in the exquisite beauty of the face and in the pose

*Comparison of Rubens' study for great painting with his finished altar piece shows former to . . . be the finer work . . .*

of the figure. The breathless anxiety over the descent of the precious Son's body, indicated by the parted lips and the grievous expression of the eyes, has been changed in the more famous

work to a conventional sentimentalism from which the profound tenderness of the eyes of the original has been completely obliterated. The crouching pose of the body and the free treatment of the folds of the cloak were so altered in the latter work as to lose all of the expression conveyed by the figure as well as the natural folds of the cloth.

The bearded Joseph of Arimathea, who directs the task of lowering the body, has the eternal suggestion of benovolent age in the original, his face being a marvellous piece of painting, as is that of his rich velvet cap and loose cloak. In the altar piece, Joseph becomes a contemporary Dutchman with crafty lineaments, and the folds of his cloak over his left shoulder have been changed from those of rich cloth to the hard brilliancy of a soldier's cuirass.

Strength awkwardly displayed is much more effective in the two figures above on the arms of the cross in the original study than in the second painting, while the wood of the cross itself is more freely and naturally treated. The figure of Peter, who has mounted the ladder in his eagerness to help, shows clearly in the study the disciple who denied Christ, his thick untrimmed beard and common outer garment suggesting an immortal type. In the altar piece he is another Dutchman, whose cloak is more typical of Seventeenth century Belgium than of the Holy Land of Biblical times. The Peter of the original is eternal; the Peter of the altar piece is contemporary man, weakening the symbolism of the study.

The great figure in the composition, which with its wonderful lighting makes this painting so profoundly moving, is much more finely modelled in the study than in the altar piece. The arrangement of the folds of the white cloth are also much more effectively natural. As is the case in every other detail, the flood of light on the cloth and on the figure of the Christ, the three Marys, the Joseph and the John has an intensity in the study in nowise approached in the altar piece, pouring down from above over the figures with a dazzling radiance, the natural clarity of which is transformed into a studio light in the painting that the world knows better.



*"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS"*

RUBENS' STUDY FOR HIS RELIGIOUS MASTERPIECE





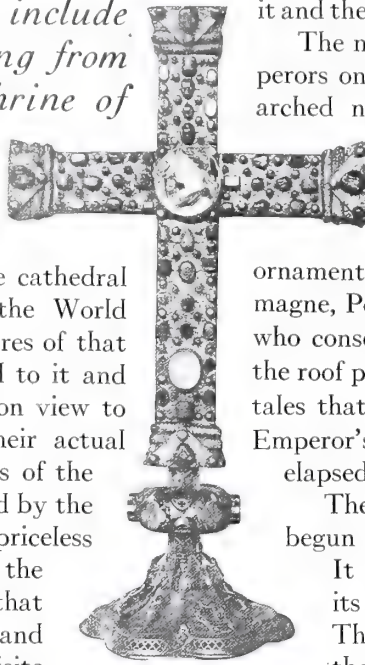
*"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS"*

THE PAINTING AS IT APPEARS IN ANTWERP CATHEDRAL

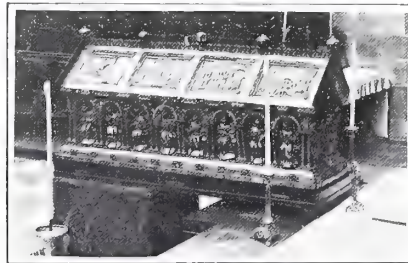
# AIX Gets Back Its TREASURES

*Gold relics in Cathedral include Cross of Lothair, dating from 1000 A.D. and the Shrine of Charlemagne completed in the year 1215*

AFTER being removed from the cathedral of Aix la Chapelle during the World War, all of the famous treasures of that ancient church have been restored to it and beginning next year they will be on view to the public again to revive by their actual presence more poignant memories of the great Charlemagne than are evoked by the cathedral itself. The two most priceless treasures of Aix Cathedral are the golden shrine of Charlemagne and that of the Virgin Mary, a still earlier and very precious work being the exquisite cross of Lothair. The shrine of the Frankish emperor is a box in the form of a basilica and contains the bones of that monarch. It is about six and a half feet long and three and a half feet high and has the type of roof known as a saddle-back. It was not until the year 1200 that sufficient gold was amassed to begin work on



CROSS OF  
LOTHAIR (A.D. 1000)



GOLD SHRINE OF CHARLEMAGNE  
(A.D. 1215)

it and the shrine was not completed until 1215.

The memorial has the figures of eight emperors on each of its longer sides, each in an arched niche with richly enamelled pillars between them. On one end are the figures of the Virgin Mary and of the archangels Michael and Gabriel, the other end being ornamented with the figures of Charlemagne, Pope Leo III and that Bishop Turpin who consecrated the minster. The panels of the roof picture the miraculous and legendary tales that had grown up around the famous Emperor's memory in the years that had elapsed since his death in 814.

The shrine of the Virgin Mary was begun after 1215 and completed in 1238.

It is in the shape of a cross and in its general feeling presages the Gothic. The figures represented on its sides are those of Christ, Mary, Pope Leo III,

Charlemagne and the twelve Apostles, the roof being ornamented with scenes from the lives of Jesus and Mary. The Cross of Lothair, strongly Byzantine in its design, dates from 1000 A. D. and is studded with jewels, the most pronounced ornament on the relic being a cameo portrait of Augustus Caesar.

END ELEVATION AND VIEW IN PERSPECTIVE OF THE GOLD SHRINE SAID TO HAVE CONTAINED THE VIRGIN MARY'S SMOCK



IN ITS PLAN AND DETAIL THIS SHRINE SHOWS THE INFLUENCE OF EARLY GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE



## AUGUSTAN MOSAIC GLASS

THE mosaic glass types of vessels from the classic Roman period possess so many superior qualities that it automatically places them, considered as art types of this one category, above anything

made before or since. They excel in quality of line, in harmonic moderation of their colors and in that important quality, attainment of supreme simplicity in design. Unfortunately for the glass-makers of the Renaissance, and fortunately for us, their discovery is quite recent; after years of excavation the number of such vessels to be found in our collections is still very small. Had these vessels been available for the Venetians when, after the return of Marco Polo from "far Cathay," they began the manufacture of glass vessels and glass beads, believed and found to be eminently suitable for the Eastern trade, they might have greatly hastened the success of the enterprise. But the discovery came ages afterward, and it has remained for the modern successor of the Venetian artist to benefit from the ancient art of mosaic glass. Efforts to profit in this direction were begun about ten years ago, when the Venetians exhibited specimens of their newly acquired technique at the great commemorative exhibitions of Milan and Rome. Those who had the opportunity to study these specimens were no doubt struck by the perfection of the new method and the overcoming of many of the difficulties which had hampered the artisans of the classic era. However, antique mosaic glass has never been equalled, much less surpassed, and it seems even doubtful if this ancient mastery can ever be entirely attained. There are many great, although not insuperable, difficulties to overcome. The greatest of these is the modern taste for what is new, large and unusual; secondarily, the desire for regularity, and the belief that what is made by hand must necessarily be inferior to that made with tools of precision and

*Beautiful art of the ancients early disappeared and Nero sought examples as antiques . . . by*  
GUSTAVUS A. EISEN

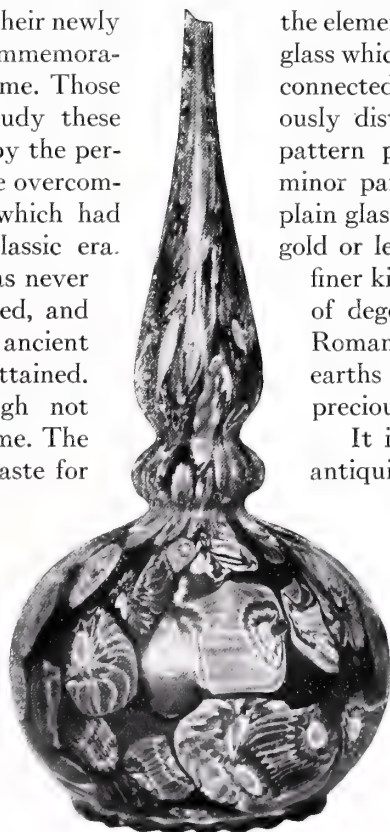
mechanical devices—a profound error of our time and a regularly recurring sin.

In the following review we propose first to describe the nature of mosaic glass and its origin. We will follow this by referring to some

of the most conspicuous types found in ancient tombs dating from the great era of the art. We will also mention the efforts of imitation and enumerate the various means by which it is possible to determine what is ancient and what is new, so that those who desire specimens of the antique may be assisted in their choice. Many modern collectors of antique glass are manufacturers who earnestly desire to benefit by the beauty of the ancient specimens, which often serve as objects of inspiration rather than as models to be minutely reproduced. On that account it is necessary to understand the characteristics of the models and thereby guard against imitations, which, although beautiful and interesting, lack the quality of antiquity which it is the purpose and intent of every museum and private collection to illustrate in that which it displays.

Mosaic glass is a type of mosaic in which the elemental units consist of parts of colored glass which have been fused so as to form one connected matrix, without, however, seriously disturbing the designed and colored pattern produced by the arrangement of minor parts. Besides units of colored and plain glass, thin leaves and threads of silver, gold or lead enter into the make-up of the finer kinds of this glass. But in the period of degeneracy which followed the early Roman emperors, paints made of colored earths were often substituted for the precious metals in the mosaics.

It is important to remember that in antiquity, as now, every imperial reign, or era, brought with it new designs in art, and that emperors, queens, and wealthy patrons, then more than now, assisted in moulding the characteristics of the ever passing procession of fashion in sculpture, painting, jewelry and other objects. When we know this progress and its halting spells of rest, we are able to



TWELFTH CENTURY SYRIAN VASE,  
STAR BEAD TYPE MOSAIC GLASS

The base matrix is deep blackish violet brown; the bead elements of various colors—blue, turquoise, green, brown, yellow—with interior decorations of white lines in a red base.



A VASE AND TWO CUPS OF  
THE FIRST CENTURY B. C.

*At left: white elements in a violet matrix. Above: rosettes with yellow centers in violet black surrounded by white dots set in brick red. At right: grass green, olive green and brick red elements fused to resemble marble.*

determine the relative, and sometimes even the absolute, date of making of every object that is old.

The art of making mosaic glass was invented in Egypt, the oldest specimens dating from the XVIIIth Dynasty, about 1400 B. C. The pharaohs and queens of this period included some of the greatest art loving rulers the world has ever seen. As specially regards the art of mosaic glass, no one can help but admire the color and technique of the magnificent fragments found in the great palace of Amenhotep at Thebes, excavated by our own Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The art of mosaic glass remained, however, practically stationary for more than one thousand years, stamped by a peculiar monotony due principally to the very limited technique of the glass makers, who lacked not only the knowledge of "blowing glass from a bubble" but many other secrets necessary to real progress in the art. The most important of the new discoveries was made in the time of the Ptolemaean princes of Egypt who had fallen heirs to that part of the empire of Alexander where glass making had at that time reached its highest development. This discovery was a simple little trick—so simple as to produce a smile now. It consisted in coating a glass rod with a different colored glass by dipping it into a molten glass matrix of a different color. This enabled the artists to make pattern in cross-sections of the rod and thus prepared the way for the art of mosaic glass by means of sections of upright rods. The coming of the dipped rod soon led to another of greater and final importance,

since after it no great discovery in mosaic glass making ever was made. It consisted in producing the pattern similar to and even more beautiful than those shown by the dipped rod in cross-section, by aggregating bars and rods of different colors in a mould, and fusing these together into a matrix, which could be drawn out to required thinness without disturbing the mutual relationship of the details. We do not know when this really important improvement was made, but as no objects made with the new process have come to us from tombs older than the first century B. C., we may assume that the era of Augustus saw not only the discovery of this art, but its further improvement and its attainment of perfection. A serious error has been made, first by Kisa, and later by his many followers, in referring to all this glass as "murina glass." Our knowledge of murina is almost exclusively derived from the writings of Pliny, whose words, if literally translated, show that murina was a mineral, not a glass found in the earth in the near East. This point of controversy can now be absolutely settled, at least in its connection with mosaic glass, the site of an antique factory of this glass having been discovered outside of Rome. That factory produced for Roman patrons of art just the type of glass of which we now speak.

The mosaic glass bowls of the delicate types made during the Augustan era are composed of various units which must be carefully recognized and understood before it is possible to grasp the characteristics of the whole art. These units are:





*THREE VASES of MOSAIC GLASS of the TIME OF AUGUSTUS*

*THE large plate is made of columnar rods and lamellated band rods, the curving irregularity of which proves the genuineness of the vase as an antique object. The minor cup at the right of the illustration is made of columnar rectangular rods square in cross section, a practically unique specimen. The minor cup at the left is made up of columnar cylindrical glass rods in cross section. The resulting decorative units are "commas," "suns" and "planetary circles," in a fine blue matrix.*

*Courtesy of Koucbakji Freres*





a pad-like base, cylindrical rods, rectangular bars, and thin glass rods, each for its purpose.

The pad-like bottom consisted of a sheet of thick glass of natural color to be used as a base and support for the rest of the composition and in each case finally removed. The cylindrical units were always furnished with a pattern, also seen in cross-sections. It consisted in grouping circular dots of various sizes, the largest in the middle, in a planetary system of design. The rectangular bars were used in the same manner as the cylinders but rarely contained an interior pattern. The thin rods were either plain and used as upright fillers, or they contained interior threads in the form of parallel or intertwining screws for horizontal work. The threads were always opaque white or yellow, winding about in a matrix of transparent glass, so that they might be seen. It has been stated that pulverized glass was also scattered between the units forming the pattern, but this would be impractical because in fusing the glass the powder would contract to half its bulk and thus disorganize the pattern. The thin rods always were fillers.

Although the art in some form or other was continued as a practice since the old Egyptians, it nevertheless had its ups and downs, sometimes rising on the flood to beauty, then again receding on the ebb of degeneracy into extreme monotony and mediocrity. The very height of perfection had been reached in the time of Augustus. In that of Nero, the finer types of mosaic vessels were no longer made, and during the succeeding reigns plain glass came into favor. Still, the art of mosaic glass was never entirely lost and after the fall of the Roman Empire it was taken up by the Venetians who, however, at that time had never seen, known or even heard of the older and greater art, but who worked according to an inherited technique and their own notions. The principle, however, they knew. That was never lost to them, but seems to have been unknown and unappreciated by the rest of the world, so that the first rediscovered specimens of antique mosaic glass were looked upon as marvellous objects which even the archaeologists could not

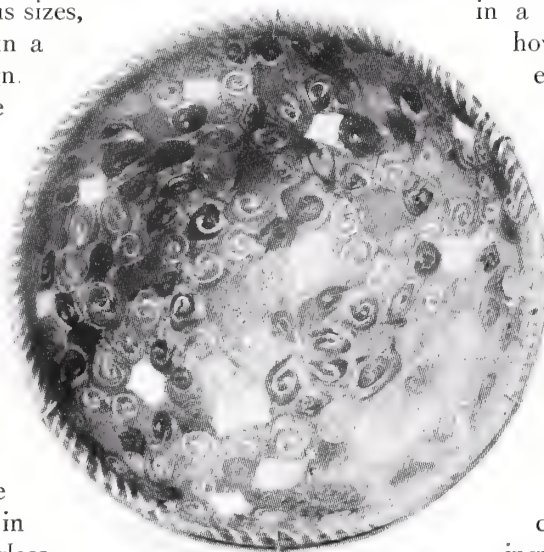
explain. These first specimens were brought to Germany by a collector named Minutoli, who submitted them to the scientific men of that time, the early part of the Nineteenth Century. They in turn sought information from the Venetian glass makers who, however, gave no satisfaction. This led to investigations and before many years the process was known in a general way. Much of it, however, remained doubtful or even absolutely misunderstood, especially that type which the writer refers to as "stratified glass."

The beautiful type of Augustan glass mosaic, illustrated in this article, remained practically unknown until quite recently, and no efforts were made towards reproducing it even in Venice until ten years ago, a fact which makes it comparatively easy to distinguish the antique from the modern specimens, as we shall describe later on. The older mosaic glass made by the Venetians during the Renaissance was soon discontinued, and besides con-

sisted of but one type, now known as "star-bead glass," a style to a large extent invented by them and in its perfection unknown to the ancients.

It is not the writer's intention to enter into the modern technique to any extent. It must suffice to relate how the antique specimens were made and the principal differences between them and those made in our day. New inventions and improvements have slightly modified the process and each maker guards his own process as best he can. The following are the main results of "investigations" in this antique art:

A mould in the general form of the vessels, but cylindrical and with flat bottom, was made of soft clay. At the bottom was placed the pad of impure glass or powdered impure glass, and upon it were arranged and associated, as dominoes on a table, the various elements of the mosaic glass. In the bowl reproduced in color on the plate accompanying this article, the blue and opaque white elements consist of rectangular bars or simple flattened rods laid into a pattern of triangular shape. The yellow squares are cross-sections of a rectangular rod, real slices made from a long bar, and without any interior pattern. But



SIDONIAN CUP OF MOSAIC PAD GLASS OF THE FIRST CENTURY B. C. TO FIRST A. D.

*An example of the type known as the mixed scroll and plate pattern. The scrolls are white, the plates yellow and the base is violet brown*

the square, or more or less circular, elements of violet brown glass, each with five white spots, are sections of rods with an interior pattern, the eyes being produced by white rods inside the violet matrix. The long rods with screw lines of opaque white in a matrix of fine, deep translucent blue, are used as alternating with plain bars and rods and as final binders of the edge. The pattern was preserved by placing the elements on the glass pad and keeping them temporarily in place with mucilage. Some of them were placed in position with the ends upwards, others horizontally. Elasticity was produced by pushing in plain translucent glass rods as fillers, and finally the whole was fused in an oven at slow and comparatively low heat, thereby insuring continuity without disturbing the pattern.

When cooled the mould was removed and the coarse pad ground down. Finally, the whole was reheated, pressed in a shaped mould, the edge trimmed and a screw rod added as a rim. The final grinding took place when the matrix was hard, and was accomplished by fixing the plate in asphaltum or resin on a turn table and shaping it with pumice stone. When finished the coarse pad in the base had been entirely removed.

There is hardly a limit to the patterns produceable in the cross-sections of mosaic rods through a varied arrangement of minor rods; still, strange to say, the antique patterns are comparatively few and easily recorded. And stranger yet, there are in reality but two main types. One is characterized by a varied arrangement of upright rods; the other, by upright and horizontal bars. In the first type the rods which produce the pattern might be arranged around a large, more conspicuous central rod, which results in a minute planetary system or diagram, in which mere dots circle around a larger disk, like planets around a sun; or the dots are all of one size, like fixed stars apparently scattered without a plan. In the second type produced by upright bars we find that the resulting pattern is either a star or a scroll, the latter in cross-section, having the form of a spiral. The stars were produced by arranging the bars as the spokes of a wheel, with or without a central hub. The scroll pattern was produced in two ways. In one a

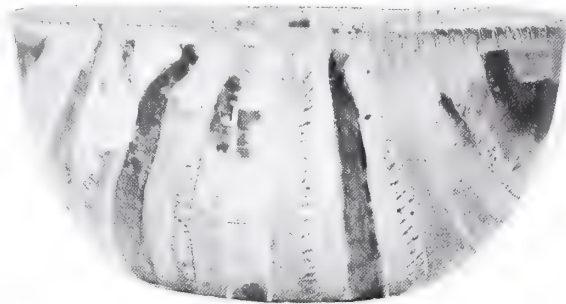
sheet of semifluid glass was rolled on a rod of different color, and used as a single rod in the making of a pattern. In the other method the scroll itself was built up by a series of upright bars arranged in a spiral. In this method, we can recognize minute spurs projecting from the scroll, these spurs being the projecting ends of the bars.

The method of producing a pattern for which the writer has proposed the name "columnar rod"

pattern, or glass with the use of these elements, is quite simple. It consisted in placing soft clay in a mould of clay. In this base were stuck rods of different colors according to a prepared design, the most favored being solar systems with from five to many planets in one to three or four rings. In case stars or scrolls were to be the result, these were generally used

alone without the planetary rings. After all the decorative rod units had been stuck in the clay, the spaces between them were filled in with plain, opaque, translucent or even transparent rods as a background. When perfectly tight in the mould the whole was fused to adherence. When somewhat cool, an iron stamp with a handle was attached to each end of the fused glass cylinder, which was now drawn out to the required diameter varying from that of a lead pencil to a coarse thread. In this work two great surprises are apparent to the student unacquainted with glass making. One is that with ordinary care the interior pattern of the rod is never greatly disturbed, so that even a cross-section of a glass thread, if magnified, might be made to contain a real portrait of a man, a flower, a temple, or an animal. The other is that a cylindrical hole from end to end of the cylinder does not close up but continues open, though in diminished size as the whole diminishes from cylinder to rod, from rod to thread. These rods, or rods produced in this manner, constitute elemental units of every mosaic bowl. They might be used singly, or alternated with bars, cubes, rectangular sections and spiral thread rods, as already mentioned.

The colors used in many specimens of antique glass are now known as to their chemical nature, having been analyzed originally by Berthelot and other French chemists. But as they had no knowledge of the chronology of antique glass



LAMINATED MOSAIC CUP OF THE TIME OF AUGUSTUS,  
CLOSELY RELATED TO THE PLATE WITH CENTRAL CROSS  
PATTERN REPRODUCED IN COLOR

*Made of opaque white, Naples yellow and blue elements, separated by  
screw rods with twisted elements in transparent matrix*



making, and did not preserve specimens of the glass analyzed by them, their admirable work was not so valuable as it might have been. In fact, we do not know the nature of the glass they examined. Different colors were introduced from time to time. In the beginning the colors were few and simple, and as the art progressed new ones were added, produced perhaps rather by the introduction of new minerals than by more advanced chemical knowledge.

Then, too, the matrix underwent many changes, first from coarse and dull to clear and transparent; then it began to retrograde, becoming duller and coarser until in the Fifth and Sixth Centuries A. D. it is rare to find anything but brown blackish glass, all of which enables us to assign different specimens to their proper period when such classification is of importance to collectors.

The following points may be made use of by the student of antique glass: odor, taste, matrix of the support, matrix of the vessel, the various colors used, the nature of the form, the nature and regularity of the design. A study of these points will show that antique glass can be defined, that it can be chronologically classified and arranged in types and the antique separated from the modern imitations.

Antique glass buried in the soil acquires a strong odor of earth, not perhaps apparent when the specimens are absolutely dry, but which is suddenly and forcibly released when they are moistened with water. The best way is to use an atomizer, as this is less harmful than dipping the vessel in water. Modern vessels possess no such

odor unless first corroded artificially and then buried for a period of years. The odor is never absorbed by the vessel until the surface is becoming disintegrated, and even after that only the oxidized parts become odoriferous.

Antique glass which is generally oxidized to such an extent that its surface is more or less iridescent, has a salty, alkaline taste. If this oxidation is even all over the surface it might have been artificially caused by the immersion of the glass in strong chemicals for the purpose of corrosion, but if uneven and stronger in spots, the corrosion is probably the result of time and burial in earth. If the surface is deeply corroded the object is undoubtedly genuine.

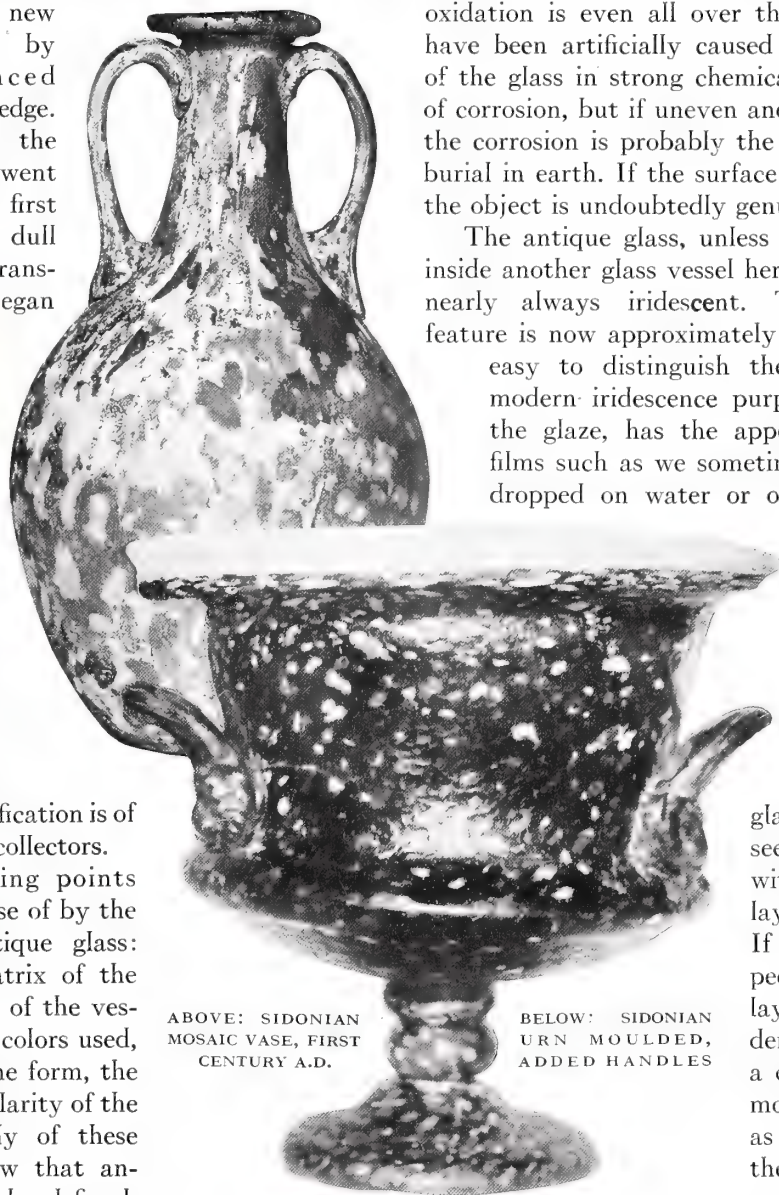
The antique glass, unless it has been buried inside another glass vessel hermetically closed, is nearly always iridescent. This quality and feature is now approximately imitated, but it is easy to distinguish the two types. The modern iridescence purposely produced in the glaze, has the appearance of film or films such as we sometimes see when oil is dropped on water or on a wet sidewalk.

These colors can not be peeled off with a knife, and are, so to say, without life, as compared to the iridescence produced by time.

In the antique glass the iridescence is seen to be connected with different separate layers of the surface. If the first layer is peeled off, a second layer will be found underneath, probably of a different color. The modern iridescence is, as it were, painted on the glass and has the quality of iridescence of a soap bubble. The

antique iridescence is that of a real pearl.

If we compare the coloration of the antique glass with that of the modern imitation, we find that not only are the modern colors more glaring and harsh, but that new colors have been introduced, of which the ancients did not know, or which were too costly for them to produce. At their height of artistic attainment, in the time of Augustus, the ancient glass makers lacked



ABOVE: SIDONIAN  
MOSAIC VASE, FIRST  
CENTURY A.D.

BELOW: SIDONIAN  
URN MOULDED,  
ADDED HANDLES

the modern pink, so terribly misused by the present Venetian and German glass blowers. They also lacked the glaring intense violet blue of which the modern makers make such free use. The pure antique opaque white was neither as white nor as dense as now and must have been very costly and rare. The blue green, now known as hunter's green, did not exist at that time, but instead they possessed olive green and emerald green although the grass green was most commonly used. The most common colors were dull, or rather tempered, blue with a trace of milkiness, Naples yellow, ochre yellow, Venetian red, pale cerulean blue, violet, manganese brown and dull opaque white. Orange, yellow and arsenic green were not known to the Romans until the art of making mosaic glass plates had been lost. The modern pink was unknown, but a fine pink, made of salts of gold, was known but so rare that only one or two fragments have been found. In judging the antique glass colors the investigator should be careful, because every collection contains intrusions of Renaissance glass fragments, especially of the type known as star bead glass, and so may deceive one.

Turning to the technique we find that the modern patterns never follow the ancient ones with absolute exactness. The modern pattern is always recognizable by its regularity and by the precision of its units, which fit as if they had never been disturbed by fusing. When checker-board patterns are used, the squares join as in a domino game and possess straight and even outlines, whereas in the antique specimens, the outlines neither meet evenly nor fit closely to each other, but are generally found to be concaved as a result of shrinkage through heat, thereby permitting the transparent matrix between the decorative elements to come into view. In antique glass all the units are as a rule separated by a thin film of matrix glass, generally of a bluish or turquoise greenish tint. The moderns make use of different kinds of glass for this purpose whenever they use such glass to all.

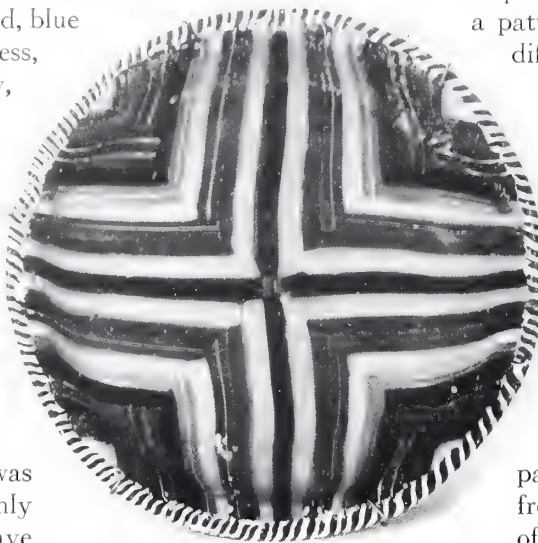
One of the most delicately arranged and designed patterns for antique mosaic plates of a

certain type, contains a large central cross fittable in a perfect square, with arms of equal length and width extending from rim to rim of the plate. The arms in the antique are generally separated in the center by a specially designed unit, different from the other units which compose the arms. In the modern plates of this type, the central unit or square resembles the others in the arms. In the antique plate the arms consist either of bars and rods, or of alternating squares, some with a pattern or rods, others without a pattern but distinguished by a different color. In the cross bars of the antique plate reproduced in color, a unit of violet glass with dots alternates with a plain unit of Naples yellow glass. In the antique specimens but a single row of squares is used, whereas the moderns use two rows of squares, neatly and precisely fitted, and all of one pattern. This pattern was originally derived from the Egyptians, and is often seen in Egyptian amulets of early and later pottery.

Then too, it is the rule to find in the matrix of antique translucent and transparent glass innumerable minute blow-

holes, which, far from being a serious defect from an artistic standpoint, add to the softness of the glass and moderate the otherwise glaring colors. This can best be recognized by studying the surpassingly beautiful examples of dragged mosaic glass from the palace of Amenhotep now in a floor case in the Egyptian department of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

We have already mentioned that the antique artists always used a poor quality of glass base-pad upon which to build up the mosaic structure. This pad was always removed by grinding when the bowl was made ready and finished. We know that this coarse material was actually in use because many unfinished bowls have been found, all with coarse material as a base support. The finer colored or even uncolored glass was in ancient times extremely costly, because, unlike the modern glass, it could not be clarified with chemicals and accordingly was produced by selecting original substances of great transparency or pureness of color. It was practically impossible, that an ancient glass maker should have used as



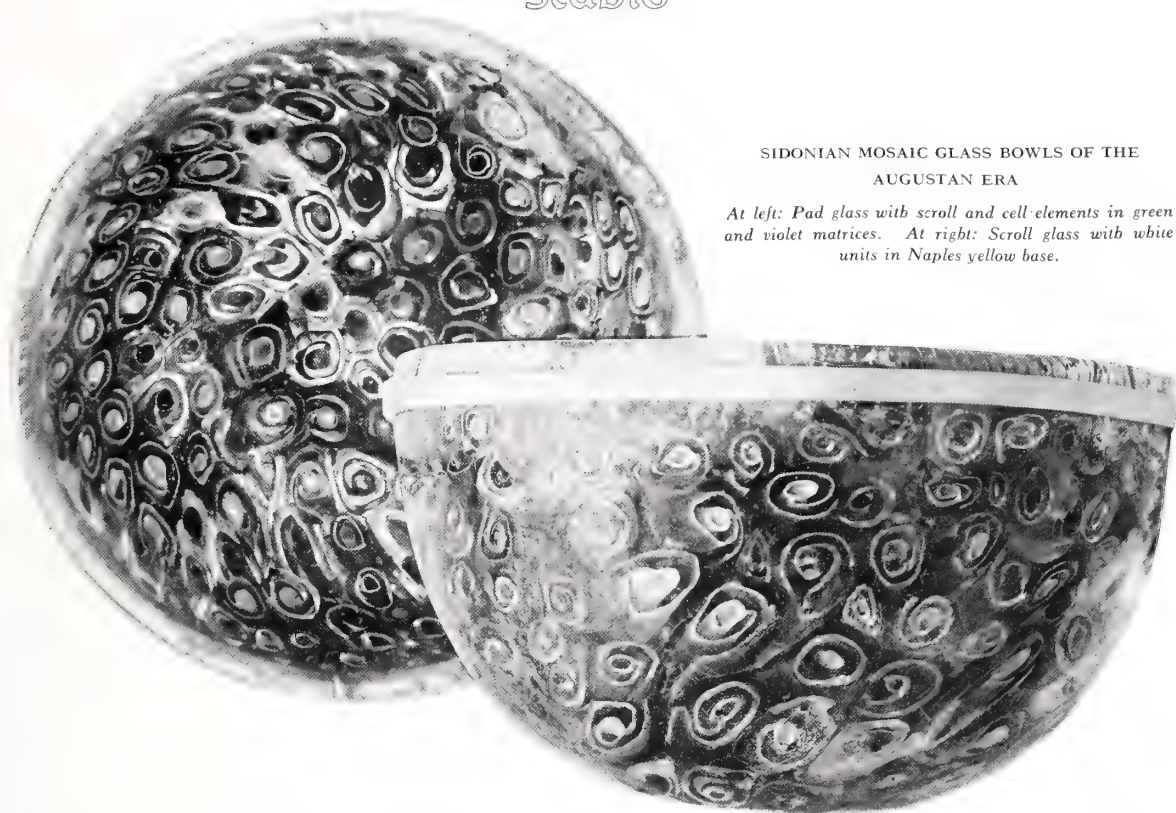
AUGUSTAN LAMINATED MOSAIC GLASS PLATE

*Made of flattened rods and columnar elements: deep blue, ochre yellow, Venetian red and violet. E. Drummond Libby collection, Toledo Museum of Art*



SIDONIAN MOSAIC GLASS BOWLS OF THE  
AUGUSTAN ERA

*At left: Pad glass with scroll and cell elements in green and violet matrices. At right: Scroll glass with white units in Naples yellow base.*



pad-support glass of a dense, pure opaque white, as is now actually done by the Venetian glass blowers. The cost would have been prohibitive.

The "rod and lamellae" type of ancient mosaic glass is nearly related to the one in which the elements are mere fillings in the sinuses of a central cross. It is also known as the "parallel rod and lamellae" type because all the units consist of alternating and parallel rods and lamellae. The rods are always furnished with interior screw decorations, generally white or yellow in blue, sherry colored or transparent white. The lamellae are generally flattened rods of blue, yellow or slightly opaque white. All these elements are parallel and run across the bowl or plate from one end to the other. Very often the interior screw-threads are in pairs or are varied in some other way; for instance, instead of being round, they are flat, perhaps yellow or white on one side and green on the other.

The "columnar rod" types are made up of upright rods of different colors, some containing patterns, others plain. This is the most common type of antique mosaic glass, but never-the-less so rare that only a few museums have well preserved specimens. The favored type of pattern was one in which a large central rod was surrounded by minor rods in the manner of planets around a sun. Other patterns contain upright scrolls, or the pattern of the single rods consists of different colored rings or zones; or the whole is occupied

by a beehive pattern with distinctly colored partitions and fancy fillings in between. One magnificent specimen, judging from the fragments, contained colored butterflies in a sky blue matrix, with multicolored flowers as a kind of ground work. It is to be hoped that in time all these antique specimens may be reproduced for the benefit of modern art.

The finer or most delicate specimens seem to have been used in the temples in sacrifices, or at home, in the chapels of the household gods, the "lares and penates" of classic literature. Already in the first century, probably as early as Nero, the art of making these fine mosaic glass bowls had been lost, otherwise why should he have paid fabulous prices for them, as Pliny tells us he did? Sixty-five thousand dollars was a greater sum then than now. Then, too, Hadrian, who lived in the first years of the Second Century, wrote to his friend that the priests of a temple had presented him with mosaic bowls preserved there as precious works of art. And he warned his brother-in-law to use them only at very great festivals, as evidently they could not be replaced.

The antique mosaic glass bowls are, of course, rarely in absolutely perfect condition. Of the complicated type perhaps a dozen all told are known, if even that many. I have only seen four entire plates, but have examined thousands of fragments, mostly from an ancient factory site discovered years ago outside of Porta del Popolo in Rome.



# AT THE END OF A BY-PATH

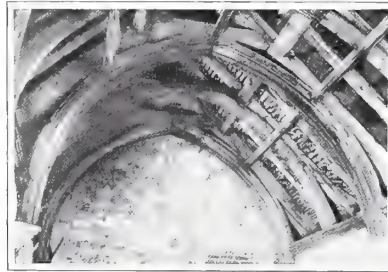
SOME seventy miles out of London, in Kent, near Appledore, known to the Saxons as Apuldr, one casts off the centuries at sight of a building long diverted—one might say “perverted”—from its original purpose, and in fancy associates with types that now people only English history and the English classics. In fancy one may make the trip in the manner of George Bellew in Jeffrey Farnol’s “Money Moon” in a hay cart, surreptitiously and at the cost of a set-to, such as Bellew had, with the wagoner on discovery. Journeying in that way, one will traverse Romney Marsh, shielded by dykes from the waters of the English Channel, and roads on

*Jaunt in Kent leads to a barn, whose old windows and frescoes prove it once a monastery . . . by*  
Herbert L. GESGINSKY

which footpads and highwaymen took toll of crack coaches that rolled out of the old Tabard inn-yard in Southwark sharp at six o’clock on mornings for Dover. In fact, however,

one now travels there by the South Eastern and Chatham railway. Hay cart, coach or railway car, however, brings one in fancy or in fact to Appledore. Thence we trudge a mile or so toward Woodchurch, to come upon Horne’s Place and the building that takes us back to the brave days of Merrie England and further.

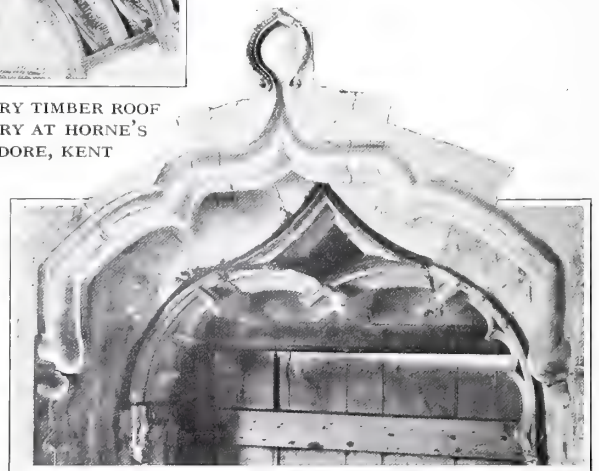
On Horne’s Place stands a house of the XVIth century, a building of oak with brick nogging roofed with fine old Sussex red tiles. Interesting



FIFTEENTH CENTURY TIMBER ROOF  
OF THE REFECTORY AT HORNE’S  
PLACE, APPLIEDORE, KENT



THE FILLED IN TRACERY OF THE GREAT WINDOW IN THE  
EASTERN WALL



THE DOORWAY—FORMERLY A WINDOW IN THE REFECTORY

as the house is, I am not concerned with it, but with the old wool barn behind it. A glance at the illustrations will show that, whatever the building may have been, it certainly was not built as a barn. Who was Horne and how he came to build his Place, I do not know, nor does Hasted nor any other of the historians of Kent, but it is certain that his Place was not here when the barn was in the building. We must go back far in history—to the Wars of the Roses, when Warwick the King Maker was fighting, first on this side, now on that, until that fatal Easter day when he fought on his own account at Barnet Field and lived to fight no more—to see this barn, or as it was then, the refectory of a monastery, serving its rightful purpose. It is duly orientated, its great window to the east, and on the west end may be seen faint signs

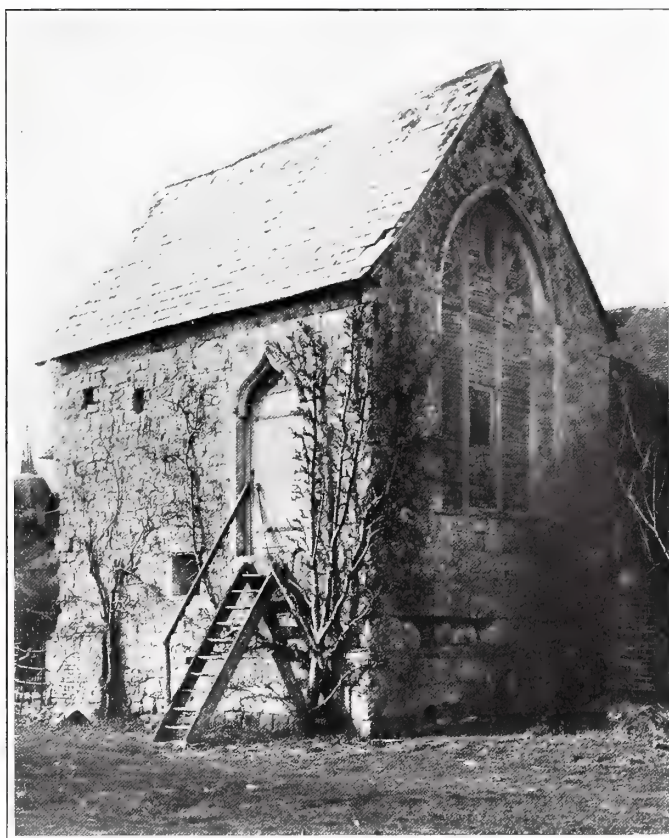


of the low-pitched roof of the ambulatory. It was not the chancel of a church, as on this west end in that case the nave would have abutted, of greater roof-height than the chancel itself, in which case the small window with its label and cusped tracery could not have existed.

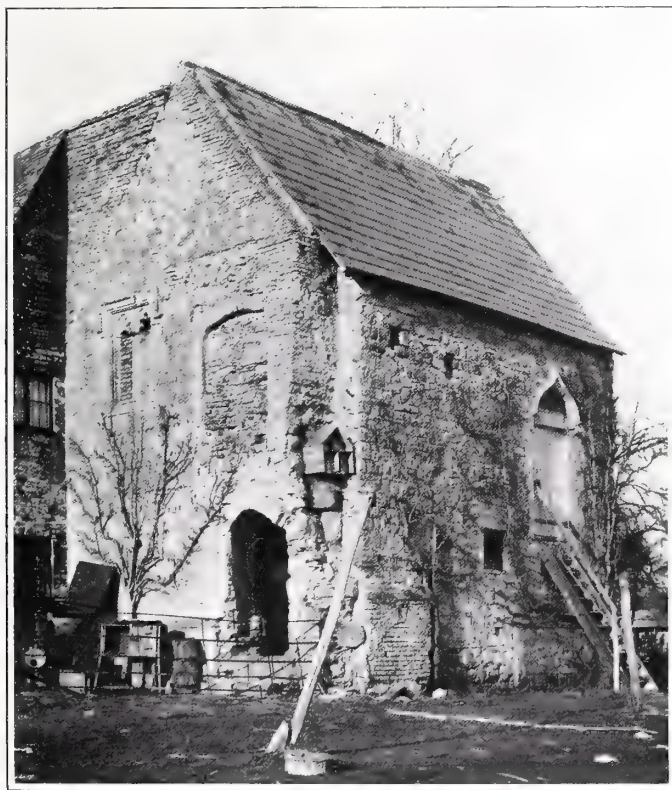
The present door-way, to which the flight of steps leads, is an old window, now robbed of mullions and tracery. A later floor has been inserted at this level, and the doorway at the west end is also not of the original planning.

The roof is quite a triumph of carpentry for such a small building, with rafters and collar-beams heavier in scantling than the purlins. Of the latter there are two, the smaller, which intersects with the large arch-braces, being richly moulded, the wall-plate decorated in the same way. Each alternate arch-brace descends to a stone corbel, in this case more of a conceit than otherwise, as the thrust of the roof is not carried far enough down the wall to relieve the strain on the wall-plate itself.

With its great window richly glazed, with walls decorated in fresco, the merest



THE EASTERN END AND THE GREAT WINDOW OF THE REFECTORY



THE ANCIENT REFECTORY THAT ONCE HOUSED SOLEMN MONKS HAS BECOME A WOOL BARN; ITS SCULPTURAL ORNAMENT AND FRESCOS NEARLY LOST; BUT IT STILL RETAINS ITS GREAT DIGNITY AND CHARM

vestiges of which remain, this refectory must have been dignified and noble in its fine proportions. The device above the springing of the south window, on the outside, (now the upper door) suggests that this may have been the home of a religious guild of the powerful Cluniac order. That the ambulatory joined onto the main monastic buildings is certain, but beyond foundations nothing of these remains. Whether this was one of the religious houses despoiled by the orders of burly Harry, in 1539, no records remain to attest. The paved floor of the ambulatory has vanished, and grass grows where stones were once laid, but a stroke or two with pickax and shovel, and old vaults or graves are reached. The old monks who walked these cloisters in the XVth century still sleep below, and modern industry has not seen fit to disturb them.

One is recalled to the present with a jerk. We are not in the XVth century but the XXth—there is a train to catch; so, a single to London, please, and when is the next train due? Two hours? When did the last train go? Just gone? Oh! confound the XVth century and its mesmerism!

# The HUNT of the UNIGORN

THE HUNT OF THE UNICORN is one of the two or three most important sets of late Gothic French tapestry in existence. It was made for Francois de la Rochefou-

*Quaint and beautiful tapestries woven in 1480 for Rochefoucauld family have come to America . . . by*  
PHYLLIS ACKERMAN

cauld and hung in the Castle of Verteuil, the ancestral seat of the Rochefoucauld family, until recently brought to America and for a few days privately exhibited at the Anderson Galleries, New York. The first four pieces of the set as it is now composed were woven about 1480. The other two pieces on the *mille fleurs* ground were evidently added in the early Sixteenth Century. The proportions and poise of the figures in these two pieces are quite different from those in the others, as is the drawing of the repeated monogram "A3" The device of the animal tied to a tree in a small paddock was often used at this time. The first piece of the original series bears the monogram of the first owner, "F. R."

It is impossible to say in just what part of France these remarkable tapestries were created. The drawing of the original series marks it a work of the Ile de France school in close association with certain Ile de France glass painters of the late Fifteenth Century, especially with the designer of some of the windows of St. Etienne du Mont. The most skilful weavers of that period, however, seem to have been in Touraine, and it is now generally assumed that the fine *mille fleurs* like the additions to the set were produced in that province. Another *mille fleurs* with hunting scene, a falconing party, obviously by the same designer as Number Two, is now in a private collection of a patron of art in New York.

The series is a celebration of the cult of the Virgin, which was becoming exceedingly popular at this time, the Ave Maria having been introduced into France by Papal Bull in 1475. The repeated monogram "A3" is "A M" with the "M" turned on its side to balance the "A" decoratively. This monogram was one of the common insignia of Mary. Homage is again paid to her in the salutation "Ave Regina" in Number Five of these famous tapestries.

In its religious significance the series is an expressive embodiment of the spirit of the time. Briefly, the Hunt of the Unicorn symbolizes the annunciation and the incarnation. The designer, however, is constantly diverted from his symbolism by his sporting interest in the hunt as a

hunt and by the needs of a large and elaborate decoration. So, instead of the customary two hunters, God and Gabriel, he depicts a whole party, and in place of the customary four dogs,

Peace, Mercy, Justice and Truth, he lets loose a whole pack of fine hounds. At the same time he does remain close to the essential tradition of his symbolism, never omitting the conventional representation of Gabriel as a hunter blowing a horn, Gabriel's salutation "Ave Regina" appearing on the sheath of one of these instruments.

In the fourth piece the unicorn is dipping his horn in the spring to make it safe for the animals to drink, for it was an old legend that the horn of the unicorn was an antidote for all poisons, and this legend was reinterpreted in the Christian adaptation to mean that Christ purified the world of sin. The animals all have their Christian significance, too: the lion, the strength of Christ; the panther, the sweet savour of the Lord, because the breath of the panther was supposed to be sweet smelling; the deer and the weasel, destroyers of serpents symbolizing evil. The fountain is Life Eternal; the lean and evil tempered mongrel snarling in the corner, the Devil; the turreted castle, the City of God. In the last scenes the unicorn is brought to the lady, who tells her rosary as the body approaches. She is the Virgin Mary herself. Usually in these representations the unicorn comes to the Virgin, not dead but wounded unto death, but here the designer has revived the older version in which the hunters actually kill their prey in the chase.

The series is important, not only because of its rarity and the interest of the theme, but more especially because of its high esthetic worth. The penetrating portrayal of a wide range of types, the spirited action, the fine patterning of the episodes into half formal designs that still in no way compromise their realism, the accuracy and brilliance of the silhouetting all mark these tapestries as the work of a master designer. The vivid vitality is greatly enhanced by the sharp contrast of the figures against the dark screen of the foliage and by the gleaming high lights and crystalline drawing of the latter, while the color is remarkable for its range, its depth and vibrancy, and for the striking juxtapositions which the designer has ventured. It is indeed fortunate that these masterpieces are to remain in America.



# *The HUNT of the UNIGORN*



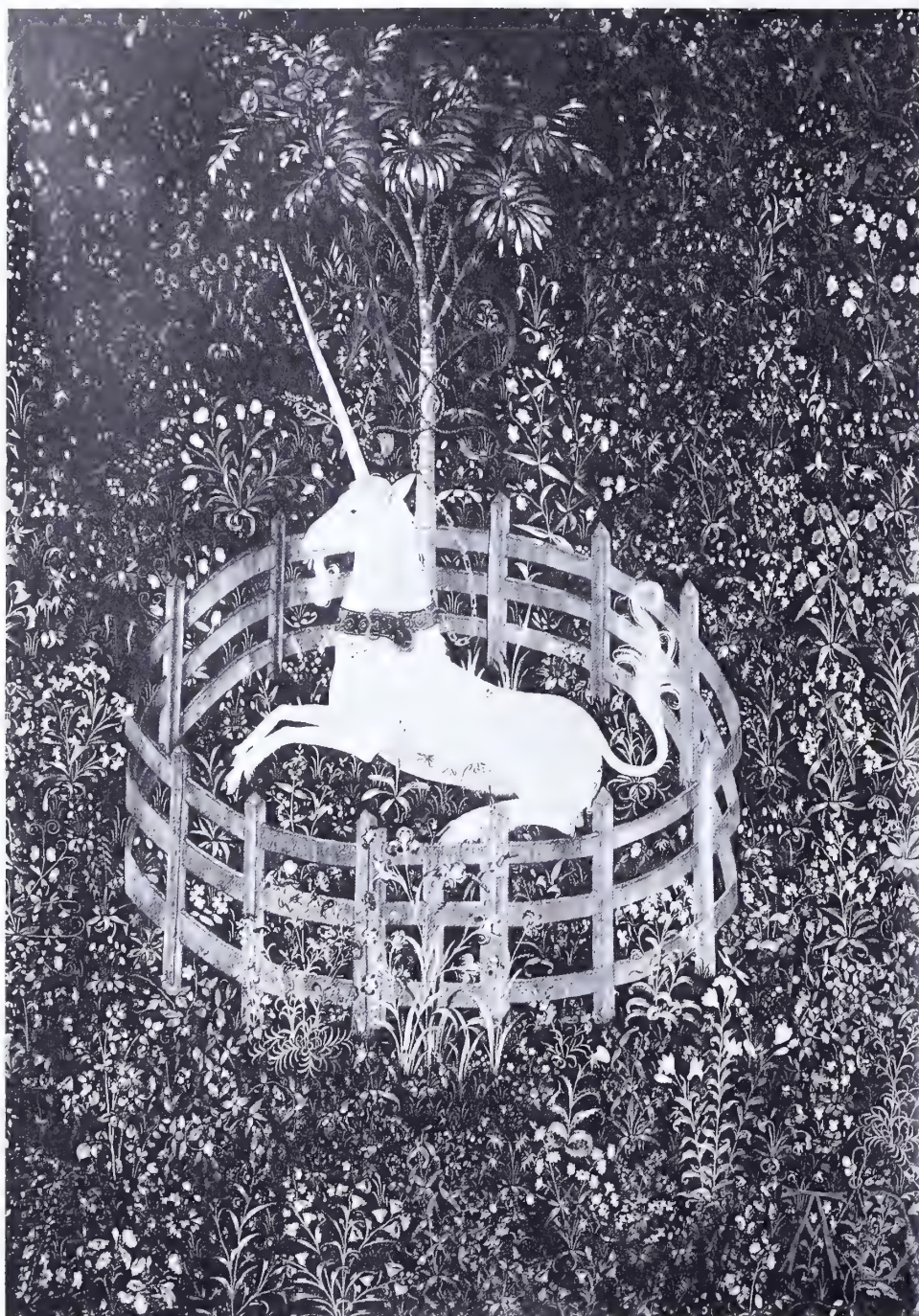
*"The HUNTERS SEARCHING THROUGH THE WOOD"*

**T**HE Hunt of the Unicorn symbolized the Annunciation and the Incarnation. The episode has been greatly elaborated in this interpretation with a multiplication of persons and incidents to fill out the series. The large monogram on each piece is A.M., a common insignium of the Virgin.

THIS SERIES OF SIX GOTHIC MILLEFLEUR TAPESTRIES WAS MADE FOR FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD ABOUT 1480



# THE HUNT OF THE UNIGORN



*"The UNIGORN"*

**T**HE Unicorn, proudest of beasts, is one of the oldest symbolic animals. Found among the Egyptians and the Greeks, it was reinterpreted by Mediaeval Christianity to signify Jesus Christ.



# THE HUNT OF THE UNIGORN

*"The  
UNIGORN  
ATTEMPTS  
to ESCAPE  
by  
CROSSING  
the RIVER"*



*"The  
UNIGORN  
PURIFIES  
the SPRING  
by DIPPING  
HIS HORN in  
the WATER"*



# THE HUNT OF THE UNIGORN



*"The  
UNIGORN  
DEFENDS  
HIMSELF  
AGAINST the  
HUNTERS  
and DOGS"*



*"The  
UNIGORN is  
KILLED and  
BROUGHT to  
the LADY of the  
CASTLE, SIG-  
NIFYING the  
VIRGIN MARY"*



# TAPESTRIES of Five Centuries

## IV. The Weavers of Germany

**T**APESTRY is so largely an art dependent on kings and nobles of the court, that where kings are weak and nobles poor, it cannot flourish greatly. So in Germany tapestry never had the great development as an art and industry that it had in Flanders and in France, for Germany was a country without a splendid court in the Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. The very weight of the title of her ruler, Holy Roman Emperor, weakened his actual prestige. The selection of her king depended on a board of princely electors. They were concerned primarily with their own growing powers and used their offices to exact an ever larger privilege from the diminishing emperor, and made selection, whenever possible, of a man too feeble to attempt to regain the status proper to the crown. These princes, in their turn, were harassed in the same way by their own subordinates, and each noble in turn suffered from the encroachments of the lower orders—all of them delivered to the mercy of the next rank by their poverty. For in Germany at that time taxes in

*Naïve amateurs across the Rhine created an art distinguished by its quaintness and directness . . . by*  
PHYLLIS AGKERMAN

money were unknown. Service only was rendered, according to the old feudal custom. A noble in distress would sell any hereditary right to whosoever commanded the price. Thus the

whole titled classes lived a hand to mouth existence, with ever dwindling powers. Such nobles as these could scarcely be patrons of the arts.

The middle classes, on the other hand, profited by this very distress of their social superiors. The most important cities early won their independence as a concession from the emperor in his struggle to maintain a modicum of power; for they had wealth and military strength to give him in his struggles with his lay and clerical subordinates in return for greater freedom. Lesser cities in their turn won freedom by the same sort of bargain with their overlords. Thus the merchants, free from the obligations and taxes that drained the vitality of the feudally controlled citizens, waxed prosperous. But even their progress was curtailed by the same disrupting individualism that was disintegrating the whole German people.



"ADORATION OF THE KINGS", PROBABLY NUREMBERG, SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*The German artists infused their religious scenes with a sentimental domesticity that reflected both the emotional mysticism of the period and the representations of the mystery plays*

*In the Metropolitan Museum of Art*





"SCENE FROM A HISTORY OF BUSANT", STRASSBURG, FIFTEENTH CENTURY  
 One of a series, other pieces of which are in the South Kensington Museum, German Museum of Nuremberg and the collection of Dr. Fidler of Vienna, illustrating a popular romantic poem of Alsace  
 Courtesy of Edouard Jonas

They made, it is true, city leagues to promote their trade, but these could not long survive the cutthroat policies of the component members. As a result the prosperity of the middle class was neither very great nor of long duration. That class, moreover, has never fostered the creation of the great arts of luxury. The good burgher whose fortune is built on industry and thrift can seldom expand his imagination to an easy magnificence. Many of the commercial princes of Germany bought works of art, but they were comparatively modest in their outlay for the individual pieces. Nor were they exacting and sophisticated in their taste and technical requirements.

Tapestry, therefore, the most luxurious and extravagant of all the decorative arts, had in Germany but a limited development. Throughout the Gothic and Renaissance periods it had practically no establishment as an organized industry, but

was produced only sporadically in the convents and sometimes in the castles. The work was really amateur. From this amateur character of the early German tapestry is derived all of its major characteristics. Technically it is usually quite crude. The weaving is very coarse, often only eight warps to the inch, and the pieces are small in size so that they could be handled easily by a worker of limited skill and poor equipment. In many of them the weaver utterly disregards the strict rectangularity of warp and weft (a fundamental characteristic of tapestry which the professional weaver maintains absolutely) and twists in angular and even curved lines to follow the outline or the modeling of his figure. Similarly, in place of the perfect and unvaried evenness of weave which is fundamental in the French and Flemish craft, the German women often worked their details in a finer grade of weft thread, so that a hand and face will have quite a different texture from the background and

robes, giving something of the same effect as *gros point* with *petit point* details. Moreover, it is not unusual to find the true tapestry technique supplemented with a few embroidered stitches at a critical point. Some pieces also combine the tapestry weave with a simple kind of pile knotting, in which the pile thread is knotted around a single warp, the knots on alternating warps with a single weft thread run across between every two rows of knots. All this technical crudity gives to the German weaves something of the same naive charm that makes samplers so attractive.

The designs, also, are usually pervaded by this same naivete. No famous painters or illustrators prepared the sketches; no professional cartoon painters, the full sized design as in Flanders or in France. The weaver herself took a picture that caught her fancy and adapted it to her needs. Usually this picture was a print, for these were



widespread among the people all over Germany. The painters, without royal patronage to depend upon, eked out their living between rare orders for altar pieces by making wood or copper engravings to be sold for a few cents each. Peddled at fairs and church festivals, these reached every home in the land. Later in the Fifteenth Century, with the wide dissemination of printed books, the illustra-

usually a series of semi-conventionalized plants, each reaching the full height of the rather narrow fabric, and all evenly spaced in a straight row. The most popular plants were thistles and roses, and these often alternated with stiff, fan-like oak or apple trees on tall stems and with enormous fruit. Occasionally a hop-vine on a trellis was substituted. In a number of pieces even this decor-



"PAIRS OF LOVERS", BASLE, SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*There was a book printing center at Basel employing many illustrators; this tapestry was woven after an illustration in a book published by Leonard Ysenmuth*

*Courtesy of Wildenstein & Company*

tions of these were often adapted to tapestry designs. Occasionally a painted miniature was the origin, especially in the work of nuns, to whom manuscripts were accessible in the convents. But even many of the miniatures were influenced by the mannerisms of the engraver, the artists often being men habituated to working in that commoner medium and with less pliant tools.

The wood cut produces an illustration simple enough to be within the range of an amateur weaver. As a result, until the close of the Sixteenth Century a large proportion of the German tapestries were woven after colored wood prints. They have heavy, continuous, simplified outlines. The figures are drawn in flat planes, the drapery is arranged in conventional folds indicated by a few straight lines. The faces are simplified, denoted by the few essential marks that a child uses in drawing. The figures are seldom in groups but stand side by side in a row. The background is

actively conventionalized naturalism was abandoned and a repeating damask pattern used. These damask patterns, both in the backgrounds and on the robes, are very large in scale and heavy in outline, characteristics due equally to the crudity of wood engraving and of amateur weaving.

Architecture also is a favorite motive, not the delicately elaborate architectural framework of the Flemish school, but solid, substantial castles drawn in most specific detail, and sometimes even whole cities with house after house piling up in a nicely distinguished pattern of towers and gables and roofs. These sharply drawn buildings that look almost like architect's elevations appear in some of the very early pieces, and in the Sixteenth Century under the influence of Durer's followers, with their careful engravings of city views, they became a very common feature of German tapestry.

Another characteristic feature of many of the German tapestries is the symbolic, half fantastic,





"SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF CHRIST", NUREMBURG, MIDDLE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY (LEFT HALF)

*This tapestry, the other half of which is shown on the opposite page was probably woven in a convent and follows the illuminations of a prayer book done by an artist accustomed to wood engraving and therefore following the conventions of that medium*

*Courtesy of P. W. French & Company*

half heraldic animals. German art in many media fostered these. Animal grotesques are especially numerous on the German Gothic churches and many of the engravers used them lavishly. Dürer left sketches of a number of them, some of which appear in his symbolic engravings. These dragons and griffons and other fabulous beasts were developed with the most lively imagination to be strikingly decorative, and they were often tinged, too, with a sharp humor.

Perhaps the most constant feature of the early German tapestries is the lettered banderolles—the twining, twisting ribbons that bear in strong Gothic type the explanation of the scene. Often they are used as part of the background pattern. In other pieces they create a decoration across the top, taking the place of a border which usually is absent. It is in the handling of these banderolles

that the skill and taste of the weaver is put to the test. In subjects the weavers follow, of course, interests of the time. Scenes from the life of Christ are frequent, though by no means as frequent as one might expect in an art that was produced so largely in cloisters. Indeed, the racier stories from the Old Testament get their full share of attention, and even more popular are the series of illustrations of the narrative poems of the common people. Conspicuous in these popular poems were the wild men and women, and they were seized upon enthusiastically by the weavers, appearing with their strange parti-colored hair in many German tapestries. Many other pieces have no narrative reference at all, but simply arrange the imaginative beasts and conventionalized plants in decorations, sometimes adding figures.

As might be expected in so modest a step-





"SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF CHRIST," NUREMBURG, MIDDLE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY (RIGHT HALF)

*Courtesy of P. W. French & Company*

sister, the materials of German tapestry are usually very simple. Most of them were woven of wool alone, with no embellishment of silk. Gold is exceedingly rare. Sometimes linen thread takes the place of silk in working the details. The dyes are equally simple, often only two shades of a color, rarely more than three. Green, blue and red are the principle tones, with brown for the outlines and a lighter brown for the faces. One shade of yellow is common for the hair. All the shades are very pure and strong and the dyes are more consistently permanent in German work than in the contemporary work done in the countries more highly organized in those early days.

The style of German tapestries underwent only minor changes during two hundred and fifty years. Since it was not a commercialized product in the hands of professionals, the art did not go through rapid stages of development. The fashions of the

costumes changed, Renaissance motives began to appear in the Sixteenth Century, and a wide and more complex border sometimes was used, but the manner was fundamentally the same throughout. From the middle of the Fourteenth Century through the Sixteenth it was essentially a primitive art, with all the simplification and conventionalization of primitivism. Figures remained doll-like and immobile, faces were of the type and not of the individual, all planes were flat and perspective was strictly limited, the world being delineated almost entirely on a vertical surface. Plants made patterns to fill spaces. Proportions were determined by the needs of decoration, not by the facts which the designer was recording.

It is this primitivism that is the chief charm of the German work. The esthetic values of German tapestries are, for the most part, not the product of insight and intention but the acci-



dental results of naivete and ineptitude. They fulfil the requirements of textile design because the weavers had insufficient skill to surpass the limits of their craft. Thus the drawing is flat and silhouetted, the arrangement decorative rather than realistic, the colors laid on as in a design, in flat areas with abrupt transitions mediated, if at all, only by very coarse hatchings, with no taint of painting influence. The shortcomings of the workers create the merits of their work. Apart from these merits the excellent qualities of the German pieces come from the capacity of the engravers. Few of them could supply plastic beauty or technical invention. These were not part of the esthetic endowment of the Germans. But they did have imagination, movement, a sharp sense of the expressive value of lines and an intense sincerity of emotion.

As the style is essentially the same over so long a period of time, so is it essentially the same for the whole of Germany. The same engravings broadcasted by traveling peddlars through the country served as models and the same general limitations of skill common to all amateurs dictated the same tricks of technique and the same qualities of style. The earliest of all European tapestries left to us are three pieces of these convent-woven religious scenes from Saxony from the end of the Twelfth and the beginning of the Thirteenth Century, now in the Cathedral of Halberstadt. They are very Byzantine in drawing, rigid figures with large staring eyes, but in their use of outline, color, and flat planes and conventionalized drawing they are clearly similar to the German weaving of two hundred years later.

During the late Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries there were three major centers of tapestry production in Germany—Strassburg, Basle and Nuremberg. Actually, pieces were being woven here and there all over Germany, South Germany especially being very productive, for a house industry, since it is unorganized, is never sharply focussed. But Strassburg, Basle and Nuremberg were centers both in the number of pieces that were created there and in the superior

artistic interest and technical skill of the best of these pieces. All three of these cities were centers of culture and art in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries. Strassburg was one of the fountain sources of humanism, had a splendid local architecture of which the Cathedral was the greatest movement, bred some painters of interest and, most important of all, a group of truly great printers, followers of Gutenberg who himself

lived in Strassburg and invented there his movable type. There was, moreover, an old tradition of artistic creation in the convents of the district dating back to the splendid manuscript of the *Hortus Deliciarum* written and illuminated by Herrade de Landsberg, Abbess of the Monastery of Hohenburg, at the closing decade of the Twelfth Century.

The printers and the book illustrators who worked for them were, however, the



VERDURE TAPESTRY, GERMAN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY  
*The heavy scrolled verdure seems to have originated in Germany whence it was copied by the weavers of Enghein*  
Collection of Mr. & Mrs. Duncan McDuffie

most important influence on the tapestry production for it was their work that served as inspiration and pattern for the weavers. Gruninger, who at the close of the Fifteenth Century took the engraving of book illustrations out of the hands of workmen and made it the business of artists, fostering such men as Erhard Schlitzer and Jacobus von Strassburg, and Matthias Hupfuss, who used independent artists to make his illustrations, such as Urs Graf, Wechthin and Hans Baldung Gruen, created in their books tapestry models of genuine value. Following the standards set by these able illustrators, the Strassburg tapestries are characteristically clear and vivacious in narrative. The earliest pieces were quite crude in workmanship but by the middle of the Sixteenth Century there were working there weavers who commanded complete technical facility. They had, moreover, an unusual range of colors for German weavers and used them in strong and decoratively striking combinations.

At the end of the century there was a marked revival of interest in the work of Durer. This was reflected in the field of tapestry by at least two series of small pieces copying Durer Passions. In one series, several pieces of which are now in



the Morgan collection in the Metropolitan Museum, only part of the scenes is taken from Durer, other pieces following Martin Schongauer and one of his pupils. These late Sixteenth Century Strassburg Durers are conspicuously different from most German tapestries of the period in the markedly painter-like treatment of the color and the color transitions. The tones are softer and more softly merged than in any other early German examples of the weaver's art.

Basle was artistically closely connected with Strassburg and there is an especially close similarity between the tapestries of the two localities. At Basle, too, there was a book printing center with a large school of illustrators attached and some of these, notably Urs Graf, worked for the publishers of both cities. Basle tapestries are especially notable for their fine fantastic animals, in vividly decorative heraldic silhouette. Probably from Basle or the vicinity comes a group of *verdures* from the middle of the Sixteenth Century. The field is filled with the large scrolling thistle leaves that often appear as background for the wood block prints of the time. Sometimes in the foreground are a few tall plants with thick stems such as usually appear in the background of the Swiss pieces of the period. Against these are the grotesque animals, not often as sharply delineated as in the earlier pieces. Often across the top there is one of the turreted cities beloved of German engravers. The border is an adaptation of the usual Renaissance fruit and flower garland type, which had by this time been introduced from Flanders. The colors are very limited—blue, bluish green and brown with practically never any red. These are especially interesting because they are a cruder form of the sharply characterized group of *verdures* that are usually ascribed to Enghien. The motive of the large scrolled leaves is so typically German it seems probable that the coarser German pieces are the original rendition of the theme which, according to the custom, they took directly from the prints, while the Enghien pieces are a refined and sophisticated adaption by more skilful craftsmen of the German prototype.

Nuremberg was the most important center of all. It was the greatest art center in Germany with a markedly individual architecture and the famous school of painters and engravers that culminated in Michael Wohlgemuth and his pre-eminent pupil, Durer. Unusually skilful and elaborate tapestries were being woven there as early as the Fourteenth Century. In the German Museum of Nuremberg is quite a large piece illustrating a romance with fully two score figures, each in a carefully rendered fanciful costume

typical of the time, and two large castles drawn in utmost detail, which was woven at the end of the Fourteenth Century. This tapestry, while it has a strong German feeling, has points of affiliation with the contemporary Franco-Flemish work, and naturally, for South Germany was, at this time, in close touch with both Burgundy, the second daughter of Philip the Bold having married Duke Leopold of Austria, and North Italy, whose school of miniature painting had influenced the French.

Judging from the number of identifiable pieces left to us, the production at Nuremberg was large throughout the Fifteenth Century, though for the most part the standard of skill had fallen, the work being coarse and the drawing often child-like. But by the second quarter of the Sixteenth Century, Nuremberg again had a group of highly skilled weavers producing the finest tapestries, both artistically and technically, ever made in Germany. This work was done directly under the inspiration of the Wohlgemuth School. Not all Wohlgemuth tapestries, to be sure, belong in this group, for the wood cuts, scattered through the country, attracted amateurs who wove them with varying skill. But there is a small series of tapestries conspicuous for the sharpness of their outlines, like the clearly drawn lines of a pen; the exactness of their drawing, flat but absolutely accurate, and the saturated purity of their red, a characteristic Wohlgemuth color, that are based on drawings of Wohlgemuth or his pupils. Several pieces reproduce prints from Durer's "Life of the Virgin." It has been assumed that these were woven in the convent of St. Catherine because the nuns of that convent as early as 1548 received an order from the Council for a tapestry, but this is too slim evidence for any conclusion.

The few pieces from Strassburg at the end of the Sixteenth Century and the even fewer and finer pieces from Nuremberg are the only truly German products which show perfection of craftsmanship. Here and there among the amateur pieces are examples of good and conscientious work, but they are, nevertheless, still amateurish.

Germany, despite her relative unimportance, made a distinctive contribution. From the coarsest bit from the most amateurish home loom to the powerfully accurate Nuremberg renditions of Durer there is a consistent quality in the work of Germany that has a marked artistic worth. This is absolutely genuine directness. Her tapestries are the honest and objective minded record of a sincerely felt interest and observation set down without self-consciousness, and this intense objectivity gives them an integrity that is of a fundamental esthetic value.





although an early work of two shipwrecked sailors, clinging to the rigging of their storm-tossed ship, reveals his ability to grasp the fundamentals of the more rigorous and passionate side of life. This work, "The Dawn of Hope," makes us wonder at the painter's many sided talent, and clearly shows that, due to a preference, he has held in abeyance any interest he may have in those morose coast days when the enraged sea does battle with the rocky head lands at "the port." His preference has been for those clear, sunny days that Maine also has in her weather repertoire. In quiet gardens where flowers seem to have their natural habitat, so bloomingly do they thrive, Graves set up his easel. It is not surprising that he has been attracted toward those brighter seashore days, for who has not stood and gazed at Maine's sunlit seaside gardens and not been enthralled? The gentle sea winds of summer toss the blooms about, and from these profuse color masses of beautiful swaying forms, Abbott

Graves has wisely essayed to paint garden pictures of truly rare and permanent charm.

Margaret Deland, in writing about an exhibition Graves held in Boston, said: "The pictures take me back to my garden with its roses and hollyhocks and sunshine tempered by the south winds and over it all the flickering shadows of my little birch tree." In this short paragraph Mrs. Deland sums up the devotion with which Graves essays the painting of gardens. Into the flickering sunlight of his gay canvases he often introduces figures with great skill; but his people are in his gardens always because attracted there by the gorgeous bloom or the quiet hour. He must, perforce, be called a great painter of flowers. Booth Tarkington has said that Graves made himself a master painter of flowers. Into these floral canvases creeps a hint of the quiet vitality that supports all this painter seeks to do. It is a funda-



"JUNGLE MOONLIGHT—CRUSOE'S ISLAND"

BY ABBOTT GRAVES

mental vitality we see and enjoy, and it makes one realize the abundance of nature when she sets out to produce such endless variety of form. We feel that she has no end of color, massed for our delight, and Graves makes us feel, as William Howe Downes says, that "there are plenty more where these came from," and we are glad.

Nothing taxes a painter's skill more than composition in flower painting. Arrangement here plays such an important role that only the most skilful artist arrives at a natural and true result. Where arrangement for its own sake is the keynote, as in so much of the Japanese flower work, the task is simplified; but where the aim is naturalism, set forth by the impressionists as the ideal of most modern painting, the problem is fraught with many difficulties. Graves has shown us how to surprise a flower theme and transfer it to the scale of the canvas with just the right





"GOVERNMENT GARDEN—TRINIDAD"

BY ABBOTT GRAVES

balance of form. The result achieved is one in which the composition of the blooms is so natural that nowhere does the painter's hand lie heavily upon them. There is no exaggeration of design, no stressing of form. All is nature, with a lingering note of fondness. We know and feel that these flowers are wooed into life by the gentle south wind and invigorated by the more boisterous west wind. And does not the haze of languorous seas lie over all with a gentle suggestion of soft mists? Even the blazing sun of the Southland cannot drive from Abbott Graves his ability to render an atmosphere one can breathe and flowers that unfold with fairy delight.

Into his compositions of flower forms, Graves brings a gift for the true coloration. Nothing is exaggerated, all is sublimely natural, and it is at this point our painter reveals his real power to render sunlight. He does not seem bent upon any one method to achieve his results, and his sunny effects vibrate with just the right technical division of masses. So naturally does he break up his

masses that the resulting impressionistic effect is imaginatively charming. We find a vibratory resonance of tone that relates his color in singing harmonies. Whether working in Mrs. Deland's garden or in the tropics, Graves seems, as it were, to tune his brush strokes to just the right pitch to render each particular kind of air.

Like many another American painter, he has felt the need to seek themes in the tropics. South America, Trinidad, Havana, Cuba, and even the far away island of Robinson Crusoe have all called his brush. These tropical subjects reveal to us the fact that for his expression Graves has built up a secure technique. While style is part and parcel of his individuality, he has kept it flexible enough to render nature with truth. There is a charm to his tropical pictures that defies description because his art turns and bends ready ever to answer the painter's sure and swift hand. There is no monotony of repeated

theme for the sake of popular success. Each work touches some particular effect and is carried to a logical, as well as an artistic, conclusion. It is this characteristic of logical procedure that gives to each canvas by Graves a special significance.

Among the tropical subjects, several stand out with a widening interest. One is entitled "The Jungle—Crusoe's Island." Another, "My Man Friday," is interesting because the type delineated seems to be that of the real Man Friday. Graves has pictured the human type of the tropics with the same sureness that characterizes his flora. "The Jungle" is a picture to attract the lover of all that is primitive and wild. The soft tones seem to drip a color scheme of gray greens, rose tints and subtle grays. The introduction of the figure of the man with the gun and dog shows the happy manner in which Graves solves such a problem in compositional adjustment. Another work, "On the Way to the Flower Market," charms by a rare grace of movement, the very joy of action. Perhaps one of the finest of these



recent works is called "A Spanish Courtyard." There is something about this particular picture that is restful and extremely happy. Graves has rendered this old courtyard with a quiet persuasion that expresses the lazy call of the South. The effect is one of well balanced light and shade, and the whole canvas is bathed in shimmering light and palpitating air. The sunshine on the enclosure wall is dramatic in intensity, and acts as a natural foil to the shaded parts of the garden. There is here unfolded the gentle drama of composition, and the delight of technique that bespeaks a man "a painter's painter" to the world.

It is not possible to dwell at length within the scope of this essay on the many canvases of note Graves has produced during the various stages of his career. However, the large "Peonies," done quite a while ago, stands out as a high achievement. The forms in this picture, brushed in with vigorous freedom, mark Graves as a painter of great technical power. While there is undoubtedly more light and radiance in some of his later work, it cannot be denied that "Peonies" is not only well painted but well drawn. This canvas will be shown at the exhibit of Graves' work at the Babcock Galleries.

Tucked away in the shadows of this work is the prophecy that while our painter renders surfaces with skill, his brush will in the future seek to give some of those deeper things of emotional appeal, that ask of the painter a softer caress in which the wooing of the muse rewards us with that richer quality akin to the soul of all things. This prophecy is revealed in a measure in "The Spider's Web." The title suggests something delicate and elusive, and Graves has in this picture held in reserve with considerable charm his more salient objective forms. While this work may not appeal to us with the force of his more dramatic renderings of nature, and because the more subtle technique has demanded a more planned and, as it were, built-up structure, never-



"A SPANISH COURTYARD"

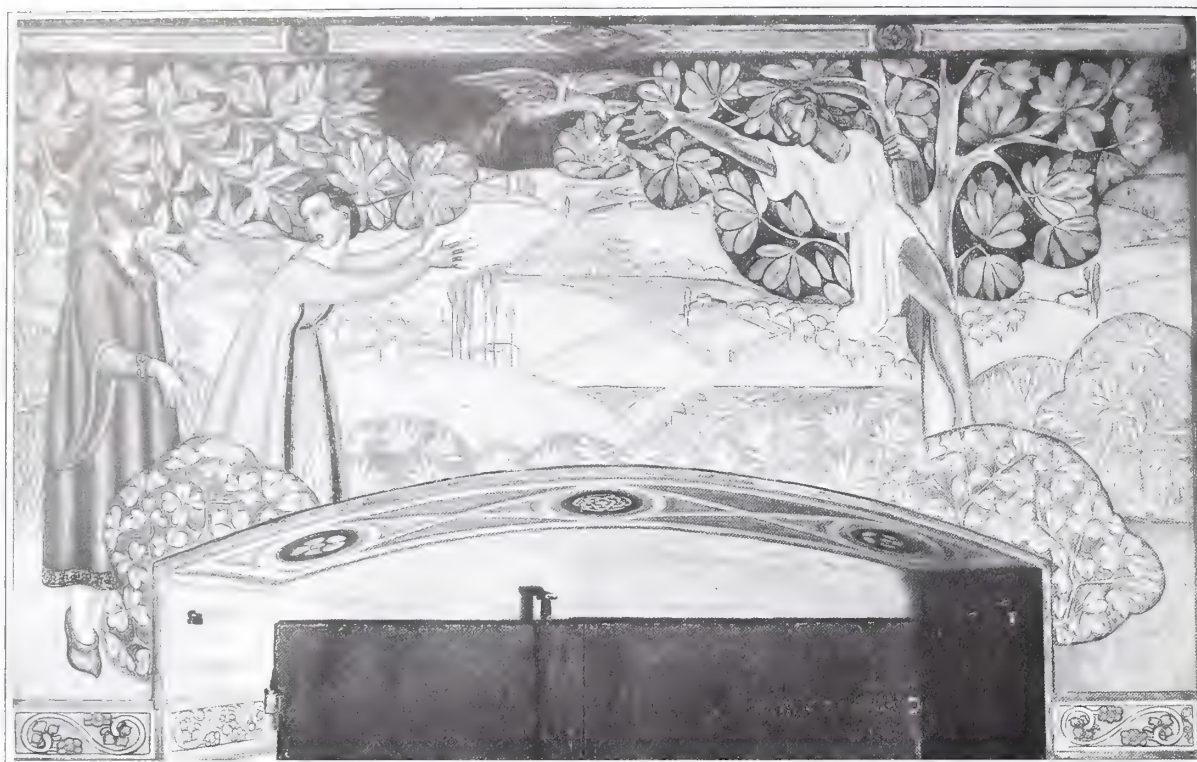
BY ABBOTT GRAVES

theless, we see recorded here a certain expression of deeper feeling, of the eternal mystery of things. Further, if we did not know, we could at least divine that Abbott Graves had applied in this picture his attention to the rendering of those more intimate whisperings that the true artist grows to know through the stress of personal experience touching the verities of life.

It is not every artist, whether he be painter, sculptor or poet, who has the gift to see in the every-day things around him those eternal beauties which can make his work permanent because of its true appeal to the appreciative soul of all humanity; nor is it every artist, be he painter, sculptor or poet, who is gifted with the ability and the skill—qualities, native and acquired—to interpret and record these phases of nature with the fidelity and spirit which are not only seen but also felt by those privileged in later times to come into contact with them.

*Photographs by courtesy of the Babcock Galleries, New York*





A FRESCO BY GARDNER HALE IN THE VILLA RAZZOLINI, FLORENCE, ITALY, ILLUSTRATING AN EPISODE FROM THE FLAUBERT VERSION OF THE LEGEND OF SAINT JULIEN L'HOSPITALIER

## HALE *Illustrates an Old* LEGEND

**B**ECAUSE I consider it unnecessary to illuminate Gardner Hale's work, and because I find it impossible to adopt a single "point of view" about it, I have chosen, in giving to America these photographs

of his recent frescoes in the Villa Razzolini, to tell something of the work of painting in fresco, and of the story of St. Julien. In these years of ever swifter changes, I do not feel like commenting upon the ends toward which art is laboring, or rather hurrying itself. The words that offer themselves as means of explanation, and that we find flung at random, be it at Matisse or at Robert Chanler—words like "research," "synthetic," "organization"—have been used too carelessly, and are now of no help.

Of Gardner Hale's frescoes, America has seen almost nothing. This is natural, as fresco is one with the wall and does not readily displace itself for exhibiting. In 1917, at the Independents, the little fresco panel, the "Baigneuse," was shown, a piece of cool stone, few lines and sober color. Then last winter, and again at the Independents, we saw a tempera panel, "The Fruit Gatherers."

*American painter decorates  
an ancient Florentine villa  
with frescoes of Saint  
Julien l'Hospitalier · by*

· · E. de LANUX · ·

Within these five years, what growth of his consciousness! A certain voluntary deformation, whimsical perspective here: he decidedly owns himself more, can push or pull or turn the corners of his composition

as he wills to achieve complete expression.

Hale's life has been divided, in energy and time, almost equally between three climates. Many of us have had two birthplaces; with him, neither America, nor Italy, nor France can be left out. Italy claims him first; at twelve, he studied in Rome with Horatio Carlandi, then in Venice with Zanetti, both good watercolorists. Later he was in Paris, at La Grande Chaumiere. Who has not passed under its doors, who does not remember its gamut of models and can not draw their every pose? In 1915 he studied with Maurice Denis at Ranson's, a hospitable place with a tired garden and *natures-mortes* so covered with dust one looked to see if one were painting an apple or an orange. But there was no dust on the students there or on their canvases. Bright, humorous, arbitrary experiments went on under the acquiescence of M. Denis or M. Serusier. But it was





"WHILE PURSUING A STAG, THE LATTER SPOKE TO HIM, SAYING, 'HOW DO YOU DARE TO KILL ME; YOU, DESTINED TO KILL YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER?'" FRESKO BY GARDNER HALE IN THE VILLA RAZZOLINI

not there that Hale came upon his fresco. One day while walking along the quays, he discovered the "Book of the Art" of Cennino Cennini. An accident as fatal as when, seeing for the first time a new country, one says "I will live here." The French edition of this extraordinary book is out of print. An English edition, I believe, may still be found in America. Cennini, born in 1360, was a pupil of Agnolo, who was the pupil of Taddeo Gaddi, who was himself the pupil of Giotto. It is thought that because the good Cennino was not very expert as a painter, he, wishing to retrieve himself in some way, contented himself with carefully taking down notes from his masters' methods. The "Book," which was written when Cennino, almost eighty years old, was in prison for debt, is invaluable as a document giving the life of the *atelier* in Fourteenth Century Italy—recipes for everything, painting on walls, on panels, applying the gold, making brushes, grinding the colors. Let me give a few of its titles:

"How with gilded tin, or gold, one can make the diadem of saints upon the wall." "How one can make good and perfect oil cooked in the sun." "How to preserve the tails of squirrels and to prevent them being eaten by worms." "How you should direct your life in honesty, and the particular care of the hand." "In what company and how you should begin to draw from the figures in the monuments." "How to make trees, grass, leaves in fresco or in tempera."—all quaint.

For those who know how to use a Bible, for those who do, as he enjoins, "hold up their right hand that the blood may flow out of it," leaving it a more delicate instrument with which to draw, and for those who know the use of a cook book—for those, in short, whose patience and love of the substance is sufficient to try out these experiments—the book will serve. For those to whom it is a curiosity—let it remain such.

All through 1915 and the following year, the young artist experimented, taking advice and example from craftsmen, masons, plasterers, piecing together, as it were, the lost art of the fresco. There were disappointments in every direction, the ground cracking, the colors sinking in or unexpectedly changing; there were material problems of solidity, of transportation. One by one, Gardner Hale managed to solve them. The "Baigneuse," the first successful experiment, was exhibited at the Luxembourg in 1916, and shortly after was begun the first wall decoration, done for the studio of Mme. Giselle Bunau-Varilla in Paris. The feeling of these three panels, "The Birth," "Crucifixion" and "Entombment," is in the direct line of his work to come: cold in color, rich in gold diadems, or "glories;" clear in conception. Whenever a decoration has to do with architecture, there is always the feeling of a series of units, a horizontal succession, as opposed to the centrifugal engenderment of the moderns.

The attitude of the early painters toward their



"AND HE WAS SO TERRIFIED THAT HE FLED AWAY ACROSS MANY PLAINS, TO A FAR KINGDOM." FRESCO BY GARDNER HALE IN THE VILLA RAZZOLINI

pictures corresponded to that of a jeweler, or a cabinet maker, before his problems; there was a given space to be filled for which the donor had provided so much gold and ultramarine. In the same picture we have the rules of perspective sometimes subtly, sometimes enormously violated, and the arbitrary combination of minute realism with flagrant distortion. By seeming to go the longest way around, the miracle of pure decoration results. Hear Cennino's advice on how to paint a mountain: "If you would wish to make mountains that seem real, take some large stones full of cracks and not polished. Copy them after arranging the light and the shadows to your pleasure." Certainly we cannot cope with this naivete. But here comes to the help of the painter the very difficulty of the material he has chosen. He has to decide everything at once; he cannot wonder if the light is better falling on this place or another, trying each as do painters in oil, trying both as did the Impressionists; it is too late, the wall has dried. There are no half-measures. A thing is there or it is not there. A house has its roof, its floor, its right angles, i. e. one must know how to draw a house. A diadem is either a shining round of decorative gold, or it is not there at all. Hence the clarity, the eliminations. We are at the antipodes of suggestion and chiaroscuro. The precision that we believe voluntary, is imposed. Fresco means the process of painting on a mixture of wet lime and sand that overlays a wall, so that the colors may mix with the drying surface and harden as a part of it.

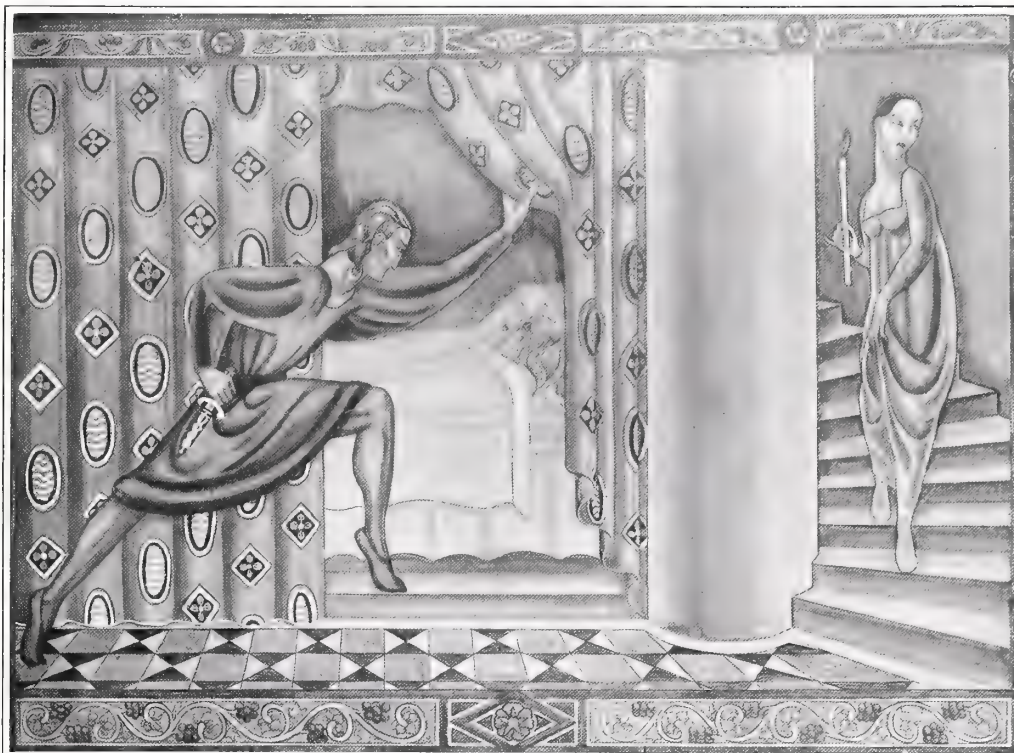
"Apply only as much *intonaco* as you can paint in one day," says Cennino. What vigor and affirmation to transpose from the cartoons without backsliding or changing of program! And retouching is difficult—important changes are impossible. The palette is very restricted: earth colors are the basis, supplemented by the mineral colors that are chemically inert, unaffected by lime, and they are used with scruple and passion, pressing the best out of each one, never contaminating it by trying the effect of a mixture. The colors must be ground by

hand, always a laborious process, and the Book says, "grind your black for an afternoon, but should you grind it for a year it would be better."

In 1917 and 1918, Hale did two decorations in America—the first a breakfast room for Mr. J. F. Carlisle at Islip, Long Island; the second for Mrs. Bertram G. Work in Oyster Bay, the walls and ceiling of a dining room. In both of these there was a giving over to fantasy—strange birds and fish and processions of riders having a sense of humor and an exuberance not usual to Hale or to the medium. His third "job" was a big undertaking. He was engaged for a ceiling, a loggia and a sun-porch for the residence, then under construction, of Mr. John Dodge at Grossepointe Farms, near Detroit, Michigan. He had taken three years to make the sketches and to finish the cartoons, when, at the moment of beginning the actual work, Mr. Dodge died. If the work is to be carried on, or not, is still in question.

After this disappointment and great spending of energy and time, an ideal commission came to him: the decoration of the *salone* of a Fourteenth Century villa in Florence, the Villa Razzolini, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. T. Mather Spelman; a chance to go back to the Italy which had given him so much, to go back as a *maestro* and have the honor of working on the same walls as others had done five centuries before him, continuing their example, in the same way and with the same implements. His work there is no rejuvenation of the antique process, it is a continuation. It is the first time since the Fifteenth century that a





"... AND SEEING TWO PEOPLE SLEEPING UNDER THE SHEETS, HE BELIEVED IT WAS HIS WIFE WITH A LOVER. SILENTLY HE DREW HIS SWORD." FRESCO BY GARDNER HALE IN THE VILLA RAZZOLINI



"ONE GLACIAL NIGHT JULIEN HEARD THE PLAINITIVE VOICE OF A STRANGER ASKING TO BE TAKEN ACROSS THE STREAM." FRESCO BY GARDNER HALE IN THE VILLA RAZZOLINI



"... AND RISING INTO THE AIR HE SAID TO HIS HOST, 'JULIEN, THE LORD HAS SENT ME TO YOU TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE PENANCE HAS BEEN ACCEPTED'."

Fresco by Gardner Hale in the Villa Razzolini

room has been done there in fresco. The newer layers of plaster were scraped off the wall, down to the original stone and brick and rubble, and with the aid of a workman, sixty-five years old, who had labored on a chapel in Santa Croce, the walls were prepared and the series of twelve panels was executed. The job was begun with November and finished at the end of April. For the first time in his career the artist was able to use the old red, *cinabrese*, a combination of *bianco-sangiovanni* and light red. The process of making the *bianco* alone takes three months; it must be dried on the roof, after which it gets very hard, and breaking it up is a long physical labor. In the Renaissance, a job of this size was always handled by the *maestro* and his pupils, or even by two or three equally expert painters. In the chapel of the Orvieto cathedral, Fra Angelico had Benozzo Gozzoli and a second pupil working with him on the ceiling, and because one of the workmen fell from the scaffolding, Signorelli had to finish the job. What illustrious pupils could be gathered then for the ceiling of a chapel!

As his subject, Hale chose the "Legende de Saint Julien l'Hospitalier" from Gustave Flaubert's "Trois Contes"—a classic in French prose. He departed several times from the Flaubert version. Strange that in taking liberties with the legend Hale did not know, at the time, that he was returning to the original and canonic tradition as it was transmitted to us by the good Jacques de Voragine in his "Legende Dorée." This is the story according to the latter's authority:

"There was still another Saint Julien. This

one, being of noble family, was hunting one day in his youth, and while pursuing a stag, the latter spoke to him, saying: 'How do you dare to kill me; you, destined to kill your father and mother'? And the poor boy, at these words, was so terrified, that he fled away across many plains to a far kingdom where he entered into the service of the king. He bore himself so well in war and in peace that the king made him a knight and gave him to wife the widow of a rich lord.

But the parents of Julien,

inconsolable at his disappearance, sought across the world, until they arrived one day at the chateau where he dwelt. Nor was he that day at home, and it was his wife who received the travelers. And when they had finished their story the wife knew them to be the parents of her husband, for he had often spoken of them. So she received them with gentleness and for love of her husband led them to sleep in her own bed. The next morning, while she was at church, Julien returned. He came near to the bed to waken his wife, and seeing two people sleeping under the sheets, he believed it was his wife with a lover. Silently he drew his sword and killed the sleepers. Leaving the house, he met his wife as she came out from church, and asked in astonishment who were those persons asleep in her bed. To which she answered: 'They are your parents, who were in search of you. I gave them to sleep in our bed.' On hearing this, Julien thought to die from grief. Weeping he said, 'What will become of me, miserable that I am? I have killed my parents, fulfilling the prophesy of the stag! Adieu, my gentle little sister, for I will have no rest until God has accepted my act of repentance.' But she answered him saying: 'Do not think that I will let you go without me? As I have partaken of your joy, I shall partake of your grief.' So they fled away together, and went to live on the edge of a great river where the crossing was a perilous one, and there, to do penance, they carried over from one bank to the other all those who wished to cross the stream. . . And a long time after, one glacial





THE SALONE DECORATED BY GARDNER HALE  
IN THE VILLA RAZZOLINI, FLORENCE

night, Julien, who was lying down, heavy with fatigue, heard the plaintive voice of a stranger asking to be taken across. So he rose out of bed and ran to the stranger half dead with cold, and carried him into his house, and built a great fire to warm him. Then, as the stranger was still cold, he took him into his own bed and warmed him. But now the stranger, who was a leper and repugnant, changed into an angel shining with light. And rising into the air he said to his host: 'Julien, the Lord has sent me to you to announce that the penance has been accepted and that you and your wife will soon repose in God.'

Like Voragine, Gardner Hale allowed the saint to take his wife with him after the killing of the parents—an escape from the Flaubert version. The same *rapprochement* is to be found in the episode of the leper, whom Hale impersonates as an angel, while Flaubert identifies him with Christ. And what the French writer could not easily do in words, Hale achieved perhaps unconsciously—the likeness between Julien and the artist himself.

Also in Florence, done during this past year, is the decoration for J. Walter Spaulding, on the walls of his palazzo (formerly the palazzo Talleyrand). The palace is Eighteenth Century Venetian, so the austerity, the hieratic gestures, give place to Louis XV rhythms. There are three large panels in a dining room, "Spring," "Summer" and "Autumn," and four smaller ones.

As we send these pages, Gardner Hale is leaving Paris and the quiet studio in the rue

Jacob, going back to the hills of San Gimignano. I saw him once more, and the conversation touched upon various wellknown painters of the modern schools. I was anxious to hear Hale's reaction toward contemporaneous masters, and to know if there was, for him, a problem or a struggle of influences. There are no such conflicts. While following a line which is his own, Hale does not ignore the works of other living artists. He enjoys them, but finds no opposition between their doctrines and methods and his. I remembered Peguy's words—"a scientist is never set against a rival scientist, but both are set against the unknown, which it is the mission of both to decipher." Like other fervent workers, Hale gives no impression of hurry or restlessness. He knows the gentle art of wasting moments, and of making this waste a most profitable gift to his friends. I know few men with such "presence of mind" and such seriousness of ethics, under the appearance of skeptical unconcern. And his invincible charm—but this is not a portrait of Gardner Hale, just an introduction to his work.

Each iconoclast who invents after destroying requires a different enthusiasm of ours. It is like the song to Ulysses—there is no satisfaction in turning away; we must stare it in the face. Only one position is possible—that of freedom and intelligence; to meet each influence as it comes, wrestling first against it, then with it against the others. If the personality of the painter be lost, it was not worth keeping. Through such a trial we learn what a "personality" is worth.

# Swedish Art Heralds Swedish Fair

GOthenBURG, second largest city in Sweden and proud of its history of three hundred years and its position in the kingdom, is preparing to celebrate its ter-centenary this year and has called upon Swedish art to be the helpmeet of Swedish industry in demonstrating to the world at large what three centuries in the life of a Swedish metropolis mean. The exhibition will be opened on May 8 and will continue until the end of September, and will be not only national but also international in scope. While it will have several unusual features, the one which most concerns us is the manner in which and the extent to which the management of the undertaking has drawn on native art with the object of popularizing the enterprise at home and abroad in the next few months.

The use of art for the promotion of such events is an old practice but in the past the poster was the principal form in which art was adapted to advertisement. Those in charge of the Gothenburg Jubilee Exhibition have gone a step further, however, by calling on leading artists among their countrymen

*Molin's etchings picture Gothenburg's ter-centenary in which architects and sculptors share . . . by*

EDWIN BJORKMAN

to prepare a series of advance views of the event still to take place, and judging by the specimens that have reached the United States the innovation should be successful in achieving the object sought.

One of the factors that made this new form of advertising possible is the early start taken in the

preparations for the exhibition. At this time, months ahead of the official opening, many of the buildings are already completed, and one notable feature of the grounds—a beautiful lily pond that lies like a mirror at the foot of the great Memorial Hall—was finished two years ago to develop the natural appearance that, as a rule, only time can produce.

Several of the country's foremost architects, painters and sculptors have collaborated in producing for the exhibition a setting that will stamp itself indelibly on the mind of every beholder. Carl Milles, for instance, who undoubtedly ranks as Sweden's foremost sculptor, has contributed the model for a fountain that is an excellent illustration of an art that combines grace with originality. One of Sweden's most talented living etchers, Ejnar Molin, has prepared a series of

THE GATEWAY TO THE GROUNDS OF THE TER-CENTENARY EXPOSITION TO BE HELD THIS YEAR AT GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN  
FROM AN ETCHING BY THE SWEDISH ARTIST, E. MOLIN







THE NEW ART MUSEUM  
AT GOTHENBURG, NOW  
BEING COMPLETED. FROM  
AN ETCHING BY E. MOLIN

artistic presentations of the scenes designed to enchant visitors to Gothenburg. His work is interesting not only as a foreshadowing of the event but also as illustrating the freedom with which the Swedes have long used the etcher's art. Time and again men like Burmeister and Straat, not to mention other artists, have produced etchings which, without loss of value or validity as specimens of that particular form of art, seemed rather to have sprung from the draughtsman's pen or the lithographer's stone. The work of Molin has much of the same independence of movement and treatment.

However, the most striking feature of the exhibition by which Gothen-

"CARNIVAL SCENE IN  
GOTHENBURG" THE ART-  
IST'S VISUALIZATION



THE MEMORIAL HALL  
THE DOMINATING BUILD-  
ING IN THE EXPOSITION.  
AN ETCHING BY E. MOLIN



burg will symbolize its triumphant growth through the centuries is not this or that detail, but the total effect. In spite of their highly individualistic temperament, the Swedes have learned the lesson of cooperation, and that not only in economic and political matters but also in the artistic. Some of that team work which is so characteristic a feature of their athletic development is revealed most strikingly in their artistic endeavors in connection with the impending exhibition of Gothenburg, and Molin's part is to transcribe the work of his fellow artists, the architects and sculptors, into a convenient form that gives it portability and great pictorial interest.

OF A STREET IN THE  
FUTURE EXPOSITION. AN  
ETCHING BY E. MOLIN

# MARK BY THE WAY *Guy Pène du BOIS*

ONE or two years ago Gertrude V. Whitney wrote a series of articles titled "The End of America's Apprenticeship in Art." Since they were accepted by me as the editor of the magazine in which they appeared, I cannot altogether disagree with them. Indeed the only objection that ever occurred to me was on the score of patriotism. There was going on, or had been, at that time, considerable log-rolling for patriotism; so much of it, in fact, that patriotism seemed to be the principle of a propaganda which moved in an inflexible straight line over the land, scarcely ever touching it, even on the high places, missing truth, character and fact. But I am probably a misogynist for I have never had any fondness for the friendliness of log-rolling. Indeed the critic in me is a very desperate and conclusive dissipator of friendships. He drives my typewriter. My fault may rest solely in that I let him. Still, there must be a certain justice in the fight that he makes me wage against the institutionalizing thing, or against that thing, fad or fancy, reaching out tentacles to which great numbers of persons give themselves up with a looseness comparable only to self-indulgence.

The expressive force of the republican idea or ideal with which this department dealt, some time past, has either made or grabbed many good men who have been, literally, its press agents; the tools rather than the promulgators of an idea. It is true that there is no art without faith and that faith creates propaganda. This was undeniably true in the case of the early Christian painters. Propaganda without faith is a gold brick sold to the rural denizen for the sake of power or money. Propaganda of this kind may be artful, but it is not art. It cannot be, for it is without sincerity, that simplest and mightiest of all the condiments of a work of art. We have, however, had bad or insincere propaganda for the church, as in the instance of Rubens or Perugino, to take a lesser light, which was nevertheless good art. The literary motive in art probably matters little. Sometimes it is a power for good; sometimes, as with some of the Crucifixions, it gives the form or the composition of a thing which, in the final analysis, has nothing whatever to do with it. Rubens liked flesh too well to paint saints of a truly religious nature. Robert W. Chanler is troubled now trying to give a truly ascetic character to the eyes of some saints whom he is painting for a church here. Indeed, he has been told

that the beard of his Saint Peter is too much like stubble, lacks the traditional religious silkiness. Even the beard of a Saint, apparently, should be a symbol of meekness. Think how flagellated was the flesh of the saints of Greco. He was quick to adapt a Spanish cruelty. But times and places change interpretations. Rodin gave us a John the Baptist with a beard that would not have shamed Jo Davidson, and the physique of a man of the soil. Those Greco good men never could see the soil, so persistently were their eyes turned on higher things. Greco belonged to an age of aristocracy, an age when a flourish was made for its own sake, when knights set forth to conquer heretics who did not, in any way, figure in the material or commercial scheme of their world. Economics had not entered yet. Rodin's St. John is not above watching his step and the step of others around him. He knew something about the earth and therefore about the earthy. He could be of real practical value to the men whom he converted. Perhaps he was just a model from the market in the rue de la Grande Chaumière; perhaps not, for a man of his force would scarcely spend his life posing for long-haired chaps in flowing cravats and with a habit of sighing, borrowed probably from Wërther. I can imagine him hanging them by their black cravats that their sighs might come of a practical incentive. Something of this is in his creator in any case.

It may be that this silky beard demanded of Chanler is so much a part of tradition that it is beyond present day usefulness. Perhaps it is an outworn propaganda, like the republican one, which may no longer come into contact with a changed or with the contemporary point of view. Change is not necessarily the product of greater enlightenment. It may be a rebuttal of the existing thing brought on by boredom; a "No" to a too persistently reiterated "Yes." There is certainly as much truth in one as in the other. The difference between the "No" of this case and the "Yes" is one of tired old age and spirited youth. The middle or normal ground is nearer to being properly balanced and, for the sake of those who like entrenchments, it is a safer ground.

But beards or no beards, the tendency toward the flourish is returning. I can almost hear young men, in dandified attitudes, quoting the last decade's foggy, Théophile Gautier, to the effect, "There is nothing beautiful except the useless." Of course we have heard a tremendous



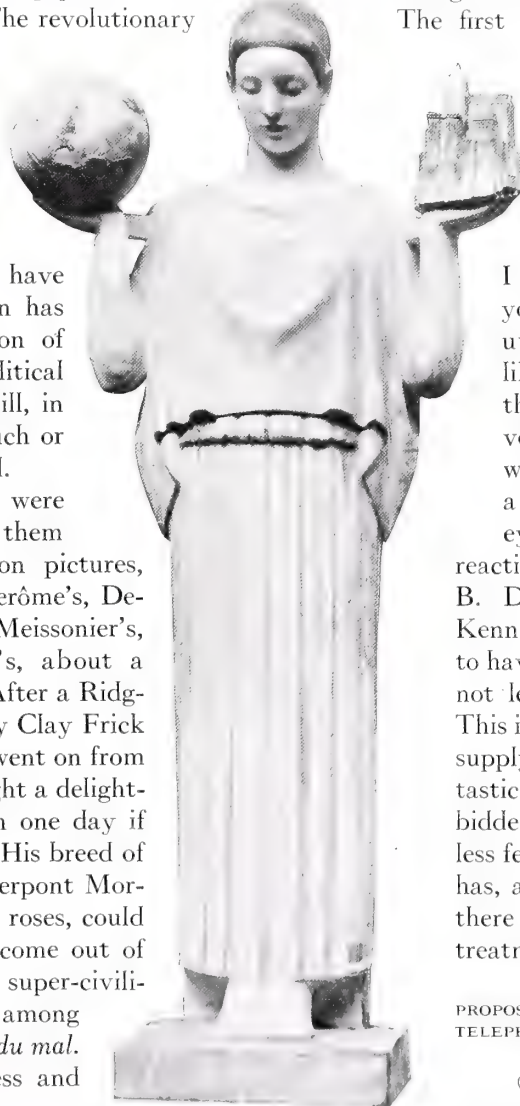
amount to the other effect, the opposite one, for a long time. The denial is due. It may even be time to call Forain's drawing bone-bare and to deride the architectural dogma that decoration is an integral part, theoretically at least, of the machinery of a building. Anyway, egotism is in the air, along with individualism, autocracy and anarchy. The brotherhood idea has breezed ahead, without obstacle, too long. Art has had its fill of political economy. Preciosity is sticking up its slim blond head and, out of a crooked mouth, whispering odd things for the sake of the shock in them or for the sake of their oddity. Strange figures are displacing familiar ones. Hybrids are gaining effrontery. A circus quality enters, bringing with it great Sinbadian birds and a camp following of quacks, carrying Eastern balms for the cure of diseases despicably commonplace. If we are to safeguard this normalcy of ours, something must be done at once, a really radical step taken, the reactionary balloon blown almost to the bursting point. But perhaps we are too late. The revolutionary reaction has gained strength through numberless delays. It has reached the proportions of a tidal wave. It has become a natural force. No one can stop the supplying of a demand, I have been informed. Prohibition has been a sort of confirmation of this. But I am not a political economist. John Stuart Mill, in my youth, bored me as much or more than did George Sand.

Our collectors—there were few connoisseurs among them then—stopped buying salon pictures, Bargue's, Bonnat's and Gerôme's, Detaille's, de Neuville's and Meissonier's, Cabanel's and Couture's, about a quarter of a century ago. After a Ridgway Knight, the late Henry Clay Frick bought a Rembrandt. He went on from there. He would have bought a delightful Roger van der Weyden one day if the panel had been larger. His breed of collector—the late John Pierpont Morgan was one—seeking large roses, could sneer at orchids. Orchids come out of hot houses, are symbols of super-civilization and to be numbered among Baudelaire's army of *fleurs du mal*. There is a book for restless and

revolutionary adolescence. Indeed it has been doing service for more than one decade now. But, on with the march of collectors. The more fashionable ones have stayed but a short time in the suave, the full-fledged, the educated, the normal XVIIth century. Perhaps preciosity has cackled at them. They reach deeper, which is not necessarily to say more profoundly into art's bag. The primitives daily grow more expensive. An emaciated figure on the cross done by a warped, early German provincial, lures the fashionable collector where a well fed one, from the sophisticated brush of Rubens, would not force even a surreptitious side glance; this without knowledge of Huysmans' *Trois Primitifs*. The situation is explicable only as a reaction. The fat years must be followed by lean; the period of sensible and rich eloquence, by the stiff sentences of prim Florentines or the more awkward ones, for an example at random, of Cavellini. "It's a Tibetan postage stamp, my boy." But the crux of the affair is not there, not altogether there.

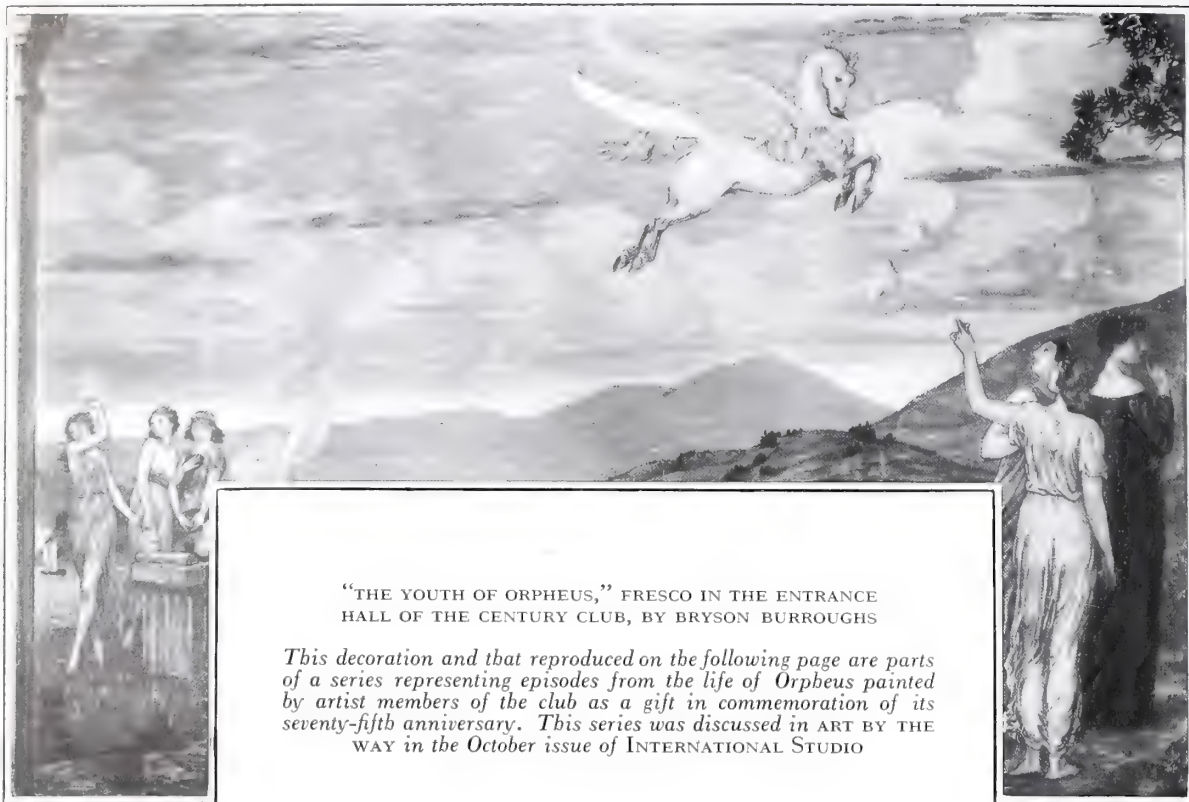
The first pronouncements of that onrushing tidal wave are creating a fashion or, rather, have created a fashion. Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street" is an almost literal reflection of it. "Down with the commonplace."

I do not know whether the young extremists are contributors or reporting mirrors, like Lewis. Their styles are in their favor. They can say a very little, a lot, or nothing, in ways fantastic enough to bring a momentary gleam to jaded eyes, but they count less in the reaction than older men like Arthur B. Davies, Robert Chanler and Kenneth Hayes Miller, who seem to have foretold it. These men have not leaped aboard a band wagon. This is positive. Chanler is a Sinbad supplying us with records of fantastic, forgotten and even of forbidden lands and waters. He has less fear of a flourish than a peacock has, and a much better voice. But there is a normal fulness in his treatment of rareties. His precious



PROPOSED FIGURE FOR THE AMERICAN  
TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH BUILDING  
BY GASTON LACHAISE

(Courtesy of the Kraushaar Galleries)



"THE YOUTH OF ORPHEUS," FRESCO IN THE ENTRANCE  
HALL OF THE CENTURY CLUB, BY BRYSON BURROUGHS

*This decoration and that reproduced on the following page are parts of a series representing episodes from the life of Orpheus painted by artist members of the club as a gift in commemoration of its seventy-fifth anniversary. This series was discussed in ART BY THE WAY in the October issue of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*

finds are the explorer's. He is never lost in them himself. No secret whim engulfs him. He can poke his hand and his mind into a treasure chest as deep as the centuries. He can mix butterflies and fish with absolute disregard of natural logic and a fine extravagance. Subjects! What are they, when a sweep of lines may be filled with an emotional potentiality? Logic in subject matter is a Main Street demand. "But cows have four legs!", and butterflies and fish should be eternal enemies. Fairy tales turn the heads of children, create unrest, tear holes in the fabric of the village complacency. The Chanlerian dose is not easily swallowed by the shopkeeper. But what an opportunity is herein presented for the son's or the grandson's declaration of freedom from the yard stick and the scales! Aristocracy at last! An orgie of senseless confusion! A spendthrift's flourish! There is, probably, something fine and free and real about this denial of humdrum's constant multiplication of two and two into four.

Perhaps we need a vacation, now and then, from counting the cost of the next day's bread and butter. Munchausen still continues to shoot the halter of his horse, consciencelessly tied to the steeple of a church. Chanler is a decorator, which may mean that he is not a good example for use here. As Edwin Blashfield might tell you, the license of his craft is unlimited. It is quite likely that Miller and Davies are better examples, or,

of the younger men, Charles Demuth. I lean to Demuth rather than to John Marin for while the latter's flourish has great valiancy, it is without a bite. Perhaps I am too old to go back to Gautier's beauty in the useless. Indeed, I prefer a pernicious little figure by Demuth to the finest abstract textural qualities of a Marin arrangement of mountains and trees. But this is an inexcusable diversion and, worse, misleading. Marin's flourish is probably a more direct rebuttal of the economic logic than most things in the Demuth collection. Demuth is careful that his lines be not wasted, that, especially in the figure things, they carry an idea. His thin, sensitive line is as pregnant as possible. It has, indeed, almost a malady intensity. Philosophically, it is a thorn in the side of smugness, an irritated and irritating manifestation. The vulgarities of vaudeville in the hands of Demuth are chased with a needle, the many precious inflections of which bring about a result at once exotic and vicious. ("Vicious" is used for the want of a better word). In Demuth it is subtle enough to escape many eyes and minds. Perhaps he is a poisonous eddy to which the tide contributes without acknowledgement. There is something of this in both Davies and Miller. Davies is the fuller and the richer of this pair. Both consistently avoid the commonplace without giving a sign that this avoidance is planned, a willful thing. Both deal essentially in sex. The



art of neither is endowed or befogged by that straight shooting, direct, masculine quality which republicans like to designate as health. Their vitality, in other words, is not a majority affair. But its appeal to the majority will gain more and more adherents from the majority. It is exotic; as repelling as circus freaks to normal minds and as fascinating. These men are rich in the soft, sinuous allure of the serpent. In Davies, romanticism is a fine sugar coating to the determined individualism of a real autocrat. He is the high priest of a world which he holds in the hollow of his hand; a world of marionettes doing his bidding, robbed of bones and the power of resistance. Perhaps the world is like that and filled with the creatures of ideas. Your individualist is the natural enemy of individuals. His force rests in his disregard for the opinions of others. He sits on a throne far above the chaotic babel of voices that merely chatter and puts a sense of his own in them, a harmony and order.

Davies has no doubts. There may be a few hesitations in Miller, for the man expresses so many ideas; but the artist—compare one of his landscapes to one of Redfield's. The Buck's County painter has a humility unhidden by the braggadocio of his large brushes. He follows the dictation of nature and makes his reports in a not much abbreviated long hand. He takes almost everything for granted. He is without the temerity to scratch or to fill a surface. This hill is merely this hill. With Miller the hill is a tool, a thing that he employs for his own ends, a form that he fills with a live, emotional substance, a part of the phrasing of a sentence, a contributor to the wealth of an idea. Miller takes it out of our world and gives it life in his own. Redfield, in comparison,

is a photographer. It must be insisted here, that this is comparative. Redfield is a hearty representative of the normal American attitude. He is not so much a prey of facts that he cannot omit some of them; indeed, he omits enough of them to arrive at an expression of that placidity which is so characteristically Pennsylvanian. This is the expression of a life without complexities,

without torture; of a soul freed from involving problems. Compared with Miller, it is shorn of experience and childlike. Its charm is bland. Miller's is more questioning and more intricate. Perhaps the acceptance of it is involving. I do not know. With both Davies and Miller, the question is one of soul and never of surface.

But the popularity of Russian things in New York City must point to a change of heart in its inhabitants. Perhaps the literal thing is boring them. Perhaps they go so far afield from the normal American product in search of relief from an *ennui* bred by it. Sculptors like Gaston Lachaise and Bourdelle are daily enlarging a small vogue. Lachaise has



"ORPHEUS BRINGING EURIDICE FROM HADES"  
BY KENNETH FRAZIER

designed a figure for one of our big industrial buildings which may be used there. The Morgan commission given by the Metropolitan Museum to the stylistic Paulanship may be another case in point. But Manship's popularity began perhaps ten years ago. We have gone on from his adaptations, although some of us still cling, with liking, to the flourish in them. We are ready for new things. The tricks that astonished us yesterday have become commonplaces of easy acceptance. Boredom results unless we find a different way of juggling the old forms. We have become hypercritical and relish the sting in the satirical salad that the younger writers serve. Satire is often the seasoning that disguises an inferior dish.

# Oriental RUGS as FINE ART

## III. Persian Carpets of the XVI Century

EACH important group of rugs has its own special merit, some artistic excellence not fully shared by other rugs. Each of the rug producing peoples can boast with some justice that it has found the most adequate expression for some phase of human feeling and has brought to its most consistent conclusion some individual type of decoration. Chinese rugs, for instance, display an aristocratic simplicity, a noble reserve, a suavity and mellowness that the rugs of other peoples never attain, rarely indeed ever approach. The Turkish imperial looms produced carpets whose obvious luxury, soft contours and gorgeous colors excel all others in gratifying the mere lust of the eye; while if it is excessive technical virtuosity and minutely perfect rendering of natural forms that we particularly admire, we must look to India. Yet despite these special achievements by other peoples, to the Persians belongs incontestably the crown of superiority in rug weaving as one of the fine arts.

That in this art Persia was master was the ancient judgment of her contemporaries. Even her rivals demonstrated their admiration by imitation. The finest rugs of Turkey and India were built upon Persian models. When Suleiman the Magnificent captured Tabriz in 1534, an important part of his plunder was the large number of Persian weavers whom he took to work for him in Turkey, while at the invitation of Akbar, Persian weavers went to India to establish the imperial looms at Lahore. Carpets from Herat, Kirman and Kashan were already well known and admired in India and Indian monarchs hoped to rival the famous collections of the Persian shahs. Persia was the fountain source of the highest type of rug design for the very good reason that she produced the greatest rugs.

If we should lay down together the best carpets from the best periods of all countries, the superiority of Sixteenth Century Persian weavings would be plain. Turkish carpets would seem a little florid, relaxed; sometimes a little ponderous; sometimes over-refined, too delicately feminine. Indian rugs would seem to have compromised the ideal of pure decoration by a little too much pictorial realism or to have lost something of the

*Considering their esthetic qualities and reasons for their admitted supremacy among weaves . . . by*

Arthur Upham POPE

weight and dignity that belong to a rug in an excessively meticulous weaving that too closely resembles velvet. The Chinese rugs would seem noble. In any company a fine Chinese rug

stands forth with distinction, but to attain their beautiful simplicity, the Chinese surrendered much.

Persian rugs at their best are superior to the rugs of all other times and places largely because they are the product of a markedly superior people with a magnificent historical background. It is true that the Persian population today is for the most part not much to boast of. Persia has fallen on evil days. The country has been pretty much over-run by inferior breeds which cumber the earth where once stood a race that destroyed Assyria, terrified Greece, defeated Rome, threatened Egypt, broke the power of the moguls and conquered northern India. The beautiful carpets of the Sixteenth Century were merely one of many achievements of a gifted race whose contributions have spread throughout the world.

Persia has not received the credit due for her contributions to civilization. Much of the glory that Arabia enjoys belongs in good right to Persia. There never was any real Arabian art. It was Zoroastrian Persians whom the Arabs called in to build and ornament the first Mohammedan mosques. Persian artisans circulated through the whole domain conquered by the Arabs. Persians probably assisted in building the Alhambra. In Andalusia in Spain is a town called Jerez de la Frontera, where sherry wine originated, named after Shiraz in Southern Persia and probably founded by Persian workmen. Arabian architecture, arts and crafts were largely Persian conceived and Persian executed.

It was a Persian who edited and collected the old Arabic poetry. It was to the Persians whom the politically incompetent Arabs looked for guidance in jurisprudence and state administration; the Arabic philosophers, scientists, grammarians and theologians were to a large extent Persians speaking and writing Arabic words, it is true, but using Persian brains.\* The painting,

\*For the best and most recent general account of the relations between Arabia and Persia, see O'Leary, "Arabic Thought and its Place in Culture," London, 1922.





*RUG PROBABLY FROM NORTHERN PERSIA*

*Second or Third Quarter of the Sixteenth Century*

*THE light colored ornamentation is all in pure metal silver. The arrangement of the arabesques in the main field is one of the most ingenious in Persian rugs. Not only are the arabesque flowers themselves exquisitely drawn, but the interweaving of their stems forms a repeating and varied series of complicated, cleanly articulated patterns of exceeding loveliness. Although there are antecedents for all the motives used here, their combination is the work of some individual genius.*

FORMERLY IN THE YERKES COLLECTION







*SMALL RUG PROBABLY FROM EASTERN PERSIA*

*About the Middle of the Sixteenth Century*

**T**HE usual Herat design is here greatly enriched, with the figure of combatant animals and the winged genii in the central medallion, shown at their feast in the gardens of Paradise. The entire ornamentation is carried to an exceptional degree of refinement and elegance and is throughout free from the tendency to crowding and exaggeration which marred later rugs. The structure of the rug, its warp and weft of silk, as well as the exceptional pains that were taken in its planning and execution, indicate clearly that it was a special order, perhaps part of one for the court of the Shah.

FORMERLY IN THE YERKES COLLECTION, NOW IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART





architecture and poetry of India are after the Sixteenth Century under the profoundest obligations to Persia. Recent discoveries at Khotan show that Sassanian textiles were exported to China, Sassanian silver found its way to Japan, and a little Korean bowl of the late Korai period now in the Freer collection reproduces the border ornamentation of an early Persian miniature.

Persian art coming largely by way of Byzantium profoundly influenced European art, while more direct influences from the Sixteenth Century onward abound in France and Italy, some traces appearing even in the Twelfth Century.

Only a superior race could produce an art of such vitality and such expansive power. Moreover, only a superior and gifted race could have created such a varied succession of great artistic periods, and only a race of exceptional esthetic integrity and tenacity could have maintained its artistic spirit intact through so many devastating historical vicissitudes, for no sooner is one Persian dynasty overcome and a period brought to a close than another blossoms forth in a new and different glory. On how deep a foundation Persian art rests is evident if we survey the ancient ruins of Persepolis, the Tomb of Cyrus, the ruins of Passargaddae and the famous rock sculptures of Takh i Bostan and Naksh i Rostam and others of the prodigious early monuments which even in photographs are still deeply impressive and often very beautiful. On how wide a basis it rested is evident when we recall that from time immemorial the common people of Persia have lavished taste, skill and care on the fashioning and ornamentation of ordinary articles of daily use. Garments, household utensils, pots and pans, a jeweller's hammer, a mason's trowel, a purse, a buckle, a dagger, each and every one may be fashioned as a true work of art.

But aside from general racial traits, such as intelligence, imagination, sensitive taste, versatility and persistence, there were two specific factors which lay back of all of Persia's many artistic triumphs, of which rug weaving was but one form of a national expression.

In the first place, because of her location in the heart of Asia, she came into close, constant and vitalizing contact with numerous and varied civilizations. Her boundaries at one time or another touched Assyria and Greece, Byzantium, India and the land of the Moguls. Tides of migration, war and commerce swept across her land. She was the bridge-head between Greece and India, and Rome and China as well. Inland seas on the north gave her access to eastern Europe; the Persian Gulf on the south, to every-



SO-CALLED VASE CARPET FROM SOUTHERN PERSIA

*Probably Kerman, supposed to have been made for the Imperial Court at Ispahan during the last quarter of the Sixteenth Century*

*Victoria and Albert Museum*

thing from Portugal to the Far East. Indeed it was once called the Chinese Gulf, so thronged it was with ships from far Cathay. Not many have realized how thoroughly Persia was





CARPET FROM NORTHWEST PERSIA, ABOUT FIFTEEN HUNDRED

*Woven before the introduction of Chinese influence that followed the rehabilitation of Persia under the Safavid dynasty. Not impressive in color but most distinguished in plan and execution. The powerful emphasis on the main features of the design, the ingenious arrangements of the secondary patterns with their delicate rhythms and the rational coordination of all elements all show a fine feeling for pure form*

*Altman Collection. Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art*

Hellenized after Alexander and again in the Sixth Century A. D. when the armies of King Chosroes brought to Persia Greek architects, engineers and craftsmen who constructed monuments that made a lasting impression on the tastes of the Persian people.

Arabia stormed in from the west and swept out a feeble and dying culture, giving to the wearied and distracted Persians a new faith, new zeal and new opportunities that ultimately enlivened and intensified all their arts. Again Persia was renewed in terrible fashion when the Mogul hordes, bursting out of the east with

cataclysmic fury, smote her fairest cities with devastating violence. Yet more beautiful cities were soon built, for these Mogul barbarians were passionately and genuinely fond of beautiful things, not merely for display, but for their own delight. Artists were summoned from all over the world, they received magnificent commissions and huge fees, and presents and honor were lavished upon them. Every phase of Persian art and life again responded to the impetus.

The acquisitive and retentive genius of Persia was enriched by every one of these contacts. From each she incorporated elements that were vital and productive in her own artistic life. Borrowing much, she stamped everything with her own national idiom, and, although always somewhat modified, yet it is possible to trace in the great Sixteenth Century carpets the specific contribution from each of these other races. The palmette, which is such an imposing feature of the famous so-called Ispahan rugs, is the Greek palmette. But it is a design which the Persians amalgamated with the Chinese peony forms that served to greatly enliven and enrich the somewhat austere Greek original. The Greek pattern was particularly well suited to architectural ornament, being originally planned as a stone carving. But by the time the subtle Persians had blended it with Chinese naturalism, it became one of the most superb and perfect of all textile

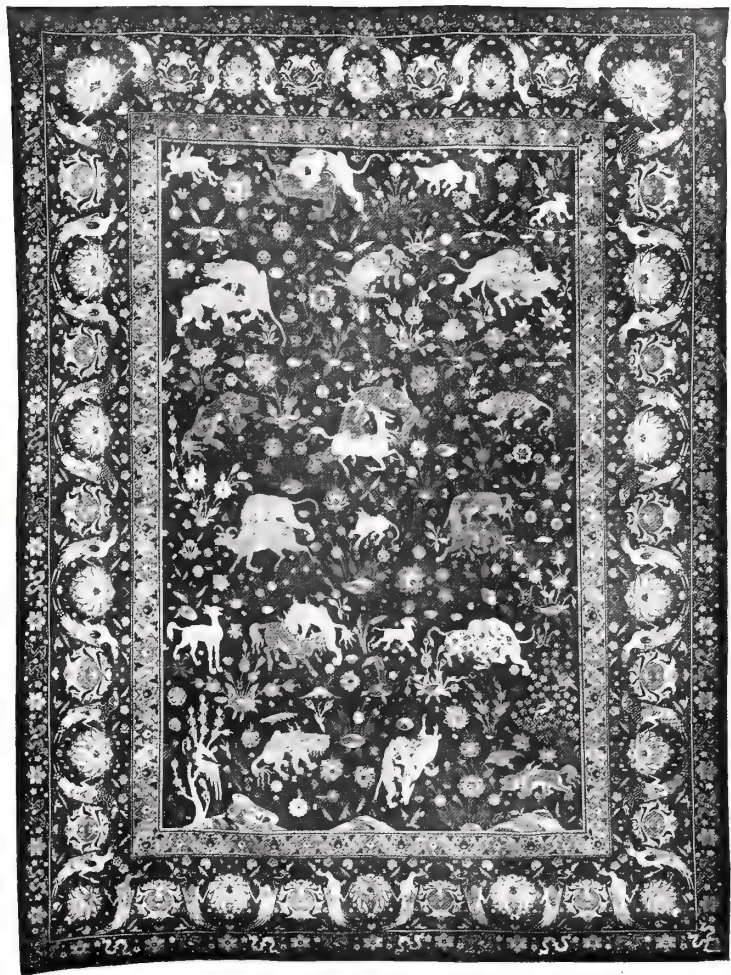
decorations. The weavers of southern Persia borrowed from India the realistic drawing of common flowers, but they gave them a slightly different and a far finer rendering. Instead of making pictures of them, they rendered them in flat but lively silhouettes, framed them in compartments or structurally arranged groups and lifted them out of the commonplace to the level of distinguished and orderly decoration. The contacts with China that were renewed by the Mogul invasions brought in a host of new and difficult forms which were commended to the Persian designers by the exceptional prestige of



Chinese art then ranked as of high order. These Chinese figures, many of them intact survivals from the Sung and T'ang periods, did not accommodate themselves immediately to the prevailing Persian rug designs. They were difficult to render, more difficult even to adapt. The Persian weavers were challenged to their utmost efforts before they could produce a harmonious composition combining asymmetrical ribbon-like cloud bands, the dragon, the phoenix, the winged genii, with the formal balanced scheme of the earlier Persian carpets.

The second major influence that helped to raise rug weaving to great heights was the patronage of the royal courts. There is a long tradition in Persia that it is an essential part of the king's business to demonstrate his regal splendor through the arts. From Cyrus the Great to Nadir Shah, each monarch called into being a succession of stately monuments that still proclaim his glories. The lesser arts were also brought to the utmost pitch of perfection, and from Sassanian times at least vast sums were lavished on carpets. The many times described Winter carpet of vast dimensions belonging to Chosroes II, which covered the banquet hall of the Palace of Ctesiphon, represented a garden in full bloom, with canals, trees, flowers and birds worked in the most precious materials and studded with innumerable jewels. Such a dazzling and sumptuous carpet was long remembered in Persia. Not only were the general features of its design repeated almost to the present day, but it set a standard of magnificence that aroused the ambitions of subsequent monarchs.

Fine carpets were both an esthetic and political necessity in the Persian palaces. They were impressive evidences of wealth and power, an important item in upholding the reputation of a prince. Moreover, the peculiar character of Persian building called especially for rugs, and in their original settings they must have been far more beautiful than when hanging coldly in our modern museums. The considerable expanse of stone, plaster or faience tiling with its hard or rough, coldly glittering surfaces made the soft and luxurious texture of the carpet particularly



ANIMAL RUG, KASHAN, PROBABLY THIRD QUARTER SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*These small but precious pieces are unsurpassable in their execution, the mellow lustre of their silken surface with its glowing tones of deep ruby, emerald and old gold. Note with what vigor and vivacity the animals are drawn*

*Altman Collection. Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art*

appealing and delightful, while the structural simplicity of the interiors and the relative meagreness of other furnishings concentrated attention on the richly decorated carpet and made it usually the central feature of the room. Now the rugs that were needed for state occasions, for celebrations and festivals, for the reception of ambassadors or for gifts to holy mosques were so exceedingly expensive that private persons could hardly think of owning them. The most costly materials that could be found went into them. Sheep were sometimes specially bred and tended like children that their wool might never be soiled or roughened; the choicest silk that could be spun was often used for the entire carpet or, sometimes where the pile was wool, just for the warp and weft to make the whole fabric soft and pliable and to allow the closest knotting. After the middle of the Sixteenth Century gold and silver were also freely used to give variety and crispness to the texture and to





PART OF THE BORDER OF THE AUSTRIAN HUNTING CARPET SHOWING WINGED SPIRITS IN PARADISE

*The assemblage of a great variety of motives, birds, flowers, cloud patterns and winged genii, and the reduction of them all to a common decorative language; the ingenious spacing, the brilliant fragmentation that is fused into an organic whole by subtle rhythms and a concealed but dominant order, make this the finest accomplishment in the history of rugs and one of the most important achievements in the whole realm of decorative art weaving. Probably woven on court looms, about the middle of the Sixteenth Century, by workmen and designers from Kashan*

increase the effect of opulence in the minds of all men. The fabrication of these court carpets, which were frequently more than thirty feet long, and in Shah Abbas's time fifty feet, was about as great an undertaking as the building of a small palace. Months were required for the rendering of the final cartoon, and dozens of skilled workmen took weeks for the sorting, cleaning and spinning of the wool or silk, or in solving other numerous complex problems of dyeing. Where the knotting was as fine as four hundred or five hundred knots to the square inch, a relatively common occurrence and often greatly exceeded, progress was necessarily slow. The finest pieces required years for their completion, for even with several weavers working at once it would take a long time to tie the thirty odd million knots in the Ardebil Mosque rug or the ninety million knots that Mr. Mumford found in another carpet. If the famous Austrian Hunting Carpet had been woven by one person, it would have required more than seventy years of continuous work.

It is of course impossible now to say just what these finest pieces originally cost, but whatever it was, it must have been a great sum and quite beyond the resources of all but the more important princes and nobles, for in addition to the expensive materials and the wages or support for the common workmen, the salaries and gifts to the head designers and the fees for the services of famous painters, who undoubtedly co-operated in making the cartoons, must have made a large total. It is plain that only a rich and ambitious court could have sustained such weavings.

Just how this court patronage was carried out is still something of a mystery. We have no precise documents covering the practice in Sixteenth

Century Persia. We do know that many individual artists such as Behzad were honored residents at the court of the shah, and that industrial and artistic establishments operating as part of the palace organization are of ancient origin and that they survived in places such as Kermanshah in Ardelan down to the middle of the Nineteenth Century. It has often been held that all of the fine carpets of the Sixteenth Century were made on imperial looms and that they were created by special designers and weavers recruited from all parts of the empire and who followed the court as it was moved from Tabriz to Kazvin and from Kazvin to Ispahan. Their versatility and inventiveness, their independence of tradition and opportunity for gathering suggestions from one another resulted, so it is argued, in creating a set of court carpets that have no other provenance. If this be so, it is impossible to classify the important carpets of the Sixteenth Century save by affinities of design, and we would have to be content to follow Bode in identifying some as hunting carpets, others as carpets with large central star medallions, others as vase carpets—not a particularly interesting or significant classification.

But there are good reasons for doubting that all the great carpets were woven on palace looms, and if we exaggerate the part played by the court in the development of rug weaving we may overlook some important facts. It is true that when Shah Ishmael overthrew the Mogul dominion and once more united Persia under a native dynasty, the country entered upon a period of power, glory and prosperity that it had not known for a thousand years. It is true that the court took the lead in reviving the various arts, and that from that time they began to flourish mightily. It



is quite true that the most costly and important carpets were woven in this period, but it is emphatically not true that the arts had been dead or sleeping, awaiting the trumpet of a Sefavian Gabriel to be summoned into glory. Superb carpets were already being produced, probably for minor princes, and the beautiful tree carpet woven about the year 1500 belonging to Mr. C. F. Williams and now hanging in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, displays a profound and elevated esthetic inspiration that many of the more elaborate carpets of the later period lack almost entirely.

Moreover the patronage of kings and courts, however essential at times, is not always an unqualified advantage. The characteristic demand of such for quantity production, with its emphasis on size and rapidity, tends to make any art perfunctory and mechanical. Martin has well shown how positively deleterious such influences were in the case of miniature painting, and the history of European art is full of similar examples. Court patronage was a fact of great importance in Persian art, supplying the rug weavers and other artists with magnificent opportunities. But courts do not patronize crude or undeveloped arts, and their patronage of itself is not creative. Awakened national pride and increased general wealth are also stimulating and indispensable factors, but by themselves they are not the stuff that art is made of. Art needs more than political glory or economic power to sustain it, and many of the finest achievements in art, like Greek sculpture, French Gothic tapestry and German music, by no means parallel material prosperity. An inner logic, a vital power of self-development often carries an art to great heights, and if its inner spirit does coincide with certain external factors, it is superficial to see in the latter the essential and productive forces.

While there were palace looms, which un-



ONE OF THE MOST MAGNIFICENT OF THE VASE CARPETS FROM SOUTHERN PERSIA

*In the vast energy of the huge grandiose floral forms we see the influence of India, here restrained, compacted and subtly coordinated by the Persian genius for form and decoration*

*Property of Harold McCormick. Courtesy Kent Costikyan*

doubtedly turned out magnificent carpets, there is reason to think that the bulk of Sixteenth Century rugs came from various cities in Persia where looms and traditions had been long established. The rug weaver is not footloose like the poet or painter who can take the first camel to the royal capital. Rug weaving on any scale requires a considerable establishment closely tied to its sources of wool, of dyes, and particularly of water, and a weaver skilled in one region might find great difficulty in operating successfully in unfamiliar conditions. Moreover, we know that the Ardebil Mosque carpet was woven by an artist at least trained in Kashan, and the beautiful small red silk carpets of which there are four exquisite specimens in the Altman collection are still called in India, Kashanis. No more charming



rugs were ever woven, yet Kashan was never the capital. Travelers tell us of magnificent carpets being made in Yezd in the Sixteenth Century. Olearius writing about 1635 says, "Here in Herat they make the most beautiful carpets in Persia," and in another connection, speaking of the province of Lur, he says, "Their greatest traffic consists in beautiful Persian carpets which they take to Ispahan to sell."\* These various city looms of course gladly executed special commissions for the great lords of Persia. None the less the carpets remained the expression of their own artistic understanding, and they maintained throughout the great century an individual character which can often be recognized and in many cases identified satisfactorily.

When we consider the esthetic merits of these early carpets, we are no longer on debatable ground. No claims have ever been advanced for them that exceed the plain facts discoverable by all who can see them. But these rugs have a noble reticence, like all great works of art, and do not yield the full measure of their beauty to the vacant and roving eye of the casual museum-jaded wanderer. Their deepest beauties are only disclosed to the detailed and systematic exploration of the serious and open minded observer.

The general purpose of the Persian carpet is the glorification of the garden, the embodiment in permanent form of the beauties of blossoms and shrubbery. Gardens were a passion with the Persians, for in their hot dry climate, in a land of harsh outlines and interminable burning wastes, withering dust and incessant glare, the garden comes as a moment of Paradise where man may refresh both soul and body in sweet airs and fair

sights. Flower worship they took quite seriously, and as they thought to enprison the fragrance of mortal flowers in concentrated and lasting perfumes, so in the vari-colored rug they thought to capture and hold the evanescent charms of the garden that so delighted the eye. As one of their own poets has said of an inspiring carpet:

*"Here in the fresh garden blooms an ever lovely spring  
Unburt by autumn gales or winter storms."*



FRAGMENT OF COURT CARPET, NORTHERN PERSIA, PROBABLY  
LATTER PART OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*The exaggeration of the size of the decorative elements, the crowding of the ornamentation of the central medallion and the beginning of the formalization of the cloud bands are all marks of declining artistic vigor*

Victoria and Albert Museum

But with the partial exception of the hunting and animal carpets, these rugs are not pictorial. They are first of all great decorations, and the innumerable floral motives of which they are composed are not true representations of vines and blossoms, but formalized patterns. The original perceptions have passed through the ordering, abstracting, synthesizing alembic of the human mind and now issue as designs, the coinage of another world, the world of pure and esthetic illusion.

So completely is the spirit of decoration established that incongruities fatal in pictorial art are without power to disturb us, and we see a horseman dashing

by a peony flower relatively larger than a house, without the least surprise. We see only the delightful animation of the vigorous silhouettes or are charmed by the rhythmical spacing of the two figures. It is a new world into which we have entered, the world of design; its elements are natural forms, but their essence has been distilled.

By an inspired synthesis of lovely colors, exquisite drawing, expressive patterns controlled throughout by a noble design, the Persian rug weavers of the sixteenth century created an aesthetic whole which for sheer delight, elevated feeling and contagious power need acknowledge nothing superior in the realm of decorative art.

\* *Voyages du Sr. Adam Olearius, faites en Muscovie, Tartarie et Perse.*





A DUNCAN PHYFE MAHOGANY EXTENSION TABLE AND CHAIRS OWNED BY MR. THOMAS J. JOHNSON

## PHYFE, *Last Master of his Craft*

**O**LD-TIME craftsmanship in the art of cabinet-making in this country died with Duncan Phye. It is almost exactly one hundred years since that sturdy individual,

Scotch by birth, American by adoption, made the last of those beautiful tables, chairs and sofas which proclaimed him a leader among American craftsmen of his own and all earlier periods.

The centenary of that point in Phye's career at which he attained the highest achievement in his art has recently been appropriately and uniquely celebrated by an exhibition of more than one hundred pieces of his work, all more than a century old, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York,—unique because it was the first exhibition that ever was devoted exclusively to the work of one cabinet-maker. Indeed, Phye is the only American cabinet-maker to whom is attributable a large number of pieces of furniture, for, although it was not his custom to sign them, all those exhibited are known by proof, documen-

*Centenary of death of furniture maker shows esteem in which his art is held by connoisseurs . . . by*

✓ ESTHER EATON ✓

tary or otherwise, to have been made in his workshop, parts, and perhaps all of many of them, by his own hand. These pieces were lent by persons, chiefly in New York, who have long

been collectors of his work. And this was as it should be, since Phye was throughout the important years of his life identified with New York city and its business development.

This exhibition made upon him who saw it several definite impressions—that Phye made a great variety of pieces, in spite of his penchant for tables, chairs and sofas; that so many specimens of striking beauty and perfect preservation could in one locality be assembled; that they may be so easily classified into the main periods of Phye's creative years and industry.

There crept into these impressions, too, an overtone derived neither from excellence of workmanship nor from beauty of design. What is there about Phye's furniture, one asked oneself, which gives it an atmosphere so distinctly, so wholly, its

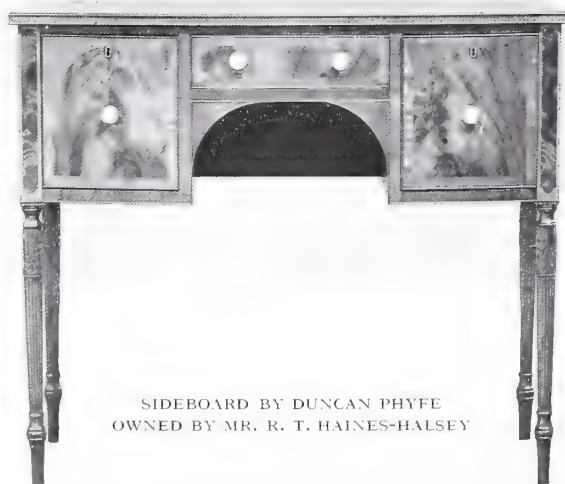


DUNCAN PHYFE'S ESTABLISHMENT ON FULTON STREET IN 1820

own? It is, perhaps, that the craftsman's soul in Duncan Phyfe was impregnated with the spirit of the new freedom which he had found in his adopted land and which the land, too, was just finding for itself. The rhythm of line that his pieces sing is more than the craftsman's song. It phrases the opening bars of a national anthem.

Duncan Phyfe, one of a family of seven or eight children, was born near Inverness, Scotland, about 1768. In 1783 or 1784, after the close of the Revolution and when he was about the age of sixteen years, he came with his parents to this country, settling first in Albany, where he worked at his already chosen trade of cabinet-maker. After a time he went into business there for himself, coming soon after 1790 to New York, where he had been assured that he would find greater success. The early years of his life in New York were marked by a stern struggle, but through the patronage of a member of the wealthy Astor family he at last received substantial commissions and an introduction to other families of means, which ordered their cabinet-work from him. Thenceforward he prospered. At one time,

served on a civic committee in the busy and fast-growing city of New York; probably he never made a public speech. Yet eloquence far outlasting speech was his. He memorialized his day in his cabinet-work. And when, in 1825, the Erie Canal was opened, he was selected, as the leading American cabinet-maker, to provide the boxes for the gold and silver medals struck for the occasion to be sent to the President of the United States, to the living ex-Presidents and to those invited to witness the celebration in New York. As a souvenir there was sent to Lafayette an American made glass bottle filled with water from the canal and encased in a beautiful casket made from a choice cedar log brought from Lake Erie on the first canal boat. This casket was also the work of Duncan Phyfe and his establishment.



SIDEBOARD BY DUNCAN PHYFE  
OWNED BY MR. R. T. HAINES-HALSEY

From Mrs. H. M. Phyfe, a bent, frail, little old woman, the widow of Duncan Phyfe's grandson, a few facts of interest concerning the great designer have been gleaned. "Duncan Phyfe borrowed \$500 with which to open his New York shop," she declared. "He died in 1854 worth \$500,000, a fortune for that day.



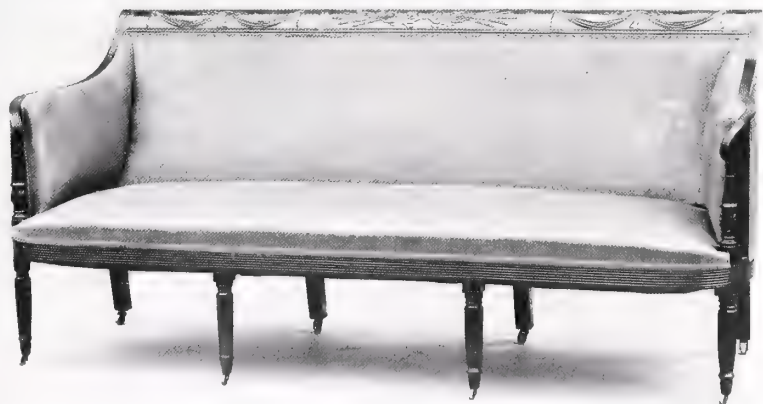


AN ARRANGEMENT OF DUNCAN PHYFE FURNITURE AT THE RECENT EXHIBITION AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART SHOWING SEVERAL OF HIS BEST PIECES EXECUTED IN THE SHERATON MANNER

A canny Scot, was Duncan Phyfe. The story runs that the family name was originally spelled F-i-f-e. On coming to New York and settling in Partition street, Duncan was dismayed to note that a butcher's shop in the same block bore a large sign with that name, F-i-f-e. Duncan, for business purposes, changed the spelling of his name to Phyfe"—apocryphal, perhaps, but not without its humorous aspect in one whose sofa-backs, a little later, were to be carved with the oak-leaf of victory and the horn of plenty, whose table pedestals were to bear the American eagle on the back of the British lion, symbols of the up-springing strength of the land whose creed ran, "All men are created free and equal."

"The Scotchman stood forth in Duncan Phyfe in other ways," went on the frail little widow of his descendant. "He was rarely seen without his pipe. One day an English lord visited his shop. Phyfe willingly discussed with him the relative merits of cabinet-woods, but the pipe—not even for an English lord—never left its corner, the corner of his mouth. Phyfe was a dour Scot. He was stern and God-fearing, and his later years were filled with gloom. Perhaps he feared hell fire, although he had no reason that I know of, for a more upright man never lived."

SOFA SHOWN IN THE CENTER OF THE GROUP AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE; A MASTERLY EXAMPLE OF CABINET MAKING



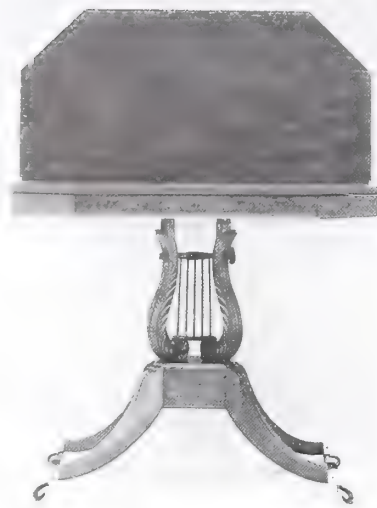
He feared, more likely, that deluge of execrable taste which had come upon the world and threatened to debase even his own fine product.

Stern Presbyterian though he was, there is an unquenchable gayety and insouciance in the grace of Phyfe's little sewing tables, and the inspiration for the music of his carved lyres never came from the hymnal. As is so often the case, the artist had free rein to express what the man dared not even admit to himself that he felt.

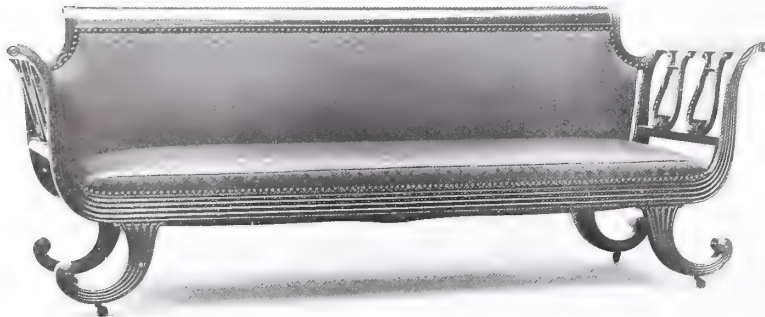
One glance at a piece of furniture by Duncan Phyfe reveals how much has been lost to us in the substitution of machine for hand-power, of labor for craft. His designs met their test in execution and passed it brilliantly. He was a poor draughtsman and his sketches were crude affairs, but the perfect sketch was in his mind and appeared in the wood. Those who do not grant him great originality admit the satisfying quality of his line, the perfection of proportion in his pieces.

The quality of his earlier work reveals the craftsman's hand in all its parts. In his later product less individuality is displayed, due, undoubtedly, to the increasing use of machines. And from 1825 until he retired from business in 1847 he fell more and more under those sinister influences which brought on the great eclipse in taste from which the whole of the Nineteenth Century suffered and from the blighting effects of which we are only now recovering.

As a cabinet-maker Phyfe was unexcelled. The minutest detail received his scrupulous



A FINE EXAMPLE OF DUNCAN PHYFE'S MIDDLE PERIOD—HIS MOST CREATIVE



A DIRECTOIRE SOFA SHOWING DUNCAN PHYFE'S UNUSUAL HANDLING OF THE LYRE ORNAMENTS

attention. Incredibly fine carvings appear in places of small importance. The reedings found along the edges of table-tops, on legs and back-rails of sofas and chairs, are of delicate beauty. Decorations of the finest crotch veneer produced that chaste effect which gives his pieces such elegance. The fineness of the mouldings used on drawers could not have been equalled by machine work. A tiny veneered block appears frequently at the corner of a table where only the highly trained eye would observe it, merely because it better satisfied Phyfe's sense of craftsmanship. And, not content with this painstaking care for outward appear-

THE LYRE AJOURÉ IS THE DISTINCTIVE FEATURE OF THIS SIDE CHAIR BY DUNCAN PHYFE



ances, he lavished time and attention on invisible parts. For instance, the dovetails in the drawers of his little sewing tables are so fine as to be no thicker than a match at their narrowest point.

The care with which Phyfe selected his woods is still another proof that he regarded his work as an art. He used chiefly mahogany, with occasional satinwood inlay. Rarely he made a table of satinwood or of maple. The finest of his mahogany came from Santo Domingo, where his insistence upon the best logs caused the lumbermen to mark and name the biggest ones "Phyfe logs." In his lumber yard back of his shop they lay seasoning for months. Then came the great business of cutting them and turning them into tables, sofas and chairs for his clientele.

As a designer Duncan Phyfe was no mere copyist. His early work hews to the lines laid down by Adam and Sheraton, but even in those early pieces are ample evidences of his own taste, of his own individuality.

Little bulbous turnings in the straight reeded leg of chair or sofa have no precedent in Sheraton models, yet they add a distinct charm. The fineness of the carving of the fringe of drapery ornament is another proof. There are those who hold that Phyfe handled the Sheraton style with the swing and freedom of the master hand, a freedom which the great designer himself never acquired.

Phyfe never gave himself so completely to the French influence as he had to that of Sheraton, but in the full command of his powers he could afford, for the sake of pleasing his clients—alas! for the necessity of it—to inject into his work touches of the French manner then in vogue, without affecting its distinctive



Phyfe quality. The influence of the Directoire style is revealed in the outcurving line of sofa-ends, in the sweeping up-curve of feet, in the delicately carved lyre for ornament in sofa and chair backs and in pedestal bases of tables. Yet, for all their French graces, how American they remain, these sofas, chairs and tables; simple, dignified, "republican" in feeling, in sharp contrast to the over-elaborated, over-carved, over-gilded French furniture of the day!

The Empire, too, set its stamp on Phyfe's work, and marred it. Yet, in spite of its tendency to thicken the feet of chairs and sofas, to rob pedestal table bases of their purer, more classic line, to introduce overmuch carving of the scanthus leaf and the wing, and to tip table and sofa legs with brass lion paws, much of the frank, open beauty of Phyfe's own style remained. A Phyfe table, although cast in the Empire mould, is a cherished and a choice possession in any home today.

Like most cabinet-makers, Phyfe had his specialty. He loved best to make chairs, sofas, tables — sofa-tables, dining-tables, card-tables, work-tables, these last, perfect little gems. Case-pieces such as sideboards and chests he rarely made, while the recent exhibition of his work displayed but one bed, that one, however, of such satisfying lines that, having made it, Phyfe might well have been content to lie in it the remainder of his life. A gentleman's dressing-case fitted with a mirror and toilet compartments reveals a surprising familiarity on the part of this pleasure-scorning Scot with the toilet intricacies of the society fop of the day, and a lady's dressing-table with writing compartments, mirror, drawers and all manner of little secret places for rouge, powder and lip-stick leaves nothing to be desired for the exacting debutante of 1923.

His intimacy with the demands of luxury in the life of his day appears also through the "Museum Luck" by which the Metropolitan Museum became possessed of one of the few sectional dining-tables by Phyfe now in existence. These had three pedestal bases and were so arranged that they locked

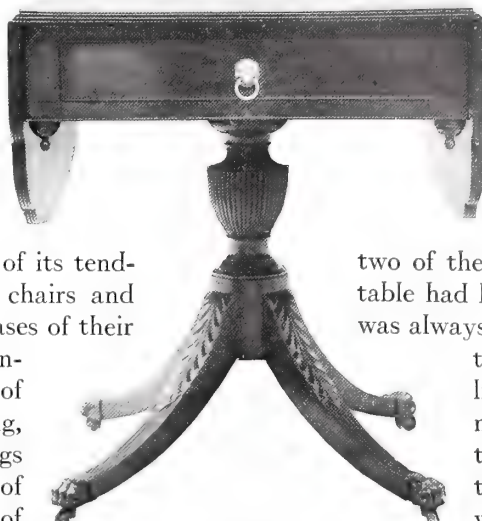
together to form a festal board of truly baronial proportions for the gatherings of gay society of old New York. Separated, these three tables were used as center or small dining-tables. Several instances were known in which one or

two of the three pieces of such a Phyfe table had been discovered, but the third was always missing. Word came one day to the Museum that a woman living in a small town in Connecticut wished to present to the Museum her antique furniture, of which several pieces were by Phyfe. A preliminary inspection was sufficiently promising to warrant a visit of four of the Museum's curators to the

house. The discovery of eighteen lyre-back chairs by Phyfe took their breath. Recovering from this surprise, they found in the little dining-room a Duncan Phyfe pedestal table, evidently one of

three parts of a sectional dining-table. The front room disclosed the second section, holding the parlor ornaments. The curators looked at one another. Here was one of those moments, fraught with drama, which do not often occur in the placid lives of curators.

They must seek the missing third section, yet they feared lest their hopes be dashed. They ventured on from attic to cellar, not speaking. The third table was not to be found. It was a moment of despair. Then the little maid of the house said: "Did you look back of the stairs? There's an old table there, where people pile their wraps." To the dark corner marched the squad. There stood the precious third section.



A SOFA TABLE; ONE OF THE FINEST AND MOST CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLES OF DUNCAN PHYFE'S CABINET WORK



A SATINWOOD SEWING TABLE WITH POCKET OF BLUE SILK BY DUNCAN PHYFE

Photographs by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

# PICTURES *Painted in* MARBLE

EVERY sculptor should learn how to paint, but every painter need not become a sculptor" This dictum, propounded by Nanna Matthews Bryant,

sculptor and painter, of Boston, is a product of her own experience, and probably no one could speak with more authority, for she loves both arts. Stone, from which statuary is carved, always appealed to her, but she was repelled by the coldness of the examples that fill the public galleries, and for a long while she rejected marble as an

"MEDEA" BY NANNA MATTHEWS BRYANT



*Nanna Matthews Bryant brings out color qualities with her chisel by means of tones in light and shade*

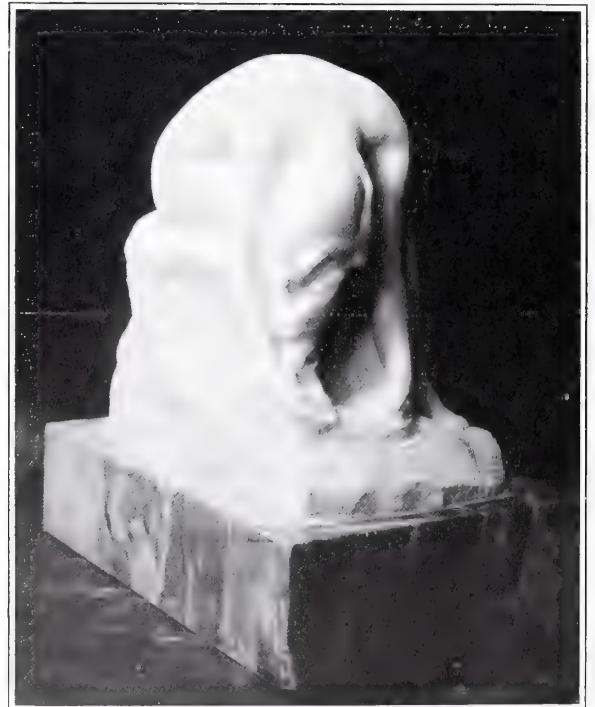
artistic medium. She had to have color, and so she became a painter. But all during the years of her work in pigment, her feelings kept reverting to marble. At last

she reconciled her two loves, for the thought came to her that, if color could be expressed on canvas merely by means of light and shadow, as is possible in grisaille, it could be handled in the same way in marble. She took up sculpture, and after a few years of hard work, she has succeeded in transferring her art from canvas to stone. And now she "paints in marble" as she had desired.

"When I was a child, living in Rome," says Mrs. Bryant, "I was often taken to the Vatican, and long hours were spent with the matchless works of art that are housed there, and especially with the masterpieces that fill the sculpture galleries. I loved to see the masses of graceful figures, and lovely line and form, but I missed color. Shivering, I would beg at last to be taken home, saying they were so icy cold and there was no color in them. In spite of their beauty, they seemed dead and eerie to my childish mind.

"But I loved sculpture, nevertheless, and later when I began to paint, I would spend days with a bit of statuary placed before a mirror, which would give me both sides of my subject, so that I

"ARIADNE" BY NANNA MATTHEWS BRYANT





might get the entire round, or the third dimension, wholly in color with the pigments from my palette. I am able now to analyze the feelings and preferences of those childhood efforts. Even then I was trying to realize color in sculpture, and my childish love was divided between the two arts.

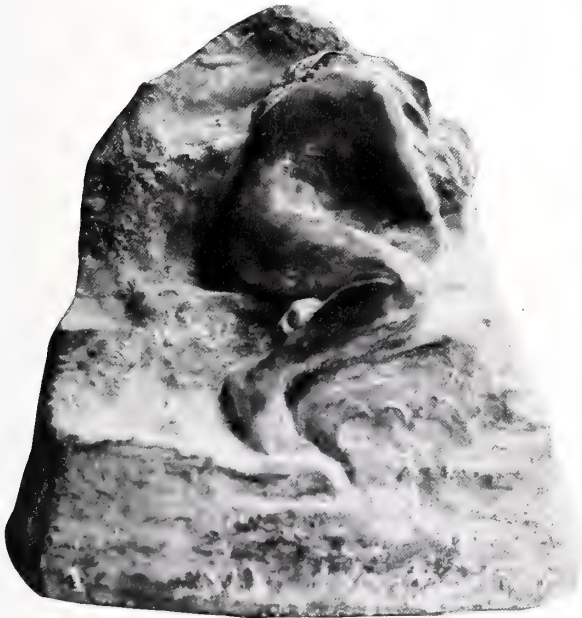
"Certainly, whatever form we seek to express in sculpture is overflowing with color. Then why not produce it? Why not make marble express color? It is never well for a sculptor to think in terms of black and white. He should deal rather with the sentient, breathing mass of color that is the living model before him. A live mass of vibrant, scintillating color—that is what I love to have before me when I am working. It is this that can make sculpture full of life and vibration, that can give it a vital, breathing quality that satisfies eye and mind.

"After all, why not paint in stone? By 'painting in stone,' I mean the expression of color in the tones of the shadows. It can be done. An artist can model in color on the stone if he treats the



HEAD BY NANNA  
MATTHEWS BRYANT

*Owned by the Boston  
Museum of Fine  
Arts*



"THE ROCK" BRONZE BY NANNA MATTHEWS BRYANT

stone exactly as he does his canvas. If he will keep color in mind, his 'composition' will swim with color. One should pose a model for a theme in sculpture exactly as one

"FIGURE WITH DRAPERY"  
BY NANNA MATTHEWS  
BRYANT

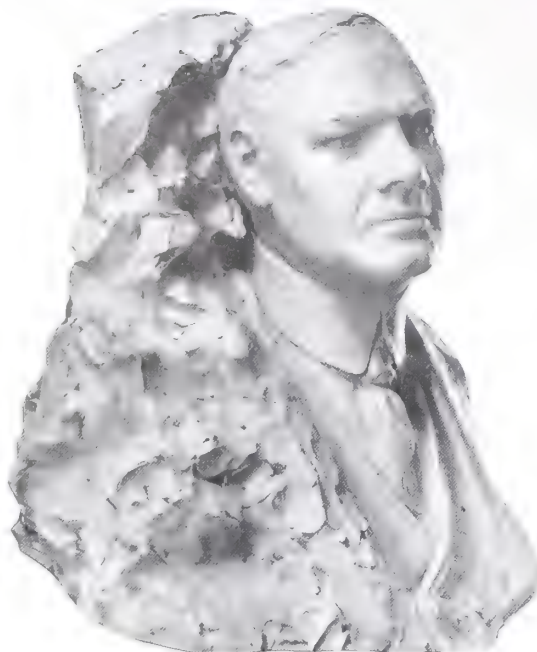


would pose it for a theme in pigment. The light must be right, and care must be given to the background. It should be just as much of the sculptor's effort to obtain harmony of color as it is to obtain value of line and mass. Light and shade can be made to impart color. There must be felt the same color depth in the shadows of a piece of statuary as is felt in the shadows on a canvas. While obtaining form, one should also aim at toneful masses of light and shade. This will mean colored shadows as well as brilliant high lights on the form.

"Sculpture is thought.

Even more than in painting, the artist must have a complete vision in his mind before he starts to work. For me, there exists a piece of finished sculpture, complete in all its details, before I begin with clay or chisel. Materially speaking, a piece of statuary is a series of lumps proportionally put together so as to produce the true relation of form. Proportion, line, rhythm, color—these are the things I seek to co-ordinate in my mental vision of a theme before I undertake to translate it into form. There must be harmony running throughout—in the tones of shadow as well as in the outline. All must be one true proportion, and it is because of this that I look for masses of shadows and actually draw form shadows in marble, thereby producing color. To borrow a term from music, tuneful harmonies must play through line and mass and shadow—and do we not often refer to music as colorful?"

There is no denying that



PORTRAIT OF REGINALD C. HEATH, ESQ.  
BY NANNA MATTHEWS BRYANT

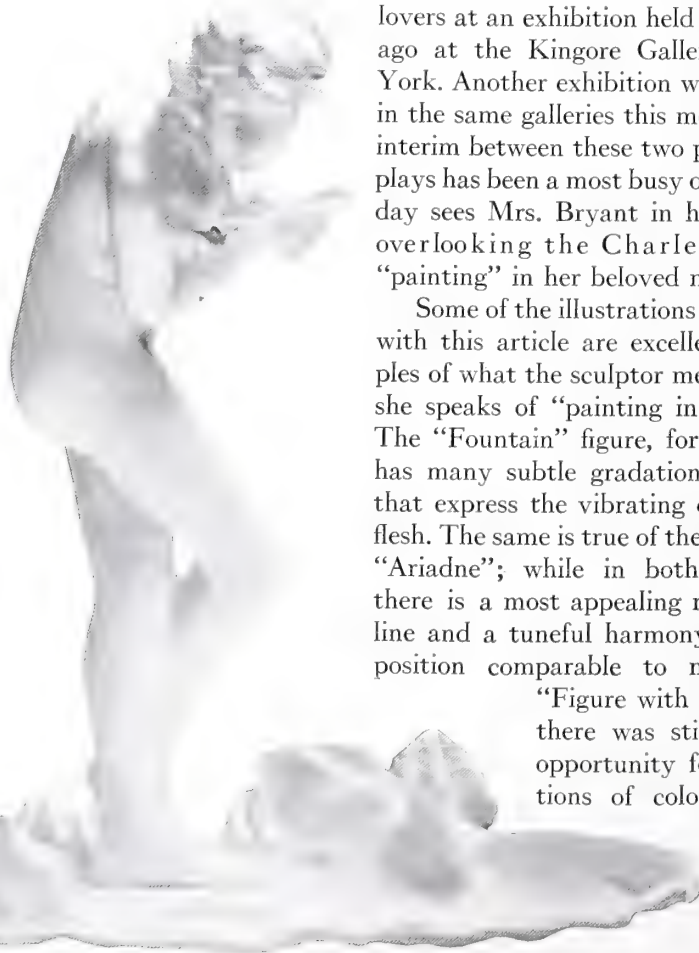
Mrs. Bryant produces color, and plenty of it, in her marbles, but even at that, one suspects that she does not obtain enough of that element to satisfy her craving for pigment, for every once in a while she throws aside mallet and chisel and paints a picture or puts together a stained glass window—and then she indulges in such a feast of color as no sculptor could ever dream of obtaining in marble, or in bronze or in any other plastic medium. This done, and the hunger satisfied, she goes back to her more difficult method of "painting." One example of her

work at such times is reproduced herewith—a stained glass window which she has installed in her home, Fay House, in Beacon street.

Mrs. Bryant's sculpture first began to attract the attention of art lovers at an exhibition held two years ago at the Kingore Galleries, New York. Another exhibition will be held in the same galleries this month. The interim between these two public displays has been a most busy one. Every day sees Mrs. Bryant in her studio, overlooking the Charles River, "painting" in her beloved marble.

Some of the illustrations presented with this article are excellent examples of what the sculptor means when she speaks of "painting in marble." The "Fountain" figure, for instance, has many subtle gradations of tone that express the vibrating quality of flesh. The same is true of the beautiful "Ariadne"; while in both subjects there is a most appealing rhythm of line and a tuneful harmony of composition comparable to music. In

"Figure with Drapery" there was still greater opportunity for gradations of color, in the



STUDY FOR A  
FOUNTAIN BY  
NANNA MATTHEWS  
BRYANT



expression of reflected tones on human flesh—an opportunity that the sculptor used to the fullest. The reproduction of the former work, here shown, is particularly fortunate in reflecting those paintable qualities that appeal to Mrs. Bryant. Again in the bronze called “The Rock” there is all the color, if one knows how to look for it, that might proceed in a more obvious manner from the most bountiful sort of palette. In her portraits, two of which are shown here, the most pronounced quality is vitality—due in no small measure to the fact that the sculptor ever kept in view the expression of color in the face which she portrayed in form from immobile mineral monochrome.

Beauty to Mrs. Bryant means, more than all else, color. Sculpture for her is a continual search for beauty. And she has some very positive ideas on the point of view to which a young artist should devote himself. “A student in the beginning,” she says, “should not be taught how to ‘paint’, but how to look for the beautiful. Hence it follows that the first thing an artist should have is an all around education—one that will enable him to see and to understand, for seeing and comprehension must come before expression. Art students are taught too much technique. There is too much copying of ideas. They should be taught first of all how to bring ideas out of themselves. Ideas in art come out of the shadows, by means of the imagination. And somehow the first idea is always the



PORTRAIT OF DR WILLIAM H. BAKER  
BY NANNA MATTHEWS BRYANT

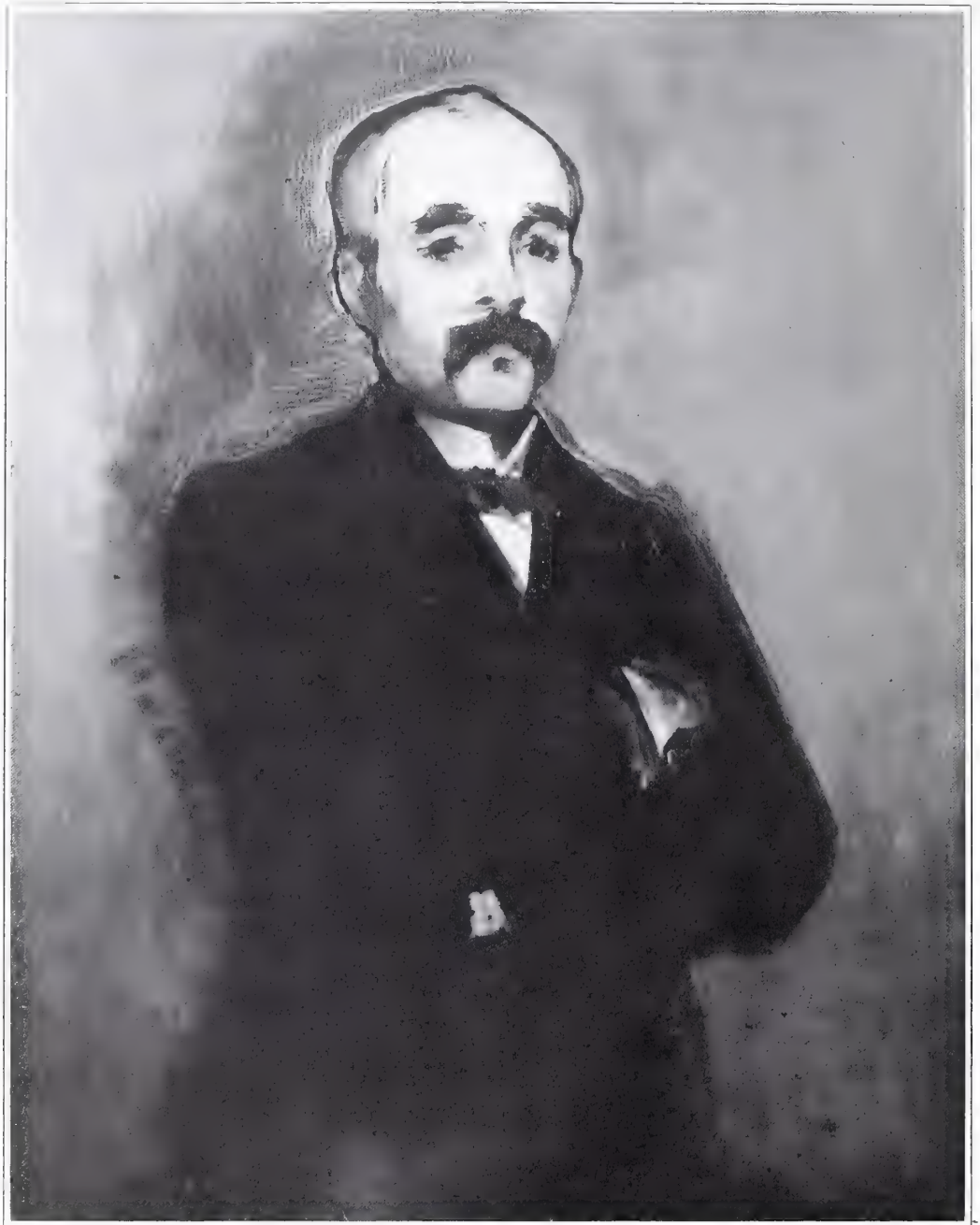
WINDOW DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY  
NANNA MATTHEWS BRYANT



best, for to displace it requires effort, and one cannot make oneself imagine.” And in translating into stone her colorful visions, Mrs. Bryant works ceaselessly, devoting to her art almost all her wakeful hours and her energies.

Singleness of purpose goes far in all lines of human endeavor, provided it is accompanied by the energy to create and the ability to progress. What it may do for Mrs. Bryant may be gauged, first, by what she has attained in less than a dozen years—it was only this little while ago that she first essayed sculpture—and, second, by the boundless enthusiasm and energy with which she attacks her problem. Anyone who in her studio has listened to her views of her own work can have little doubt that, far as she has traveled, she has, to her own mind, only just set out, because, no matter how fine the result achieved, she is never content. What she has done, may “do very well,” but in her chamber of visions she has something much better. There is a certain composition on which she is working, of which, if she chooses, she can show many sketches. It is a daring thing, as aloof as the moon, for it takes its theme from a fancy that her imagination wrought one night when looking at that orb. None of the sketches satisfies her. “But it will come,” she says. And this is the spirit that carries her.

# Clemenceau Two Score Years Ago



PORTRAIT of GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

by

Edouard Manet

"*H*E was a very witty man," Georges Clemenceau remarked in the Chicago Art Institute when standing before a self-portrait of Edouard Manet. The former Premier of France should be an authority on this quality in the first of the Impressionists since Manet painted one of the only two portraits of him extant, Raffaelli having painted the other. The witty note in Manet's character is observable in many of his pictures, but never more so than in this portrait of Clemenceau, which was painted in 1879 after the latter's return to France from his first visit to the United States. The painting is admirably representative of the artist in its modelling and the distinction given to so austere a limited scheme.

*Photograph by courtesy of the Knoedler Galleries*



*A DRAWING in PASTEL*

*by*

*Warren Davis*

*Courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries*

# Painted Two Score Years Ago



PORTRAIT of GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

by

Edouard Manet

"It was a little like me," Georges Clemenceau remarked in the Chicago Art Institute when standing before a self-portrait of Edouard Manet. The former Premier of France should be an authority on this quality in the first of the portraits painted by Manet. Manet painted one of the only two portraits of him extant, Raffaelli having painted the other. The quality of Manet's character is observable in many of his pictures, but never more so than in this portrait of Clemenceau, painted in 1870 after the latter's return to France from his first visit to the United States. The painting is a masterpiece of the artist in its modelling and the distinction given to so austere a limited scheme.

Photograph by courtesy of the Knoedler Galleries





WARREN DAVIS





*A DRAWING in PASTEL*

*by*

*Warren Davis*

*Courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries*

1. DRAWING OF WATER

by

William Deane

Courtesy of the Folger Collection





WARREN DAVIS







"MY CHILDREN"

PORTRAIT GROUP BY JERE R. WICKWIRE

## JERE R. WICKWIRE—*Portraitist*

**I**F it was the custom of artists to blazon their mottoes on the walls of their studios, the visitor to Jere Raymond Wickwire's workshop in West Fifty-seventh street, New York, might glance around him to see some group of words indicating sincerity and singleness of purpose in the search for truth in representation. No legend of this order is visible in the printed word, however, but its spirit is there in the painter's portraits, simple and unmistakable. We used to hear an occasional reference from the highest possible authority on the subject of the "single track mind," with implications as to the defects and advantages of so limited a mental roadway. But advantage may be taken of this character of progressive thought if the destination is clearly kept in mind and its possessor is never tempted to deviate by switches to side tracks of endeavor.

To Mr. Wickwire, his "single track" road of

*After years of unremitting work, his first exhibition reveals achievement in truth and design . . . by*  
William B. M'GORMICK

progress is portraiture. In the twelve years during which he has been studying and painting, since he began at the Art Students' League in 1910, he has had no other goal in view than the painting of portraits. Except for a few studies of flowers, there is in his studio-workshop no sign of his having been lured from this one purpose into the sketching or painting of landscapes or marines or into the black-and-white of lithography or etching. Playing, for change or relief, with any of these genres or mediums apparently has no place in Mr. Wickwire's single purpose. His studio has been referred to as a workshop, and that is precisely its purpose. A great, bare room with a lofty north window, a model throne, several pieces of handsome old furniture and a few portraits and flower studies standing about with no effect of ordered grace or beauty, it resolves itself into a kind of perpetual battle-ground where



PORTRAITS OF RAY GAUGER AND LYON WICKLAND BY JERE R. WICKWIRE

truth must conquer falsity. This fight has been going on in this one place, with an occasional armistice declared for a visit to Paris or Madrid for more study, since 1913 and after two years of work under William M. Chase in the days when that painter and teacher had a studio at Fourth avenue and Twenty-fifth street.

Unlike most young artists, Mr. Wickwire has not felt so satisfied with his work as to seek display. Until his exhibition this month in the Ainslie Galleries in New York city, he never has had a show of his work, although single portraits by him were seen in the winter exhibitions of the National Academy of Design of 1912, 1920 and 1922 and two portraits in the show of 1914, which two were seen later at the San Francisco Exposition. Now he proposes to show seventeen canvases as the fruit of his years of work, and of these one alone is not a portrait or a portrait group. If the competency and the fine craftsmanship of these paintings strike

the spectator as being singularly fine as coming from a young and comparatively unknown artist, that spectator should keep in mind the decade and more of unremitting study and labor, unrewarded by public acclaim, that is behind them and which makes them the fine things that they are in their attainment of dignified design and the delineation of human character.

To judge by the work that he has done thus far, Mr. Wickwire is more successful with the men whom he has painted than with the women, or he has been more fortunate in having men whose

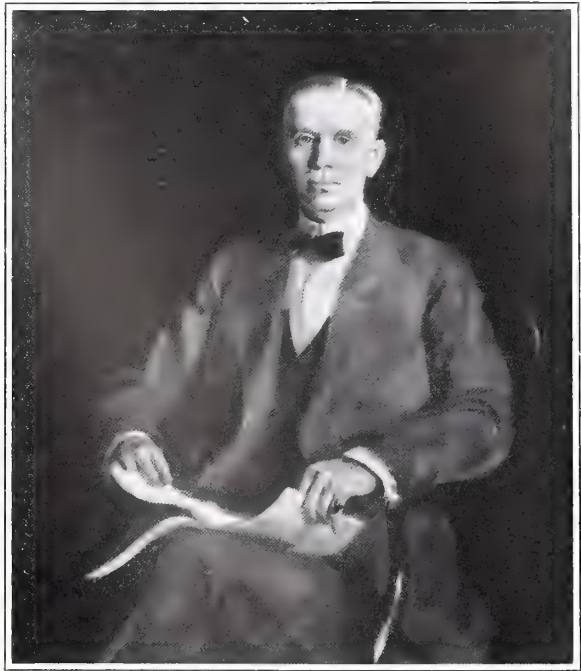
characters were less subtle. The happiest illustrations of this are to be seen in the seated figures of Daniel Elliott Huger and the "Portrait of the Artist's Father"; of Lyon Wickland and Ray Gauger. In each of these likenesses the spectator feels above all other qualities the natures of the four men emerging from the dignified designs of the compositions and the grave brilliancy of the color. In the second year of his study with Chase, that


"PORTRAIT SKETCH"  
BY JERE R. WICKWIRE



teacher told Mr. Wickwire to go abroad and study one particular artist's work for six months, a prescription which the young student was able to take. The results of that time of study are to be found here in the colors in the suit which Daniel Elliott Huger wears. Seemingly blue at the first glance, it resolves itself into a myriad of tones on close examination, the many shades that blue may assume in such a strong sunlight as that in which this portrait seemingly was painted.

This same result of training the eye to see colors in color is observable also in the gray suit



PORTRAIT OF SEYMOUR M. BALLARD BY JERE R. WICKWIRE

us in the likeness of the painter's father, just as the dreams and hopes of youth glow in the faces of Ray Gauger and Lyon Wickland.

In at least two of his portraits of women, our young painter touches nearly the heights reached in the portrayals of men. These are the standing three-quarters length figure of Miss Roberta Beatty and the seated figure of Mrs. Jere Ray-



PORTRAIT OF MISS ROBERTA BEATTY BY JERE R. WICKWIRE

worn by the artist's father and, more exquisitely, in the greenish-blue cloak and gown worn by the fair-haired young woman who posed for the "Portrait Sketch." There is almost every tone but blue in the suit in the Huger portrait, and there is almost everything but green in the costume of the young woman. Yet nowhere does this absorption in color lead Mr. Wickwire astray from the two other great essentials of portrait painting,—dignity of design and portrayal of character. The man of affairs, his purposes achieved, is before

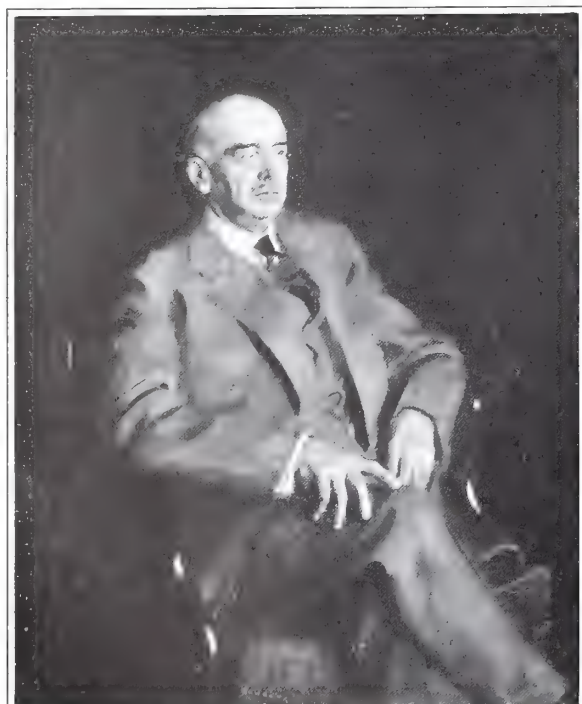


PORTRAIT OF DANIEL ELLIOTT HUGER BY JERE R. WICKWIRE



PORTRAIT OF MRS. JERE R. WICKWIRE BY JERE R. WICKWIRE

mond Wickwire, the artist's wife. His aim at handsome, dignified design reaches the mark in both of these portraits, just as his assured touch in representing fabrics finds complete expression. The aristocratic beauty of Miss Beatty is of a quality that a painter would not be expected to miss, but the spectator sees something more than mere externals in the carriage of body and head, the placing of the hands, the grave expression of the



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S FATHER BY JERE R. WICKWIRE

lovely eyes. Quite another mood and type are seen in the portrait of Mrs. Wickwire, but these the artist has set down with equal profundity of observation of her personality.

Ease, the lack of labor on painting, is felt in all these canvases. Long years of study have brought about a command of intention and achievement which will impress itself everywhere in Mr. Wickwire's pictures. If this requires a wider range of subjects or manners to demonstrate itself to the skeptical, it may be found in the flowers introduced in the portrait of Mrs. Edward D. Blodgett and in the still life in the figure study



"FAMILY GROUP" BY JERE R. WICKWIRE

called "Fantasy." Here is a figure with none of the adventitious graces of good looks or modish clothes, a young woman of an alien race who sits before the spectator in a kind of animal abandon, yet a kindly human if ever there was one. She is worlds away from all his other subjects through the accidents of birth and circumstance, but as these circumstances have made her, so Mr. Wickwire has painted her, a consummation of his passionate seeking for realizing truth and character in his art. As with his other subjects, the intangible which is personality has been revealed to him and translated by his brush into at least the visible, if not the tangible, and the understandable.



# Mrs. WHITNEY'S Journey in ART

THE measure of greatness may vary with a political condition. In a competitive or free country the distance traveled on the road to eminence is considered much more than the nature of the eminence. One of the greatest artists in the popular mind is Benjamin West. West, among connoisseurs, who judge the art before the man, is a second-class painter. But the popular mind has assimilated its impression of the importance of West from the story in the First Reader which shows him to have been a poor boy who began to draw with a piece of coal (he could afford nothing else) on a stone flag and ended as the president of the British Royal Academy. Beginning at the bottom, he finished at the top of a pile. This story is an example of the lengths which may be traveled without money. It is an exception used to prove that men are created equal in opportunity.

We need not go more deeply into this subject, despite its many ramifications. The important fact is that it does lay great stress upon the importance of money. Our First Readers do not contain any opposite examples. There is nothing in them to rid the popular mind of the idea, which it certainly favors, that riches are a bar to greatness. There is nothing to clear up a certain confusion about money and power. There is no story, as an example,

*It has been beset with difficulties never encountered by poorer and more fortunate artists . . . by*

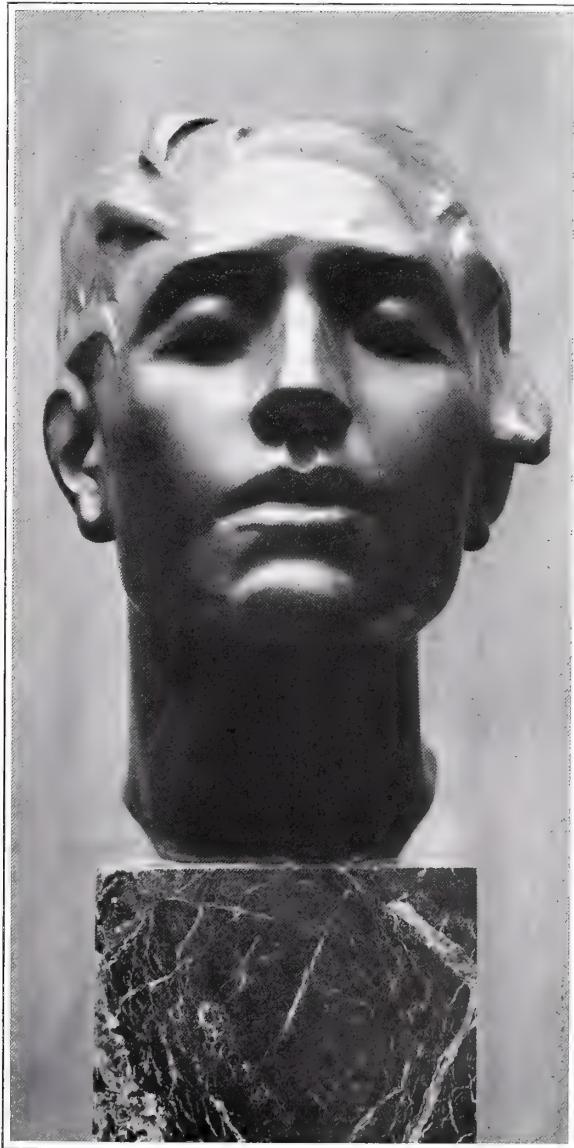
GUY PÈNE du BOIS

of Lord Byron to balance the one of Robert Burns. We are constantly told of men who reached a great estate without money. We are never told of a man who reached a great estate despite money. This may be explained on the ground that men understand their own situation best and that therefore the greatest number of people will be reached with the story of the poor boy and his conquest of circumstance.

The greatest number of persons is theoretically the governor of a republican state. The good

of the state therefore must demand a proper kind of ambition in the greatest number of people and work must be done to that end. It is, in any case, imaginable that the propaganda of republican administrators is written in pictures compromised by an insistence upon simplicity and directness, pictures which are without those asides which, while giving full justice to the contour of a statement, create confusion in simple minds. There can be no question but that the removal of buttons from a coat is a removal of a definite portion of its truth. When you show only one side of a two-sided slate, you become a propagandist, which is to say an interested, a prejudiced and also an untruthful person.

This preamble seems to me very essential in any article on Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney (Mrs.



PORTRAIT HEAD BY GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

Harry Payne Whitney). The temptation among the greatest number of people is to call her an amateur, a society matron who occasionally runs down to her studio in Eighth Street, from more serious work, and does little things in clay with a great deal of assistance from professionals who have more time for such things. It is inconceivable to these people that any one supplied with a sufficient amount of money should do serious work in clay. Paint and clay are reserved for the Benjamin Wests. The thought to consider the art does not occur to them. The facts they know are a circumstantial evidence of the impossibility of the existence of virtue in the art. The art of Benjamin West is never considered by them. It is enough that he began with nothing and that with no other motor but will was propelled to the top of one of art's most famous mountains.

Gertrude V. Whitney is on the other side of that slate. To people who consider money alone, she began at the top, which implies that she began at a place whence any movement must be on the down grade. To people who consider the need of money as a necessary impetus to self-expression, she is a pauper in the power to recreate herself. Indeed, between her and any real recognition there has been a wall of money.

Until very recently only a few people have even bothered to take a peep over that wall. Her art has forced the peeping. And to people who must see that a long distance has been traveled before they will give credence to the value of an art, she should stand to-day on, at least, the same plane as the Benjamin West of the First Reader. He successfully fought the absence of money, and she, the presence of it. But this after all is not to be an article on the accomplishments of an artist in the world but in the world of art.

Gertrude V. Whitney is an essentially femi-

nine sculptor. She has the vision, the sentiment and the touch of her sex. Rosa Bonheur wore trousers in her painting as she literally did on her legs. Cecilia Beaux swings her brush with the masculine assurance of John Sargent. Most of our women sculptors aspire to erect monuments that will be as naively heroic as the pompous ones men place in city squares. It is true that most of

them do book ends, ash trays, puppy dogs and fountains wherein a fat boy holds a dolphin which spits a long stream with a never ending immobility of countenance. But even these are done after the precedent established by men. We may give them praise for having brought back the proportions of the Paduan bronze while forgetting the commercial twist of the Viennese bronze factories.

But most art is built upon precedent, is a gradual evolution. Men are followed by men as well as women. The progressive steps are shorter than the jumps of the mad extremists might lead us to believe. I have not much faith in the "essentially feminine" quality of the paintings of Angelica Kaufmann and Vigée Le Brun. The men around them liked frilled shirts, fancy sentences and snuff boxes painted like bonbonieres. The paintings of Marie Laurencin and Mary Cassatt are cer-

tainly more feminine than those of men who inspired them. This difference with Laurencin was a painter-weakness, a technical matter, (much less evident in Berthe Morisot), and with Cassatt, a virtue. But Cassatt gives us an endless string of mothers and babies and tea parties which could lead to the supposition that she proves herself a woman by sticking to the home. That fashion once existed among women.

All art must go deeper than subject matter, which is so often a misleading introduction. Still it was not in Cassatt's case. In her art she is a



"CARYATID" BY GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY



woman's woman. She paints men without fire, men cured by women of bad masculine habits, like smoking in the parlor and swearing on the golf course. She never married. I have often wondered if she didn't rather like to serve her beauty with a considerable dash of invaliding water. I cannot feel that these diversions from the main course of the article are really diversions. We are not thoroughly accustomed to the idea of woman in art. There are even considerable doubts, though these are difficult to take seriously, of the possibility of feminine expression in art. Perhaps we have too widely separated the sexes: made man masculine and women feminine irrevocably. We too easily forget that trousers are sometimes worn by the wife. It is only when we use the words masculine and feminine, intellect and intuition, that we are able to adjust them regardless of sex. Indeed, we talk readily of intellectual women and intuitional men. Society taboos the other thing.

But there is a womanly quality, one end of which might be Cassatt and the other Whitney. There is far more of the Whitney quality in the sculpture of the late Mrs. Burroughs than in Miss Cassatt. The first two have no traditional approach to man. They are of another generation. Surrounded by fewer cobwebs, or different ones, they may move their arms and their ideas with greater freedom and honesty. Compared to the Burroughs' approach the Whitney one will seem, however, healthier. Mrs. Burroughs was intrigued by the secret recesses of souls. She analyzed contemporary problems, had a passion for resurrecting those buried in the Victorian era. She may have had designs on the moral standards. I sometimes felt that she wanted to do justice to outlaws. On the contrary, she erred on the side of preciosity.

Mrs. Whitney is normal. I have recently seen her sketch for an equestrian figure of Buffalo Bill which is to be erected in his home town. It is a characteristic example of the later trend of her work wherein grace, romance, youth, the sculptor's womanly sympathy are essential properties. Her heroics are realities colored with romance. The horse and the rider are one here, a single movement, arrived at, led into, through many smaller ones, all of these graceful and easy. The man remains a boy, a boy adventuring. The horse is moving on the plains surely; his stride is even, level. It has taken



"PORTRAIT OF A SCULPTOR"  
BY GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY



him far. It will take him further. There is no effort at heroics in the gesture. This is not the showman, standing in the stirrups of his dapple gray charger, and sweeping his hat off to a holiday multitude like a courtier; neither is it a press agent's report of his earlier exploits. This scout is on a day's job. There is romance enough in the solitary nature of that job. A speck on an immense plain, this hero, and one worth mothering. The sympathy here is not man's for man. Man would approach him armed with traditional heroics, surround him with a western stage set as did Remington, see nothing in the greater part of the job, but await the looming exception, the twelfth day

"PORTRAIT OF MY DAUGHTER"  
BY GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

encounter, the moment of action. There is nothing impending in this horse's stride, but it gives a vision of space and continuity that must be more tremendous than any incident in or relief of that monotony could possibly be. Man boasts about man with a never ceasing love of his real or symbolical gun play. They are boys for a very long time. Perhaps they are always boys to women.

The war in Mrs. Whitney's records of it was an affair in which the youth of the country was damaged. She avoided the unfurled flags, the rolling drums, the bugle calls, the drawn swords, the propaganda through which men glorify slaughter. Her record is not trumpery. It is real. It may be the way in which she found herself. In her earlier work, in such things as the Spanish head, the three figured fountain and the "Chinese Fantasy," we find a respect for academic formula which is, at best, binding. The school style lays a heavy hand upon impulse. Mrs. Whitney has never made it her own. Perhaps she is impatient under restraint. Things must go swiftly. Her portrait of a young aviator, done impetuously, is worth two of the carefully considered Chinese figure. There is sentiment, warmth in her better things. The archeological or stylistic demands of the Chinese figure arrested the swiftness of her modeling.

The head for the Titanic memorial hints at the quality of the war records which were to come later. But I question whether the hint would be noticeable if these had not come. The restraint of the style in the memorial was almost overwhelming. She is never so correct in the war records and never so nearly approaches emptiness.

But there are two of her probably, society matron and artist, just as in Manet, as Duret tells us, there was the bourgeois and the radical painter.

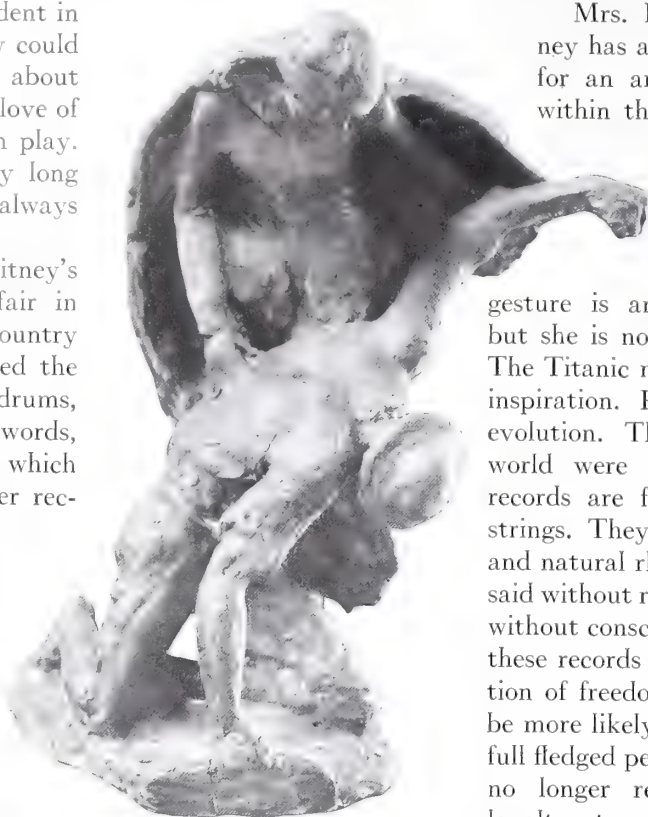
Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney has an undoubted respect for an art that is held well within the way of precedent.

It is a part of her life. Gertrude V. Whitney will not throw precedent overboard, for that

gesture is an over-exaggeration, but she is not slow to neglect it. The Titanic memorial is a society inspiration. Precedent paid in its evolution. The eyes of a certain world were upon it. The war records are free of such leading strings. They take on a more easy and natural rhythm. The thing is said without restraint of formality, without conscious dedication. And these records are really a declaration of freedom or (and this may be more likely) the beginning of a full fledged period when the artist, no longer requiring fidelity or loyalty to a school tradition, throws it off and becomes her uncollegiate self. It is astonishing how much of an artist's life resem-

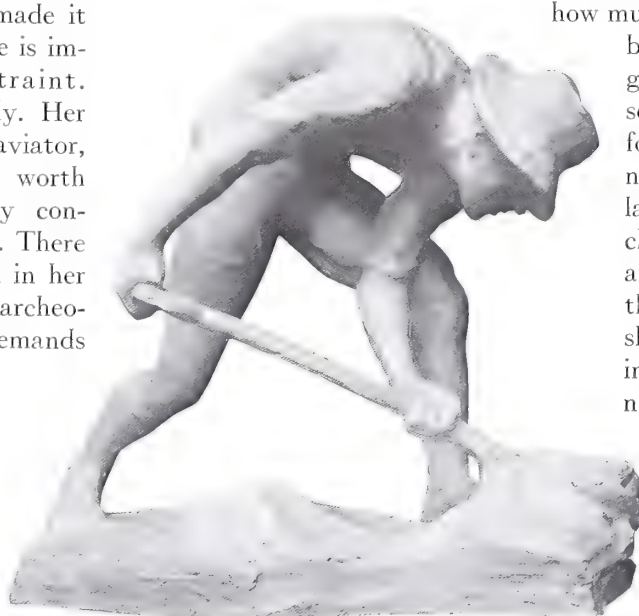
bles that of a university graduate. The search for self is long. It is the search for art. Gertrude V. Whitney at her best, or in this later period, is essentially charming. She will lead to an aspect of violence through subtleties. Her shocks, and there are many in these war pieces, are never immediate. The rhetorical flourish is characteristically masculine. There are few big sweeps in the Whitney management of a subject, and none there as a gesture and for itself alone. The

thing with her must be felt. This may contribute to the charm of her sculpture. Her exhibition, which will take place this month at the Wildenstein Gallery, should not be missed.



"FOUND"

BY GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY



"IN THE TRENCHES" BY GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY



*PORTRAIT of a YOUNG BOY*

*by*

*George de Forest Brush*

*Courtesy of the  
Macbeth Gallery*

BOY

George de Forest

FOUND  
GERTRUDE DE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

IN THE TRENCHES

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DRAWING FOR METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE SETTING FOR "ROMEO AND JULIET" BY JOSEPH URBAN

## Joseph URBAN, SCENIC ARTIST

YEARS ago, before Gordon Craig, the originator of the modern movement of Art in the Theatre, started his fight for his ideals, and William Poel gave the productions of his Elizabethan Stage Society on the reconstructed Shakespeare stage in London, Jozsa Savits, head producer of the then Royal and National theatre in Munich, had invented his own Shakespeare stage and used it for a number of classical revivals. It was intended to supplant the inartistic "picture-frame" stage and to let the play and players speak for themselves; also to do away with unnecessary stops for frequent changes of scenery. Savits' stage was fashioned

*Man who has realized art in the settings of opera and drama now turns to films . . . by*

F. E. Washburn FREUND

somewhat like the Oberammergau stage, giving scope for scenes with large masses of supernumeraries and "excursions and alarms," but this did not succeed in deepening the "mood" of the play or creating the right "atmosphere" for it. This was left for Gordon Craig and A. Appia and their followers in different countries to develop later.

In Germany and Austria especially their ideas were taken up, astonishingly quickly for such a fundamental change, and under Reinhardt and others the new movement conquered all the principal theatres in a few years.

In Vienna, for the first time anywhere, the time honored staging of operas was changed in accordance with the new ideas. Professor Alfred



JOSEPH URBAN  
IN HIS STUDIO



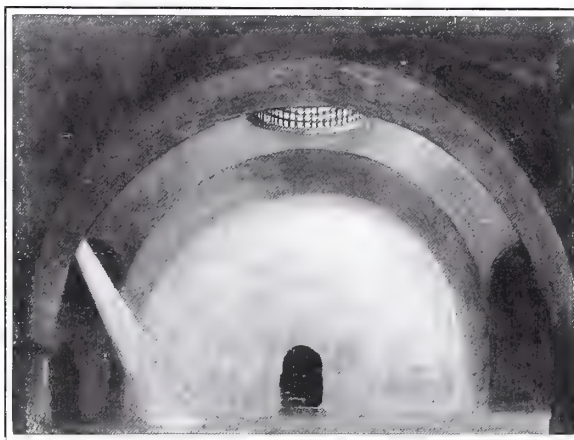


DRAWING FOR METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE SETTING FOR  
"TRISTAN AND ISOLDE" BY JOSEPH URBAN



ONE OF THE SETTINGS FOR "THE ROSE OF CHINA"  
A DRAWING BY JOSEPH URBAN

Roller clothed the Wagnerian operas in an entirely new garment. No attempt was made at "historical truth," but the "historical mood" and the spirit of the score were emphasized instead. There was, of course, an outcry against "sacrilege," as it was called by the adherents to the letter of Wagner's stage directions. The Master had given explicit directions, their argument ran, and they must therefore be obeyed. But these followers did not know, or chose to ignore, the fact that Wagner himself had once invited Arnold Boecklin, the well-known Swiss imaginative painter, to do his scenery for him, which alone shows that the vision of his inner eye was not realized by his own stage settings. Boecklin, if he had con-



SETTING FOR THE PRISON SCENE IN "DON CARLOS"  
A DRAWING BY JOSEPH URBAN

sented to Wagner's wish, would have worked to re-create in paint the mood of play and music, instead of only representing the scenes according to Wagner's minute directions, as everyone will know who has seen how rich in musical coloring and rhythms his pictures are.

Joseph Urban, side by side with Alfred Roller, worked for Gustav Mahler's new productions of the Wagnerian operas at the Imperial Court Opera House in Vienna, his share being, among others, "The Mastersinger." Urban attended classes at the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts in the morning and at the Polytechnic in the afternoon in order to train himself thoroughly as an architect. At that time the interest in "interior decoration" as an art in itself began to awaken in Vienna, where it has since become one of the most favored professions, everyone wanting to have his or her house designed, decorated and furnished by an artist.

In 1897 Urban got his first important commission from the then Khedive of Egypt, who wanted him to decorate and furnish the Abdin Palace in Cairo. Thus he came into personal contact with the Orient. Then followed several years of work for the Austrian and Hungarian nobility. He also designed during that time a number of public buildings and bridges, arranged pageants and laid out large parks, an occupation which helped him greatly later on in his outdoor settings. From 1904 to 1908 his principal work was stage designing for some of the first theatres in Europe. And in

1912 the Boston Opera produced three works with his designs, which introduced Urban to the American public for the first time. These were "Pelleas and Melisande," "Hansel and Gretel" and "Tristan and Isolde." They were an instantaneous success and brought him the appointment as "artistic director" of the Boston Opera. When, on account of the war, that institution was



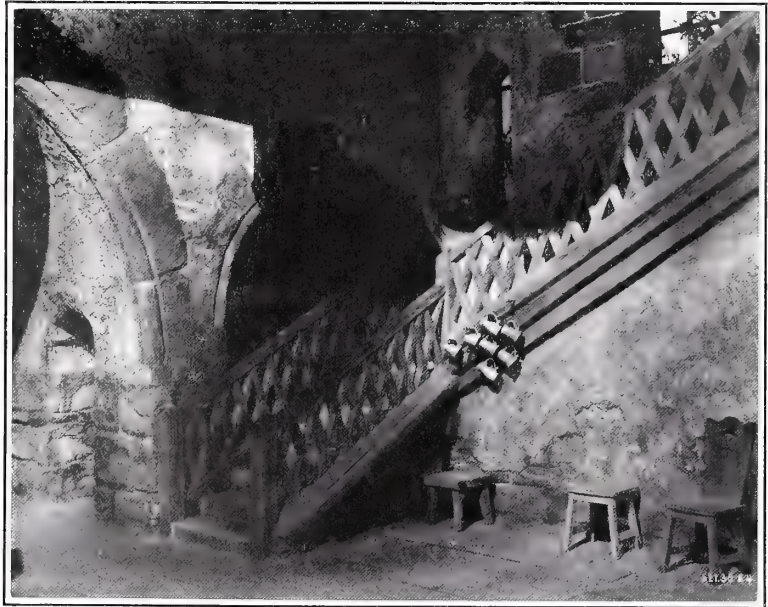
closed, Urban came to New York, and here he did the designs for a number of plays, including James K. Hackett's production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Percy Mackaye's outdoor masque, "Caliban," and Liebler & Company's "Garden of Allah." Besides his work for the stage he built the Austrian House at the St. Louis Exposition, and now he has created the setting for the display rooms of the Wiener Werkstaette in Fifth Avenue.

About six years ago I saw Urban's work here for the first time. It was in the little playhouse, the Bandbox, off Lexington Avenue, the play being the Russian piece "Nju."

Its settings were a revelation. Since then the American stage—musical as well as otherwise—has developed in that direction quite astonishingly.

In "The Rose of China" (Act II), Urban, with the greatest delicacy and restraint, carries us into far-eastern surroundings of tender charm. The festival of cherry blossoms appears before our eyes and we feel spring and love.

The balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," in the revival of that opera at the Metropolitan Opera House this season, reveals all the elements of Urban's art at their best. First, the all pervading light, the silver rays of the moon playing softly on the wall; then the color, a silvery green and blue, symbolic of Youth, Spring, Love; then the strong rhythm of lines rising significantly upward as if borne to heaven by the passionate words of the immortal poem, and finally the windows, portals and gates with their rounded arches repeated again and again like a *leitmotif*, opening up for the spectator wondrous vistas. And in the midst of all of this loveliness, there is a foreboding of the tragedy that is to overwhelm the youthful lovers in the cypress, rising up into the unknown. In the courtyard scene of "Tristan and Isolde"



INN SCENE IN "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER"  
DESIGNED BY JOSEPH URBAN



THE STAIRCASE IN "ENCHANTMENT"  
DESIGNED BY JOSEPH URBAN

there is a touching combination of home peace and desolation, the faithful old tree spreading out its long branches as if to protect Tristan. In the prison scene of "Don Carlos," the impression of being inescapably imprisoned is daringly conveyed merely by the ever-repeated half-circle which surrounds the captive.

Urban has lately taken up work for the motion pictures, and

we are privileged to reproduce here, among other things, a scene from "When Knighthood Was in Flower" (Cosmopolitan). Urban himself says of his work for the films: "I want to make pictures which are moving compositions in the same sense that a great painting is an immobile composition. At any point in a photoplay, a photographic 'still' should reveal people and scenery in perfect artistic co-ordination." The reproductions show how he introduces significant backgrounds and surroundings, forcing the spectator to concentrate his eye and mind on a few important facts. In that way Urban will become as influential in this domain as he already has become in the opera and the drama. As the motion pictures reach hundreds of thousands of people every day, the advent of art and such an artist in that field is of prime importance.



# This TE DEUM Is Sung in GLASS

OF the many mosaics executed under the personal supervision of Louis C. Tiffany for the decoration of churches and public buildings, none equals in beauty of color and sublimity of subject the three symbolic panels, *Te Deum Laudamus*, in iridescent favrile glass designed by Frederick Watson and recently exhibited in New York. The panels form a triptych memorial and are for the First Methodist Church of Los Angeles, California, to which they have been given by Mrs. Melvina A. Lott and Mrs. M. H. Mosier.

Ancient and modern mosaicists have worked with both marble and ordinary stained glass, but Tiffany's use of iridescent favrile glass, ever-changing in its effects, is a new phase in this form of artistic expression that noticeably widens the old claim of stained glass to beauty. The *Te Deum* panels, each of which is eight feet wide and seventeen feet tall, form the crowning achievement of Mr. Tiffany's years of study, experiment and invention in the field of opalescent glass.

*"Artists are nearest God.  
Into their souls  
He breathes his life, and  
from their hands it comes  
In fair, articulate forms  
to bless the world."*

The "fair, articulate forms" in these mosaics will assuredly "bless the world," for they have power to inspire deep reverence in the beholder and

*Iridescent panels for church  
in California are highest ex-  
amples of Louis C. Tiffany's  
art . . . . . by*

RENÉ de QUÉLIN

a joyous urge to join the singing of hosannas.

To interpret the *Te Deum* in a broad sense, Mr. Wilson drew upon the Biblical story, from Moses to the monastic orders, assembling the heav-

enly host and filling the ensemble with meaning until almost every detail conveys, through its perfect symbolism, much more religious sentiment than simple legend or mere beauty of design.

The center panel depicts in super-eminence

"The Messiah Which Is Called the Christ," (John IV—25). Seated in glory upon his shining throne, the Savior has on either side an awarding angel—that on the left holding the crown of glory; that on the right, the Book of the Scriptures. Before Him two angels bear aloft the holy eucharist from which radiates a light effulgent. One carries the lilies of purity, the other the palm of victory. On the left is the archangel, St. Chamel, with the chalice; on the right, St. Michael, with his attribute, the sword, both figures with nimbuses to distinguish them clearly as holy persons.

Below, on the left, is the figure of Moses holding the tables of the law in his right hand, and in his left the light prefiguring Christ. On the right is St. Paul with his attribute of crossed swords; on the lower right, the youngest known martyr to the Christian faith, the boy Pancras, holding the light of the



THE LEFT PANE OF A TRIPTYCH IN FAVRILE GLASS EXECUTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF LOUIS C. TIFFANY.

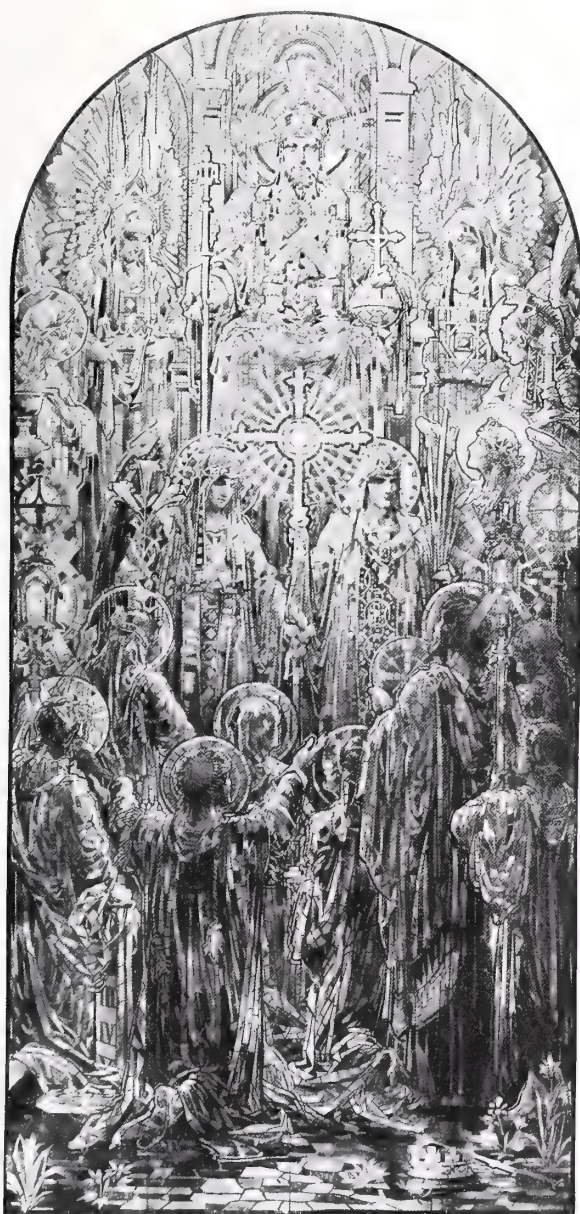


world. The crown and sceptre in the foreground typify homage from the mighty of the world: "The kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor unto it." (Revelations XXI—24).

The side panels complete the composition with processions of choristers and thurifers, those in the former being significant of the church. The tent-tabernacle, the Hebrew "Mishcan," or dwelling place of God, amplifies this idea, and is pictured hung with a shield bearing Christ's monogram, as seen in the heavens by Constantine, above which is represented the winged flame of Christian ardor. The nimbused figure typifies the bishop of the church; the smoking incense is the emblem of the heart's adoration, and the lamp, of

eternal light. The group in the right panel is typical of the monastic orders, the central figure proclaiming: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." (Colossians III—16). He is attended by a choir representing the faithful, carrying lamps. Above them is a verdant hillside from which rise a vine-entwined pergola and tall trees that suggest cathedral spires gilded by celestial lights.

Each color in this conception is significant. Gold typifies divine glory; silver, redemption; blue, the heavenly aspects of the firmament; royalty; crimson, love and sacrifice.



THE CENTER AND RIGHT OF THE TRIPTYCH, A MEMORIAL FOR THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. THE TRIPTYCH IS THE GIFT OF MRS. M. A. LOTT AND MRS. M. H. MOSIER



# Glass Beads as an Art Medium

**W**HEN recorded history began, beads were in use as human ornaments, and they have always held an interest for men and women, for they have been of prime importance as gifts or objects of barter by explorers or traders among aboriginal peoples, and have always been used by the cultured world as jewelry, in costume ornamentation, or for decorating household objects from the beginnings of such things. This continuity precludes the use of the word revival in connection with the use of beads, but every now and again some individual art worker adapts beads to objects of use and adornment in so brilliant a manner as to give the product a feeling of novelty.

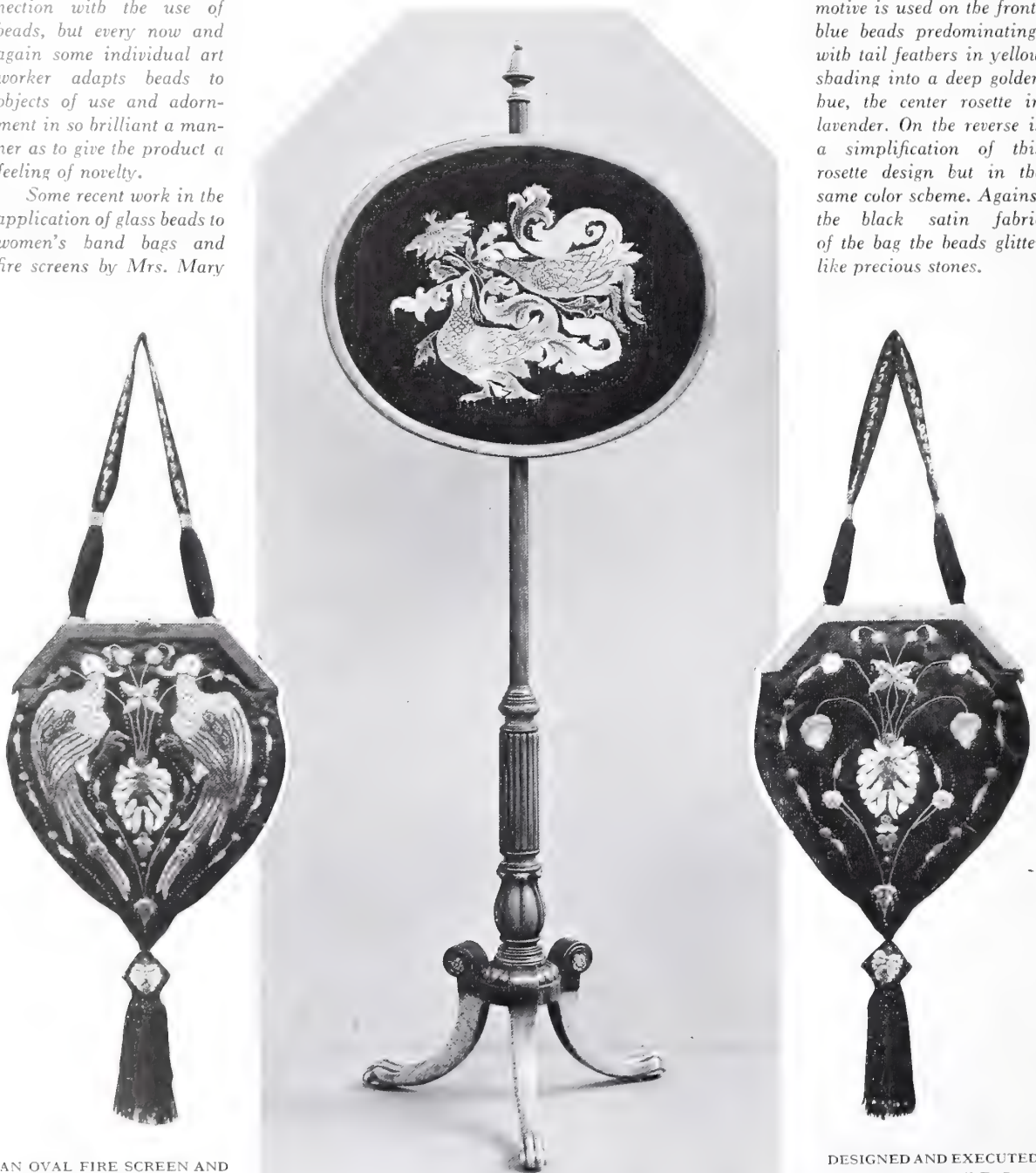
Some recent work in the application of glass beads to women's hand bags and fire screens by Mrs. Mary

*Used in profusion by the ancients they have never passed as decorative objects*

E. D. Jenkinson, shown at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and at the annual exhibition of the Woodstock Art Association, worthily fills the ancient tradition. On the fire screen oval of

black silk, this artist has worked a design of fire birds and a conventionalized sun flower, the crests of the birds being fashioned of multicolored red beads, with peacock coloring in the wings and flame in the tails, the pattern standing out

like enamel. On the bag shown, a bird of paradise motive is used on the front, blue beads predominating, with tail feathers in yellow shading into a deep golden hue, the center rosette in lavender. On the reverse is a simplification of this rosette design but in the same color scheme. Against the black satin fabric of the bag the beads glitter like precious stones.



AN OVAL FIRE SCREEN AND  
BOTH SIDES OF A  
BEADED BAG

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED  
BY MRS. MARY E. D.  
JENKINSON



# A Poem in Paint by George Fuller



"MAIDENHOOD"

by

George Fuller

*OF that phase of George Fuller's art which was concerned with the literal reproduction of his subject, of which his "Head of a Boy" and "Gold and Old Lace" are familiar examples, no picture that came from his studio is more thoroughly representative than his "Maidenhood" which was recently sold by the John Levy Galleries to a New York collector. Painted in 1881, it passed directly from the painter to a Boston home, from which it was loaned once to the Boston Museum and again for the Fuller Memorial Exhibition.*

# A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

SCANDINAVIAN ART, by Carl Laurin, Emil Hannover and Jens Thiis, with introduction by Christian Brinton; American-Scandinavian Foundation, New York; Oxford University Press, London.

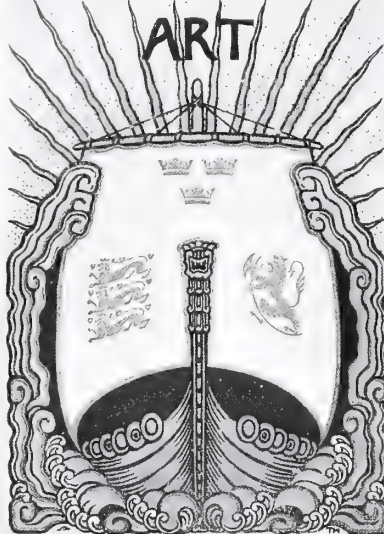
THIS volume is notable for being the first complete record presented in English of the architecture, sculpture and painting of Norway, Sweden and Denmark, and as a record it is made the more enjoyable and understandable for the American reader unfamiliar with this general subject by the many excellent photographs introduced in the letterpress. The survey of Swedish art was written by Carl G. Laurin; that of Denmark, by Emil Hannover, director of the Danish Museum of Industrial Art, while the development of Norwegian art was traced by Jens Thiis, director of the National Gallery in Christiania and consequently an authority.

Unlike most native writers on the art of their own countries, none of these three Scandinavian authorities makes any undue claims for the artists of whom he writes. Indeed, after reading the sketch of the life of Zorn, whose work is better known here than that of any of his Scandinavian colleagues in art, the reader will feel that there is a tendency to understatement, for in the sketch no impression is given of Zorn's enormous vogue in the United States, nor is there any mention of his American portraits, several of which won him fame here. This is a positive merit to be credited to the volume, which aims to be, above all, a complete and impartial record of Scandinavian art.

In his survey of Swedish art, Mr. Laurin goes back to the church architecture beginning with the Twelfth Century. He traces its progress, through painting as affected by the French and English schools in the Eighteenth Century and by the Dusseldorf influence, and through the new tendencies, closing his portion of the work with a summary of Swedish architecture at the opening of the present century, an architecture which harks back to the Italian Renaissance for the most part. To judge by the many reproductions of paintings and sculptures, France, England and Germany have been the leading influences of the Swedish painters and sculptors, few of whom appear to have risen to a marked individual expression of artistic impulses.

Danish art is recorded only as of the Nineteenth Century; and here again we see Roman, French and German influences to a marked degree, thralls from which the art of the Danes did not escape until comparatively recent years. Joakim Skovgaard's religious paintings are decidedly

## SCANDINAVIAN ART



original in composition and very impressive, and J. F. Willumsen is both a realist and an imaginative painter of great distinction.

Norwegian art also is described only through the Nineteenth Century, being "the most recent in Europe," as Mr. Thiis notes. Foreign influences are noticeable in the work of the early men of the century, but Adolf Tidemand began to represent his own people in his own way, as did Carl Sundt-Hansen, Hans Heyerdahl, Erik Werenskiold and Edvard Munch. If judgment may be passed on the works reproduced in these pages, Norway may be credited with having the most original art of the Scandinavian countries.

## ETRUSCAN TOMB PAINTINGS, by Frederik Poulsen,

translated by Ingeborg Andersen, M. A.; Clarendon Press, Oxford.

THERE are forty-seven illustrations in this book and they help greatly in giving an understanding of a vastly interesting subject. If there were a good, comprehensive introduction, the work would be much more readable, but the story starts directly with detailed descriptions and controversial matters, so that the reader is compelled to work his way through a great deal of this to form his own conclusions, and for these there is no summing up of facts.

When the discovery and excavation of the Etruscan tombs began to make headway in the 'twenties of the Nineteenth Century, publications in text and illustration followed. The major-domo of the Bishop of Corneto, Vittorio Masi, first opened five or six tombs in the vicinity of Corneto. In the spring of 1907 he invited two German barons, Stackelberg, an able archaeologist, and Kestner, Hanoverian ambassador to Rome, to inspect and, if they desired, to survey, copy and publish the pictures in the tombs. The two men arrived, accompanied by

Thürmer, a Bavarian architect, to find the tombs themselves despoiled of their accessories, but the walls covered by wonderful pictures dating from the Fifth and Sixth Centuries B. C. Stackelberg made five charming water colors to save the coloring for posterity, and Thürmer executed eleven careful drawings from three tombs. In all, the two men painted and drew two hundred and twenty-five figures, and this material is now preserved in the Archaeological Seminar of the University of Strasbourg. In the very first summer after they were opened, large parts of the tombs were ruined in a few weeks by dampness, especially in the Tomba delle Bighe. There was also much vandalism. Haphazard attempts were made to re-

ETRUSCAN  
TOMB PAINTINGS  
By F. Poulsen

GODS, GODDESSES





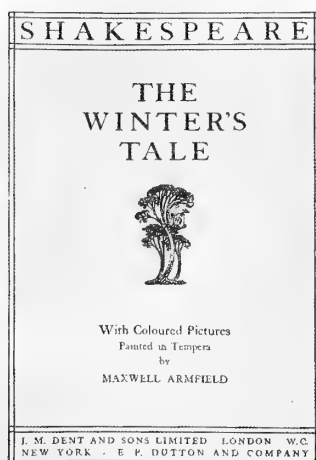
produce the pictures in the three largest tombs. No other reproductions were available until 1916 when a German archaeologist, Weege, brought out an admirable publication descriptive of the Tomba delle Bighe, the largest.

The author, who is keeper of the classical department of the Ny Carlsberg Glyptotek, Copenhagen, and a fellow of the Danish Royal Society, concludes that a detailed estimate of the artistic significance and properties of the Etruscan wall paintings is not yet possible because no adequate pictures for reproduction exist, if for no other reason. Investigators have never really given themselves time to enter deeply into the spirit and content of these pictures nor to ask themselves the question which arises, one may say, with every picture—namely, how far the representation is a loan from Greek art and civilization, and how far it bears the local Etruscan stamp. But one thing stands out: Sex and cruelty are, to use a chemical expression, the “basic group” of the Etruscan mind. A motive like Ajax falling on his own sword constantly recurs in Etruscan art, as well as the barbarous maiming of slain enemies, which is especially common on Etruscan gems.

**GODS, GHOSTS AND GOBLINS,**  
by *Bertha Lum*; *J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London.*

**B**ERTHA LUM illustrates her new book, whose full title is “*Gods, Ghosts and Goblins, Weird Legends of the Far East*,” with a series of drawings which will add much to her reputation as an exponent of the Japanesque in art. These drawings, which are reproduced in both color and half-tone, were designed especially for the book. Inside the cover, front and back, are designs in color based on the famous “No” dance. The first title page is illustrated with a colorful group, “*The Seven Gods of Happiness*,” whose powers and peculiarities Miss Lum recounts early in the book. One of the loveliest of her drawings is “*Festival Boats*,” which illustrates the description of the different “*matsuri*” with which each city celebrates once a year. All in soft grays is the drawing of the statue of the god Jizo, supposed to have been carved in a single night by a Buddhist priest, Kobo Daichi. Jizo is the god who protects the souls of little children. One of the most beautiful of Miss Lum’s descriptions is that of the cave which is sacred to Jizo, far out on the west coast and to be approached only from the sea, and then only when the wind is so still as not to “move three hairs.”

Of goblins, there are various kinds, from those which frighten children to the giant Namazu, the eel which lives under the earth and which makes the earthquakes when it turns. All goblins abhor burned peas and may be driven away by them,



of the old legends and myths of the Orient. The close of the book is an account of the “No” dance, that oldest of all rhythmical expressions, which is so typically Japanese, since, in it, tradition, religious ritual and legend play so great a part in its composition.

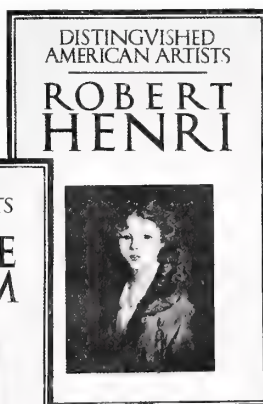
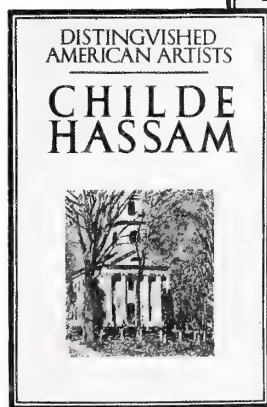
**THE WINTER'S TALE**, by *Shakespeare*; twelve colored plates painted in tempera by *Maxwell Armfield*; *J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London*; *E. P. Dutton & Co., New York*. Price \$7.00.



**O**LD friends, with not only new faces but also new symbolic costumes and scenery, provide interesting entertainment in this new edition of Shakespeare’s “*The Winter’s Tale*,” ornamented with twelve color plates by Maxwell Armfield. Mr. Armfield, whose illustrations in *Century*, *Asia* and *Pall Mall* are well known, has depicted in the tempera paintings in this volume a series of pictures such as take place on the stage in an actual production. They express the action of the characters in the medium of the stage rather than a literate interpretation of the text. The central figures are decidedly of the modern British style combined with Italian Renaissance, and the portals and draps denote Persian influence, a combination producing picturesque combinations of form and color.

A color symbolism is created for each individual character and is carried out in the various costume changes. For example, a red element confined to Hermione, the unhappy queen, is found in a minor degree in the costumes of those who befriend her and belong to her aura. Thus her son, Mamillius; Paulina, Antigonus and Dion, who were

instruments in the protection of her character, and later her daughter, Perdita, the unwitting cause of King Leontes’ unjust suspicions of his Queen, all show a trace of her dominant color. It is like the use of a phrase in programme music. It is not a student’s edition and



contains no notes or appendices for the novice reader. Those people who have not already conceived their own mental pictures of the characters of this drama will find those of Mr. Armfield pleasant to adopt. Good printing and large type add to the enjoyment of perusal of the volume.

RAPHAEL, by *Felix Lavery*; *Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Price \$4.00.*

IN 1914, Felix Lavery purchased at the auction sale of the Shipley collection at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, a painting by Raphael called "Nativity," the canvas being announced as a copy. The possession of this work led him into studying the career of the great Italian painter and to searching through records of him to learn the history of his picture. These researches form the chief part of the text of the present work.

The first fifty-eight pages of the book are devoted to a sketch of Raphael's life, abridged from Vasari, and a list of his pictures chronologically arranged, these numbering thirty-nine on the basis of Vasari's judgment. The remaining seventy-two pages, exclusive of an extensive bibliography, are devoted to telling the story of the "Nativity," a work that for many years in France bore the name of the "Holy Family" and the "Madonna du Corset Rouge." This is extremely slight material on which to base a book on Raphael, and the major portion of the text resolves itself into a case of special pleading for the painting owned by the author and for its authenticity.

As Mr. Lavery says, the painting has had a romantic history, but it is hardly convincing testimony, if anyone doubts the genuineness of the work, to read that "Even if Raphael and his biographer, Vasari, had not themselves put on record that it was the work of the master, the fact that the 'Nativity' had been in the collections of the Counts of Canossa, d'Este, Cardinal Mazarin and the Marquis of Pimodan, would have proclaimed its origin." It is of much more interest to the average American art lover to learn that the painting was once owned by John Trumbull, who made a copy of it which hangs in Yale University's art collection as a "copy of the Madonna du Corset Rouge," and that it was purchased by Benjamin West at the sale of Trumbull's collection at Christie's in London in 1797 for eight hundred and ninety pounds.

Mr. Lavery's title for the work seems in no wise as well suited for the figures and the composition as does the "Holy Family" or the "Madonna du Corset Rouge." The Christ Child is figured as a boy at least two or three years old, and there is no suggestion of the usual attributes of the Nativity in the scene which includes the Virgin Mother seated, St. Joseph, St. Anne, the child St. John and two angels, one of whom is holding a nosegay of flowers above the head of the Child. Mr. Lavery traces the successive ownerships of the painting, giving a sketch of the life of each owner and his portrait. The book is illustrated also with reproductions of seventeen of Raphael's paintings.

CHILDE HASSAM and ROBERT HENRI, edited by *Nathaniel Pousette-Dart*; *Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Price \$1.00 each.*

TWO small, complete volumes, one on the art of Childe Hassam and the other on that of Robert Henri, are the first of a series that eventually will include all the outstanding American artists. Each volume contains an appreciation and interpretation of the artist's work, a list of the prizes and awards that he has received, the galleries in which he is represented, and—of greatest value of all—sixty-four reproductions of his more important paintings.

Ernest Haskell has written the introduction to the volume on Hassam, and, coming from a brother etcher, his sincere appreciation of Hassam's work in etching and lithography seems to be gratifyingly just. Stress is laid on the artist's Puritan ancestry as the source of the thoroughness and vigor which give a "crisp, fresh, living quality" to his paintings. Among the reproductions, the first are the pictures of Fifth Avenue in war time, when the flags of the Allies made that thoroughfare a pageant of color. Then there are interiors, such as "Contre-Jour," owned by the Chicago Art Institute, showing a woman in front of a window, a subject which the artist has painted again and again in every variety of setting. Among his other works are landscapes that frame

the figures of undraped nymphs, marines from the Isles of Shoals, and views of Provincetown, Gloucester and Lyme—all subjects of familiarity to Hassam.

Mr. Pousette-Dart, in his introduction to the volume on Henri, compares him with Manet in French art because of his fight for the artist's right to individuality. Henri, he says, is always an experimenter, attacking each new problem in a different spirit, thereby developing variety of technique. From all the early influences to which he was subject, from Courbet and Velasquez to Manet and Whistler, he has evolved his own personal style, which is characterized by its directness, its freedom from fumbling. The illustrations consist mainly of children's portraits, which Henri has painted in large numbers—children of all nations and of all temperaments, from aristocratic "Edward" to good natured "Dutch Joe" and "Patience Serious." Then there are "Spanish Gypsy," from the

Metropolitan Museum, and "Betalo Rubino—Dramatic Dancer," from the St. Louis Museum. Of the Irish pictures there are the inimitable "Himself" and "Herself" and the rigidly erect "Guide to Croaghan." Street scenes and landscapes complete the collection of illustrations, among which one of the finest is "La Neige," now in the Luxembourg Gallery.

HERALDRY AND FLORAL FORMS USED IN DECORATION, by *Herbert Cole*; *J. M. Dent and Sons, Limited, London and Toronto; E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price \$4.00.*

DAY by day, in every way we are getting worse and worse," misquotes F. P. A. Literature—much of it in its present day form—has become a means





for the concealment of thought; we have an increasing number of "Daily Pictorials" thrust upon us that we may be spared any mental effort whatsoever; "Modern Art," that promised so much freedom of individual expression, is rapidly developing schools and standards as set in their tents as any of the academic variety; in the field of commercial art alone has there been a tendency to equip the neophyte with the tools of his trade and send him forth to succeed or fail according to his own merits. Such a condition could not, from the nature of the age of censors in which we live, persist. A host of writers, Mr. Cole among them, has perceived the error that must of necessity be in the way of the man who strives to create in the realm of design and has hastened to correct the error with what speed it may. Fortunately for the designer, these writers are always careful to point out that the thing which they seek to rectify, namely a freedom from accepted standards and a consequent vitality of expression, was the reason for the excellence of the things which they would have us accept as standards today. The thoughtful designer is permitted to draw his own conclusions.

"Heraldry and Floral Forms as Used in Decoration" is an excellent case in point. The illustrations, beautiful line drawings by the author, show, as nothing else could show, how well the heraldic type of decoration is adapted to typographical design. Many of them will be a source of inspiration for book plates, colophons and other forms of decoration used in the printing craft. The descriptive text which accompanies them is well, if not brilliantly, written, but the book would have lost none of its practical value if much of the technical discussion had been omitted—there seems to be too little of it for an authoritative work and too much of it for one seeking to gain merely general information. Too much emphasis, however, cannot be given to the excellence of Mr. Cole's heraldic drawings, which cover almost every field in which this type of ornament has been employed. They are well worth careful study.

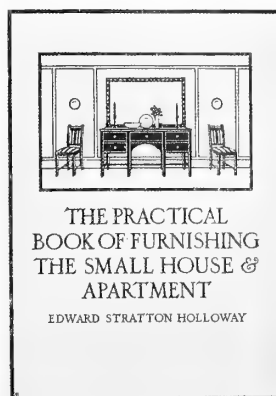
The latter half of the book, devoted to "Floral Forms as Used in Design," is made more interesting by the quality of draughtsmanship which the author has used in rendering the familiar subjects. It should be added that the book is beautifully printed.

**FURNITURE MASTERPIECES OF DUNCAN PHYFE**, by *Charles Over Cornelius*; published for the Metropolitan Museum of Art by *Double-day, Page & Co., Garden City, New York*.

THE history of New York during the quarter century between the death of Washington and the opening of the Erie Canal reveals an unique period in the life of the city. It marked the end of Knickerbocker New York, with its splendid social, literary and artistic traditions, and the beginning of the tremendous commercial growth which still continues. It was a period of transition. The families to which the new era brought increased wealth were, largely, those bred in the spirit of the earlier day. Good taste had its last fling before the mushroom growth of the city in massed array of brown stone fronts and cupolas did it to death. Morse and Fulton, painters and scientists, both typify the time, but Vanderlyn and

Trumbull, Irving and Halleck, with other painters and writers, formed an artistic group that had great influence on the life and thought of the city.

It was in this atmosphere that Duncan Phyfe created his masterpieces of cabinet making. Mr. Cornelius has ably analyzed the influence that the cabinet maker's contemporaries, as well as the great English and French designers, exerted on his work. "Furniture Masterpieces of Duncan Phyfe" is more than a critique of style: the chapters devoted to the New York of his day form a thoughtful and lucid study of that remarkable period. The greater part of the book, dealing with the productions of the master craftsman, is done with the completeness and exactitude to be expected from one of the author's position as Assistant Curator of Decorative Arts of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Illustrated with nearly sixty excellent halftones, portraying every characteristic of Phyfe's authenticated pieces, and with several careful line drawings of details, the volume is an authoritative record of all that at present is known of the work of America's foremost furniture designer. It is a book that no collector or connoisseur of fine furniture can afford to lack.



**THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF FURNISHING THE SMALL HOUSE AND APARTMENT**, by *Edward Stratton Holloway*; *J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London*.

THE field of interior decoration has been covered from many angles; our bookstores are replete with volumes dealing with esthetic principles, treatises on special subjects, erudite monographs on the various periods and styles. It would seem that almost everything had already been said, and that, except for more specialization, the literary effort to improve the artistic qualities of the interiors of our homes had reached its limit. In a sense this is true. There is almost no esthetic phase of this branch of art that has not been written about copiously.

To the purely abstract consideration of the esthetics of interior decoration, therefore, Mr. Holloway's book will add little. There is an interesting section devoted to color and form, of which the most valuable contribution is a consideration of scale.

As a really useful aid to anyone who is actually furnishing a home, Mr. Holloway's book should be of great value. Too often writers on interior decoration have mentioned rare pieces of Chippendale, Sheraton, English oak or Italian walnut, leaving the impression that one must possess the originals, slavishly copy, or be lost; or they have gone to the other extreme and painted everything blue with a touch of orange and viridian. Mr. Holloway suggests the use of furniture at hand, to be found in our stores, giving the names of the manufacturers and dealers, with none of that holy hush that has characterized other books. His is a broad point of view. Admitting that there are few things more beautiful than fine period furniture, he realizes that most of us must live with something else and writes with that idea. It is to aid the home maker in assembling a well chosen selection from available material, whatever limitations economic considerations may impose, that the book has been written.

CLAUDE MONET, whom many will regard as the greatest figure of the Impressionist school, has outlived all his colleagues, and now, in his eighty-third year, looking back happily on a life of hard work and achievement, is spending his final years at his home in Normandy, at Giverny. In the summer he passes most of his time in the garden which he himself designed, with its beloved lily pond. Because of failing eyesight, he has definitely laid aside his palette. For several years, in fact, he avoided his old method of painting, and worked on extremely large canvases, applying with broad and colorful strokes his impressions of his lily pond. Nineteen panels of these, representing the final great flower of his art, the painter has given to the French nation. They present a decorative ensemble that has probably never been equalled. For many years Monet has led a secluded life, but latterly, because of the heart-ache brought on by the war and by losses in his family, he has lived the life of a recluse, turning all callers away. Last summer, however, he broke his rule and received the French critic, Mme. Muriel Ciolkowska. Her article on Monet, preceded by a color reproduction of "Les Peupliers," will lead the February number of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*. The illustrations will cover the whole range of Monet's themes.

THAT Gilbert Stuart's famous "Athenaeum type" portrait of Washington, so well known to and so well beloved of the American people, is so misleading that it is "unjust to his memory to use it as a standard of Washington's appearance and for the United States government to reproduce it as such on coins, stamps, documents, or in any other way" is the contention of the well known art authority, Gustavus A. Eisen, in an article on the three types of Washington portraits by Stuart in the February number. The so called "Lansdowne type" is also classed as unworthy because of its theatrical pose, which is described as royal, assumed and lacking in dignity. It is the "Vaughan type" portrait that represents the real Washington, contends this writer. His article is full of absorbing detail and is handled in the frankest way. The author dwells especially on the manner in which Stuart ruined his art in his effort to produce portraits that would please the American people, works that possessed a superhuman placidity and a face "sphinx like and inscrutable."

"He has a smile that goes straight to your heart and delights all who are near. He has never a hard word for any, and is always ready for a game. Humble in his art, he brings to it a human quality, which bids fair to win for it a multitude of friends and take to them some beautiful solution of their own problems, which may be far less severe than his problems." Readers of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* will know who penned this. Verily it sounds like F. Newlin Price, who wrote about "Weir, the Great Observer" in the April number, "Davies, the Absolute" in June, "Emil Carlsen—Painter, Teacher" in July, "Redfield, Painter of Days" in August" and "Karl Anderson, American" in November. When Price writes of an artist, he paints a picture, and a colorful picture at that. In the February number he is at his very best in a consideration of "Folinsbee, of Golden Song." "To me," says Price, "Folinsbee is a little part of our Declaration of Art Independence. There are many great painters in

this land, and America will have in this epoch great masters. They shall be humble, enthusiastic, tireless workers; they shall know no masters, and above all they shall give the glorious illusion of music in lines that float unconsciously into poetry and color that melts into melody, above the tangible oratory of words, somewhere in the realm of that 'light that never was on land or sea.'" That is Price, and that is Folinsbee.

ROBERT FULTON LOGAN's etchings of the architecture of France form an important artistic record of the unusual beauties of French villages as well as of the better known buildings, and show a keen appreciation for the historic and associational interest of their subjects. Superb draughtsmanship combined with a rare feeling for design has won splendid recognition for Mr. Logan in France, where he has exhibited widely and now makes his home. It is several years since his work, except for occasional proofs, has been seen in this country, and the collection with which he has recently returned, a splendid group of his characteristic architectural renderings, should be of great interest to American print collectors. In February *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* will publish an article by Carita Spencer on the old monastic town of Vézelay with its Eleventh Century Romanesque basilica, illustrated with two reproductions of etchings done by Mr. Logan in Vézelay, and, in addition, of five of his studies of the Burgundian architecture of Dijon, all specially printed on tinted backgrounds.

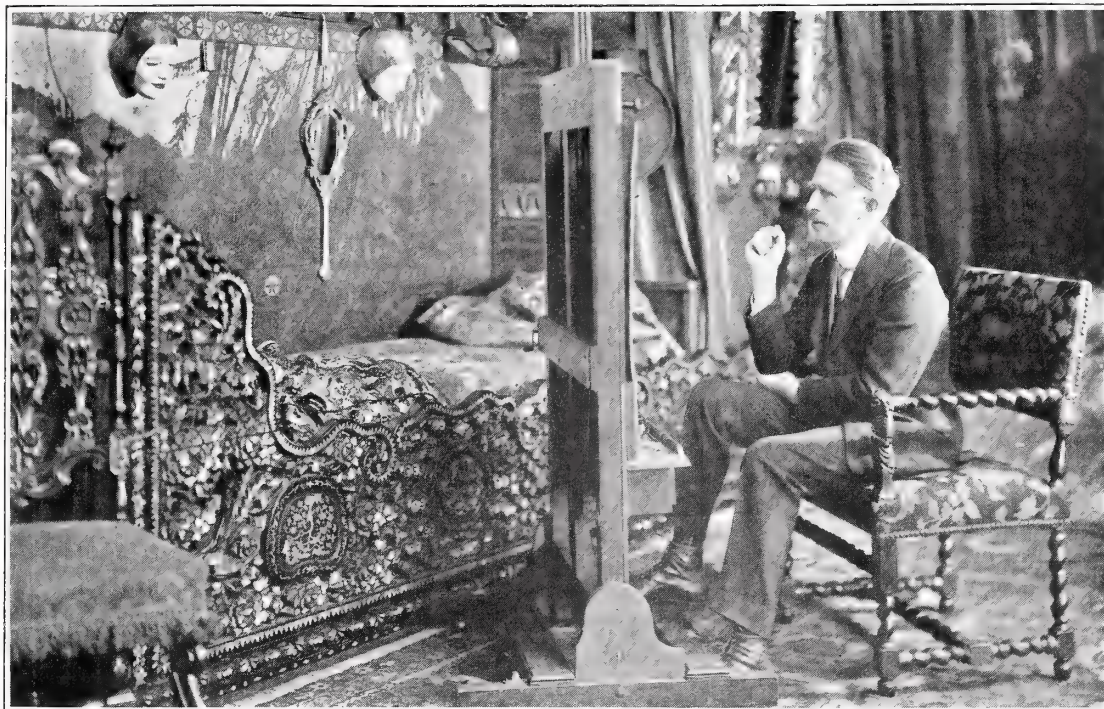
WHEREVER there is art there is a collector, and because art has so many different ramifications, the collector is found in many different guises and with many enthusiasms that seem strange to the ordinary person. It would be curious to peruse a list that contained all the various branches of collecting. Passing from the prelude, did you ever hear of a collector of watch cocks? Maybe you don't know what a watch cock is—you would be perfectly excusable if you said so. There isn't space here to tell any more than that it is a plate inside of a watch, on which the fine old watch-makers of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries lavished all their art as cutters and engravers of steel. Many of them are indescribably beautiful. Charles R. Fisher has an assemblage of more than a thousand pieces and in the February number he writes of them with all the passion of a true collector. Scores of illustrations will bear out pictorially what he says in the text.

THINGS won't always come out even, and when it came to making up this number of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* the article by Mrs. Gordon-Stables on the intarsias of the English craftsman, A. J. Rowley, simply would not "fit." Therefore, it was held over until February

"THE HOSTESS" by Ivan G. Olinsky, which is reproduced in color on this month's cover, is one of the features of the artist's January exhibition at the Macbeth Galleries. Many persons undoubtedly will be comforted by the thought that the attitude of the "hostess" toward prohibition is pretty much that of the art world in general.

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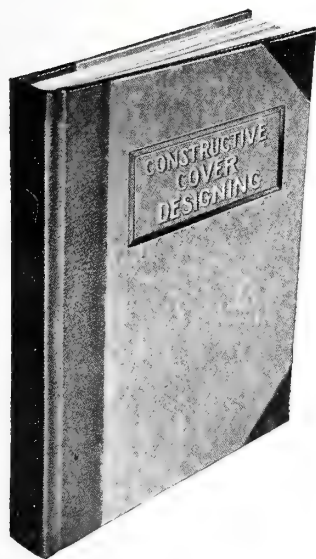
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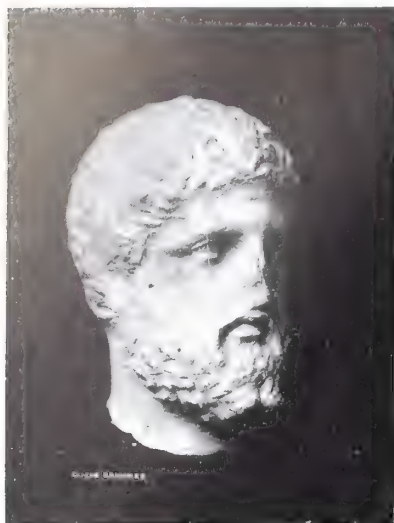
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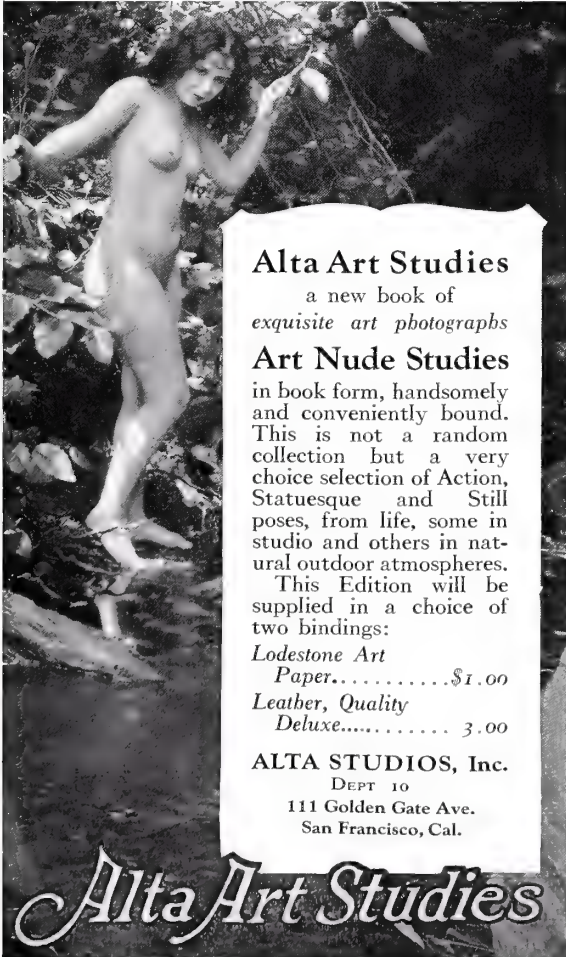
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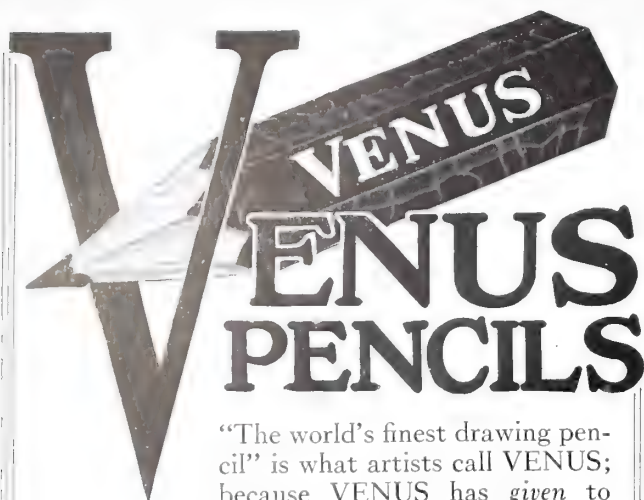
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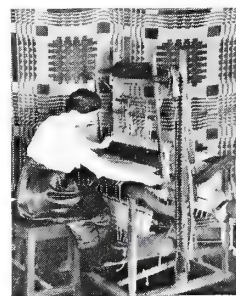
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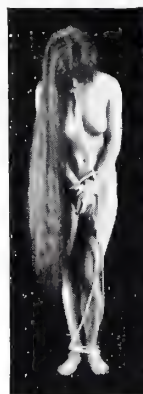
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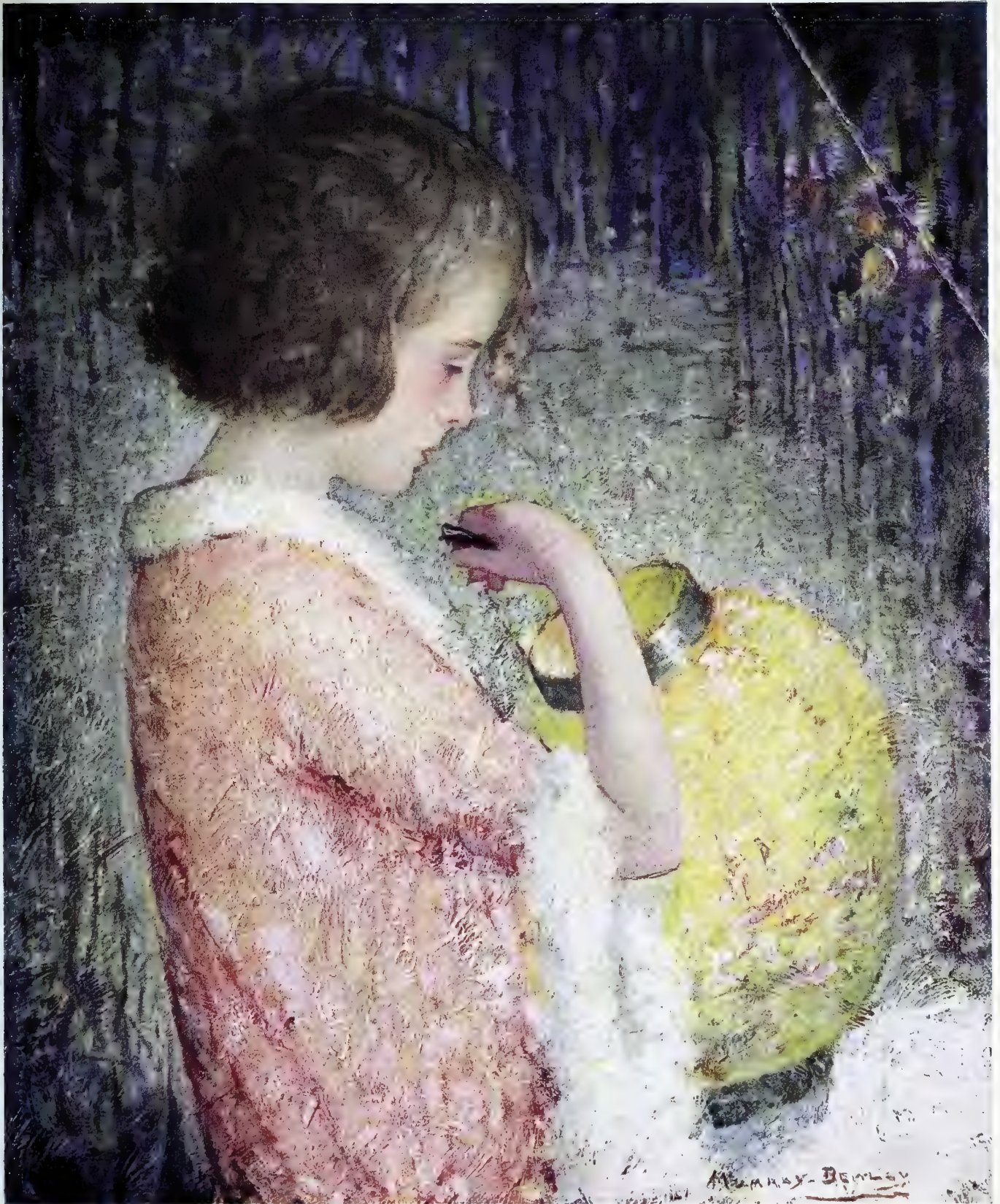
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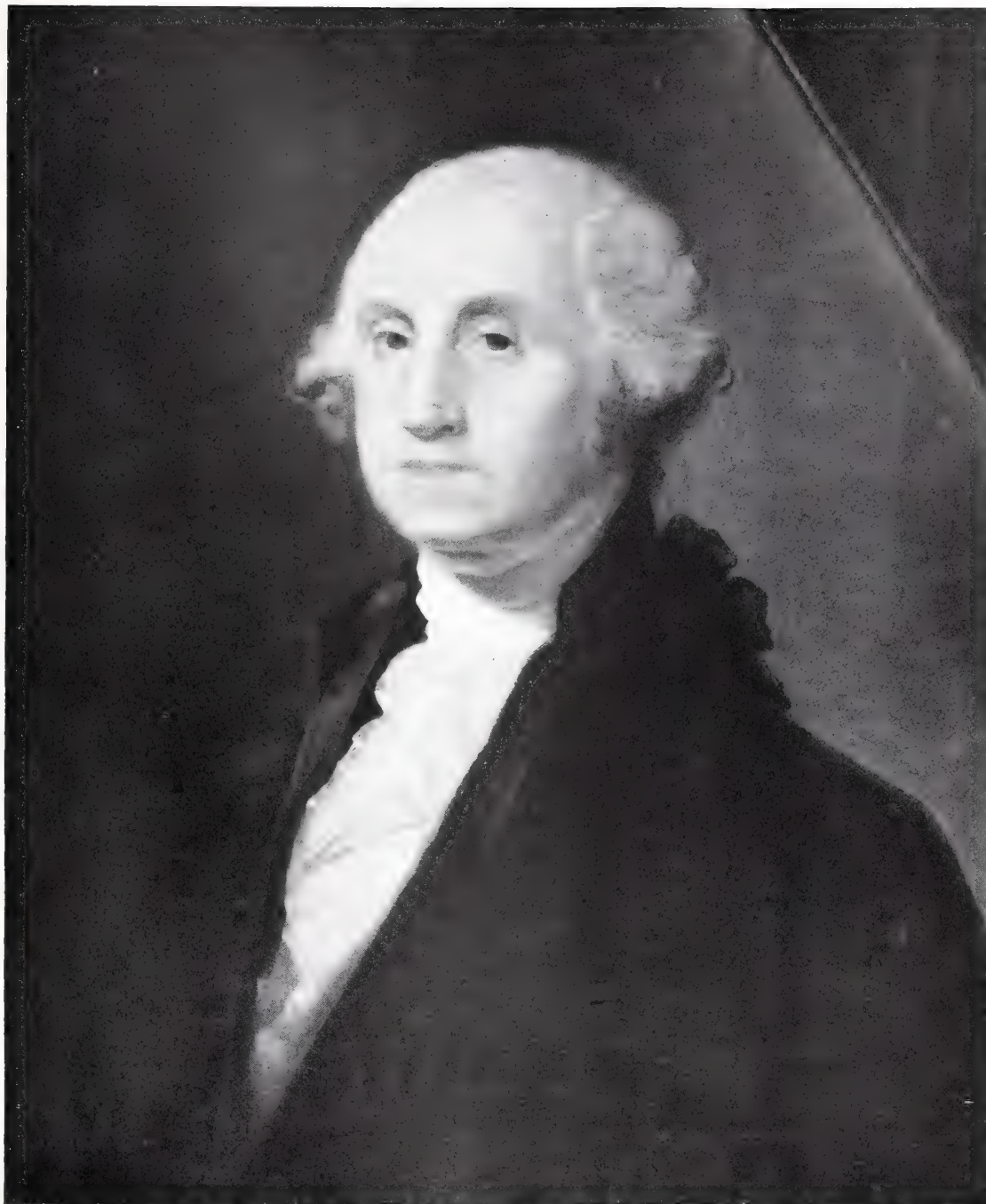
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*"LES PEUPLIERS"*

*by*

*Claude Monet*

*Courtesy of Durand-Ruel*



February 1923

# MONET—*His Garden, His World*

**M**ONSIEUR CLAUDE MONET is now more than eighty-two years old, but up to last summer he worked at some ten pictures a day although he had not taken his palette out of Giverny for the last eight years, spending the days exploring his charming and celebrated garden pictorially as the writer, Alphonse Karr, did his descriptively.

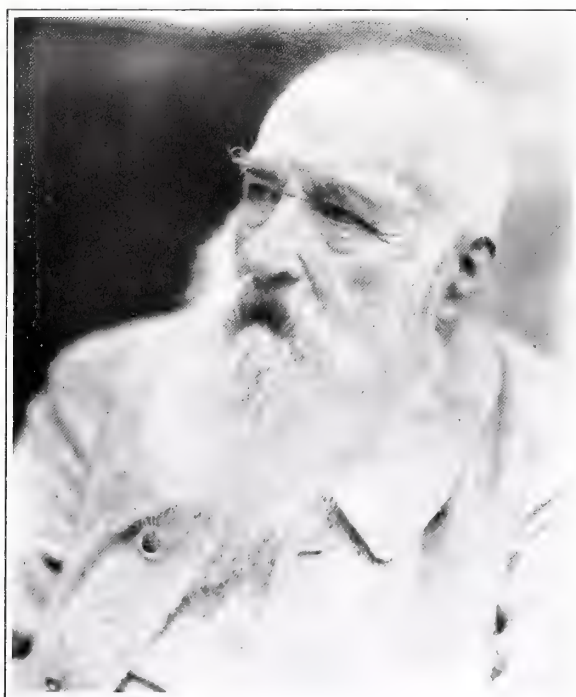
Giverny, where M. Monet has resided since 1886, is a part of Normandy associated with the name of Nicholas Poussin, who was born at Les Andély, some few kilometres off. The skies here are of that limpid blue which long residence in Italy did not efface from the memory of Poussin; skies continuously swept with fleecy, restless clouds. The country, mid-way between Paris and Rouen, is spacious, agricultural, poppy-flecked cornfields alternating with green pasture-land. The slightest hill-crest opens out a vast undulating view, threaded by the silver Seine which, in the valley of Les Andély, is strangely encased within tall, white cliffs crowned by the ruins of Chateau-Guillard, said to have been built by Richard Cœur-de-Lion. But the panoramic vistas of this

*Great Impressionist master, hale at eighty-two, ends his work with lily-pond series for French nation . . . by*  
**Muriel GIOLKOWSKA**

country never interested Monet, who has been held by the play of atmosphere on certain restricted aspects: cornfields, poplars, the river and its banks, an occasional townlet, his own garden.

It was in this land of Normandy, where he is spending the closing years of his life, that Monet's genius found its first expression. Born in Paris on November 14, 1840, Claude Monet spent his childhood in the seaport town of Havre, where his father was a merchant. Here he met Boudin, who would take him sketching. Boudin was fifteen years his senior and he gave Monet valuable hints, as did Jongkind some time later. At sixteen Monet took part in an exhibition at Rouen, where Boudin,

master marine painter also was showing work. Monet's parents disliked their son's artistic proclivities, as many parents do, and wanted him to go into business. In those days a sum of money was effectual in sparing a young man conscription. Monet's father offered to pay it on condition that he gave up all thought of art as a career. The son would make no such bargain and elected military service. This took him to Algeria, but the climate there



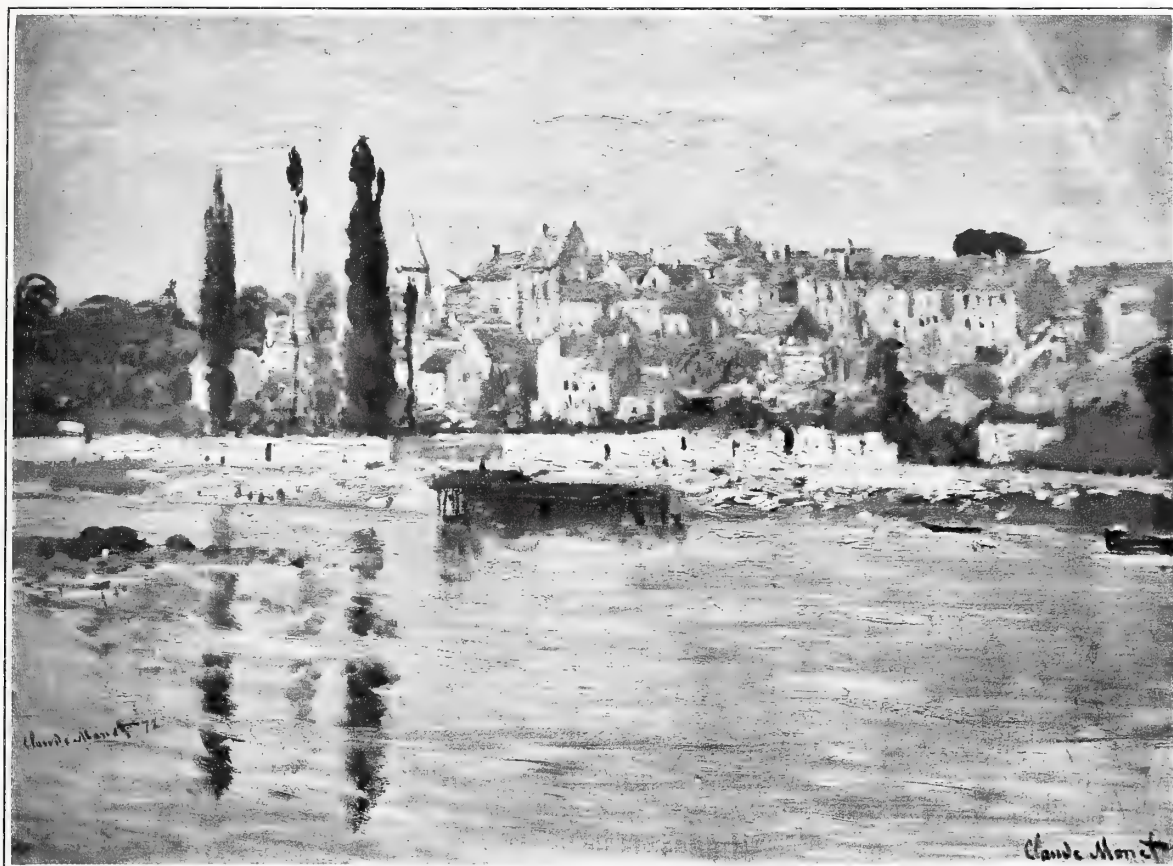
LATEST PHOTOGRAPH  
OF CLAUDE MONET



*"LE DÉJEÛNER"*

*An Early Painting by Claude Monet*





"VITHEUIL"

BY CLAUDE MONET (1872)

affected his health and his parents bought him out of the service on the understanding that he agree to study art in the approved fashion under a recognized professor. Thus he became the pupil of one Gleyre, in whose studio he was destined to meet Renoir and Sisley.

After a year's hopeless endeavor to learn something from a man whose mind was probably as shut in as was his studio, the rebellious young landscapist, longing for fresh air and fresh ideas, left Gleyre. Just about this time he ran across pictures by Manet displayed in a shop-window on the boulevards. Accustomed as he was to the undertones and depths of Courbet and Corot, the latter of whom used to call the sun "that charlatan," Manet's bold brushwork and strong colors, but especially the absence of shadows and fu-

sions, impressed Monet and set him to thinking. The well-known "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," the "Japonaise," and "Camille" were his first pictures subsequent to his discovery of Manet. They were the first pictures to be painted in the open



"ETRETAT" BY  
CLAUDE MONET (1876)





"MEULES DE FOIN"

BY CLAUDE MONET (1891)

from figures in the open, for his earlier pictures show figures among scenery. Only later did Monet devote himself to pure landscape. About this time he painted the beautiful picture called "Jeunes Femmes dans un Jardin" which may be seen at the present moment among the State's latest acquisitions for the Luxembourg. He had dug a

trench in his garden, out of which he hoisted the picture with pulleys—it is a large canvas, the figures being life-size—and Courbet would watch him at work, poking fun at him for attempting what he thought to be the impossible.

The Salon jury having rejected his pictures on various occasions, Monet decided to stop

"LES GLAÇONS"

BY CLAUDE MONET (1893)





soliciting its approval and joined his comrades in a series of private shows which, while bringing his name to the fore, made it an object of unheard-of derision.

"No artist" wrote Gustave Geffroy, who was a witness of the group's early struggles, "has been the prey of mockery and the target of journalistic banter to the extent that has been Claude Monet. His work was so calumniated that dealers and collectors had to muster superhuman courage to purchase, or invite to the purchase of, such criminal violations of art as Monet's pictures were said to be. The least scurrilous called the artist an imposter."

It was at one of these displays, in 1874, that was born the term "Impressionism." Monet had exhibited a picture described in the catalogue: "Impression: Soleil Levant." Some journalist caught at the word, using it to ridicule the group of free lances as "Impressionists." This called the attention of the painters themselves to the fitness of the denomination and quickly they adopted it. Monet was therefore doubly the initiator of the movement, having found both its name and its formula, for it is a mistake to attribute the origin of Impressionism to Manet. While the latter had certainly broken with Academism, he had not at once approved of Monet's ventures in the rendering of transient light-effects in the open-air. The ideas of Manet, in his later period, as did those of Renoir and Pissaro, developed synchronously with those of Monet. Manet had been elected head of the group owing to his qualities of leadership, not because he actually had been the pioneer in its discoveries, except indirectly. M. Mauclair thinks that the term "chromatists" would have served better to describe the principles of the movement, which is not, properly speaking, a school but a "protest and a psychological symptom of the developing spirit of art."



"LA CATHEDRALE DE ROUEN—LE PORTAL"

BY CLAUDE MONET

The Franco-German war in 1870 and the enemy's occupation of the townlet of Argenteuil, where he lived, drove Monet to Holland. The pictures that he painted in his year's sojourn there are marked by decidedly juxtaposed coloring much after the manner of the Japanese artists with whom, notably Hiroshige, he had just been made familiar. Subsequently he paid his first visit to London. He returned to France and Argenteuil after the Commune. The picture of Saint Lazare station belongs to this period after his sojourn in London, where he had no doubt seen Turner's railway picture, "Rain, Steam and Speed."

In the early eighties we find the artist again attracted by the ocean. "He was a great painter of water," writes M. Duret. The Channel, the





"INONDATION, GIVERNY"

BY CLAUDE MONET (1896)

Mediterranean, the Seine, the Thames, the canals of Holland and the ponds in his garden have been favorite themes and he always has chosen a residence in the vicinity of rivers, whether at Argenteuil or later at Vétheuil and finally at Giverny. For the first time since the days of his military service in Algeria, Monet saw the blue Mediterranean in 1884 when staying at Bordighera on the Italian coast, and had to train his eyes to a new kind of atmosphere. Another abrupt change for one so sensitive to the slightest variations of light was afforded by a sojourn among the rocks of Brittany on the Atlantic.

In 1886 Monet settled for good and all at Giverny, department of Eure, where he now lives. From this period date the monumental cycles of between ten and twenty effects of one subject: the "Haystacks," the "Cathedral," the "Poplars," lastly the "Lily-pond."

These \*cycles are unique in the annals of western landscape painting. They exemplify the basis of M. Monet's

profound originality and are, moreover, the supreme effort of a life replete with strenuous, concentrated labor. Far from being exercises intended to facilitate a task, as some have erroneously surmised, they made greater demands on the artist's faculty than did any of his preceding work. "To catch transient aspects in view of rendering them on canvas," writes M. Theodore Duret, "represents the most delicate of operations, amounting practically to abstraction. The fugitive aspect overlying the immutable form must be captured swiftly, the varying conditions tending, during their ephemeral apparition, to overlap each

other and, if the eye does not come between in the interval, confusion will ensue." M. Duret has heard Monet say that, after working on the different light effects on Rouen Cathedral, the concentration of his mind had been such as to cause the most terrible fatigue.

Monet visited London on several occasions between 1901 and 1904, discovering new beauty in



"LE JARDIN, GIVERNY"

BY CLAUDE MONET (1900)

\*They may have been suggested to Monet by Hiroshige's views of Fujiyama.



that city at every return. And it should be pointed out here that the first artist captivated by London previous to Monet was Whistler. The difference between their enthusiasms lay in just this: Whistler loved the sunlessness of its atmosphere; Monet loved the peculiar "atmosphericity" of its sunlight.

His sojourn in Venice was productive of three cycles; one, of the Grand Canal and the Church of San Salute; the second, of the Church of St. George and the Custom House; the third, of the palaces overlooking the Grand Canal.

Until 1880, Impressionism was kept alive by the stubbornness of five men, three of whom were collectors: Faure, a singer at the Grand Opera; Caillebotte, an amateur painter; Mr. de Bellio, a Roumanian, who took advantage of his reputation for "connoisseurship" to "push" his protégés; M. Hochedé and, especially, M. Durand-Ruel "to whom we owe everything," as M. Monet said



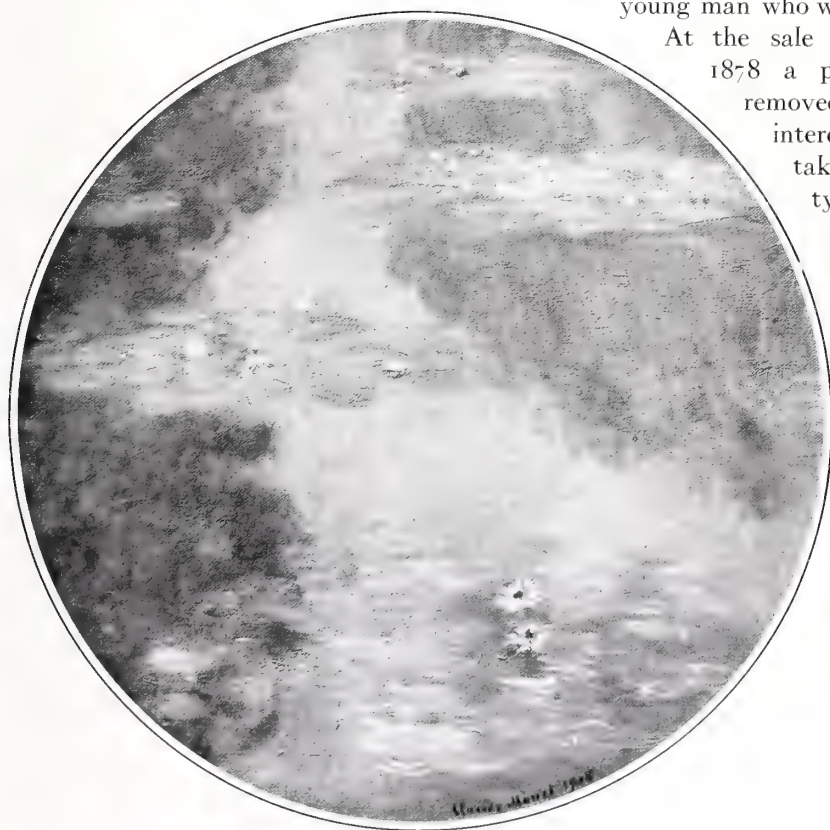
"THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON"

BY CLAUDE MONET (1904)

to me the other day. It must not be forgotten, however, that Daubigny also admired Monet. The great Barbizon painter had bought several of his pictures, and in London, where they all had fled from the war, Daubigny had introduced Monet to M. Durand-Ruel, saying: "Here is a young man who will go further than any of us."

At the sale of Daubigny's collections in 1878 a picture by Monet had been removed as not worthy. After 1880, interest and appreciation were to take the place of sceptical curiosity, and when, in 1889, Monet joined Rodin in a dual display at George Petit's, where the painter showed a hundred and fifty canvases, he was a recognized great man.

It was to assuage the heart-ache brought on by the war and by losses in his family, that, after two years of inaction, Monet undertook the nineteen panels of his lily-pond, called "Nymphéas," which he has presented to the French nation and which will hang with the Caillebotte collection of

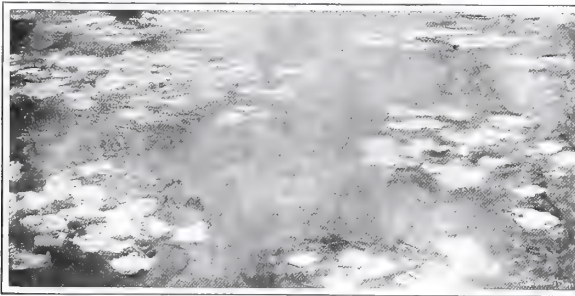


"LES NYMPHÉAS" BY  
CLAUDE MONET (1908)



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"LE BASSIN AUX NYMPHÉAS" BY CLAUDE MONET (1919)

reflection of light and water to the exclusion of every solid element save that of the white, floating, ephemeral blossoms. The panels of the cycle have not as yet been revealed to the public and will not be shown before the opening of the Orangerie.

The pond upon which Monet has centered these three years of incessant attention is in the exquisite garden designed by himself and the care of which is his hobby. Crowded with flowers which no gardener may touch without his sanction, it is the talk of the neighborhood even although, being walled in, few outsiders see it.

CLAUDE MONET AND HIS FAMILY IN THE STUDIO. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: M. MONET'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, MR. BUTLER, MISS BUTLER, M. MONET, MISS NAMARA, MR. LACHMAN, MRS. BUTLER





# Ethel WALLAGE • *Gay Primitive*

NEW wine in old bottles has always been considered a dangerous practice—for the bottles—but excellent for imparting an aroma to the wine, which is far more important.

Here is an artist who works out her problems in batik, one of the most ancient of mediums. To her it is a very mellow and aromatic vessel to contain the sharper sensuousness of today. Her materials are rough lengths of silk and ells of fine velvet, that could be drawn through that fabulous ring which was the measure of the old fabric-makers. They are opulent in scale and dimension, and to the ancient craft of the batik she brings new processes and enrichments and delicacies of application and of feeling. Her figures are drawn with the abandon of hot countries and old races, with a child-like candor and simplicity, to which she adds the most sophisticated coloring, at once a blending of the patina of old marble and the sharpness of broken fruit, the dimness of faded frescoes, the whole shot through with the keen brilliance of jewel lights.

The secret of an art, with respect to the technique of it, is somehow the honesty with which it is executed, as well as the skill that is employed. It has become traditional to regard painting in oil as perhaps finer than painting in any other medium. And yet dry colors are only pulverized substances, of varying preciousity,

*In her batiks she produces striking modern effects in the ancient medium of dye . . . by*

DONALD GORLEY

resolved in oil or varnish or turpentine or shellac. So, in considering the intricate and difficult technique of batik-making, as conceived in some far-off age—certainly among the primitive races in Java and presumably in Egypt and in Asia Minor—and practiced by a few moderns here and there, of whom Ethel Wallace is one of the

foremost, the relative values of paint and dye carry one back to archeologic glamor. The Pompeians made use of "dried violets macerated in water" for a lavender pigment, according to an old historian, and the Greeks found that lapis lazuli, ground to dust, made an incomparable blue. And so a dye, made of some emanation of copper treated with an acid, or the chance mixture of certain chemical derivatives, or vegetable juices, or earths from strange places, becomes a substance certainly as rich in ancestry as the ancients' "copper filings and powder flint" or the mythical cinnabar, said to have been produced by "the

mixed blood shed by the elephant and the dragon in their deadly fights," a dye which is now conjectured to have been a preparation of cochineal.

The batik seems to rank very low among the fine arts in the popular mind. It is with a sense of discovery that one finds so ardent an explorer as Ethel Wallace, whose batiks are made in the original way, with a wax "resist," often washed



"NOURIPANUR"  
BATIK BY ETHEL WALLACE



"WOMEN AROUND A FOUNTAIN" BY ETHEL WALLACE



out and replaced with a fresh coating of hot wax, and each tone or touch of color achieved by dipping in a carefully compounded dye-color. She says of her work in batik: "It is an experiment to see how far one may go with a medium that has had little honor done to it."

This is the craft side, which, as a framework, supports the opulent fantasy of this artist's fullness of life. She believes that the artist should be the consummate craftsman, able to regard the chosen substances as means to an end, as millstones to render wheat and red poppies into fine flour for the feast of beauty. She tells us a legend of Persia, or Cambodia, or Ionia, and conveys to us the repose of profane goddesses who were more sacred than the others, who knew no wrong, who had no nerves, but an abundant and beautiful serenity and a sure grace more profound than sadness. Ethel Wallace uses her fantasy not as mere decoration, but as a colorful and sufficing commentary and precipitate of life. One says at first glance "Persian," and then, "No—but as Persia might have produced had Persia had the life of today in her alembic."

Of the batiks reproduced here, "Eve and the Peacock" is done with an easy and un-neurotic sensuousness. The work is a life-scale panel, a cool and complex harmony of yellow-green flesh tone, as fresh as half-ripened apples, with a sanguine butterfly and a pomegranate and a rich border of red, black and yellow. "Women Around the Fountain," done on pale silk in

"EVE AND THE PEACOCK"  
BY ETHEL WALLACE



nacre-blue and crushed violet and remote rose color and saffron, is a ballad of the feelings of womankind—a gamut of five figures, like the five notes of a Grecian scale, dissonant to each other, women of varying demeanor, or perhaps five transmutations of one woman: the materialist who seeks water for culinary use, the maker of wine, the idle and apathetic hedonist who cares only for the song of the fountain, the dancer whose water-jar is only a symbol, the weary figure who seeks peace at a primitive source. The portrait called “Nouripanûr,” in warm violets, wine-colors, bluish lavenders, with cold blue ideographic flowers on a Chinese white ground, is a Persian reading of a modern woman’s face and personality. The configuration is bold and simple, done with a free gesture and a fantastic yet definite sense of *décor*. “Salomé” is in the pose of Shiva, a poised movement in pale green and terra cotta and flat Chinese yellow, with flesh the color of dried citron.

The head of John the Baptist is only a minor detail, in a corner, unimportant as compared with the sinuous and voluptuous dancer. Here is a Salomé who, having gained her whim, is no longer interested in the head, but gives herself to dancing. She might be Shiva, celebrating the full impulse of the moment. She recalls the spirited and abandoned mural sculptures of the palaces of Cambodia, and the untrammelled jubilation of the Ajanta frescoes, done in an age before sin was thought of; voluptuous and unashamed in line and motion and addressed to the finer sensuousness of the mind. A living figure dances, with a background of legendary things, replete with suggestion and



“SALOMÉ” BATIK BY ETHEL WALLACE

imagery, depicting rather the half-indicated shadowy race-relics one perceives in a living woman than the marionettes that surround the story of Salomé. One feels that for once a woman has interpreted a woman, who, like Cleopatra and Lucretia Borgia, has been too often painted by men, and doubtless misjudged; not so much cruel as indifferent, not so much blood-lustful as simply sensuous; in a word: a woman has dared to be herself, regardless of her time and environment, and has visualized the unchanging spirit of this type of womanhood. The result is a Twentieth Century expression of an ageless truth.



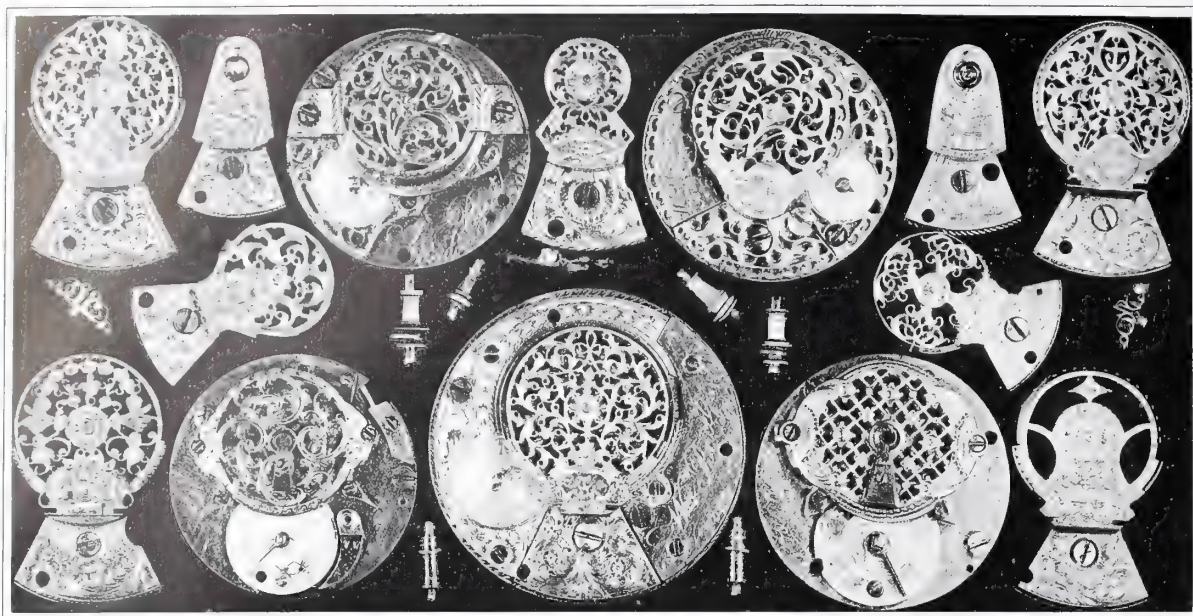


PLATE ONE

## WATCH-GOGGKS *Now Antiques*

**A**STRONOMICAL movement is time's first impulse as it affects the Earth; the year, the month, and the day result from the solar system's motion. Long ages ago man made use of these natural time periods. Even as far back as the Egyptian and Babylonian civilizations, diurnal movement was recorded by sun-shadow, upon a dial, placed either horizontally or vertically. With the introduction of a fine metal rod, the gnomon, as the intercepting agent, and an indexed dial, hourly divisions of the day came into use for periods of sunshine.

Then came the use of candles, measured off into such lengths as would take an hour to burn. Another contrivance was the hour glass. The clepsydra, or water thief, was invented by ancient Egyptians, and continued in use until the clock superseded it. It was water driven, and could roughly measure the minute as well as the hour periods from sun to sun.

The first clocks were made for ecclesiastical buildings about the end of the Thirteenth Century. Their first use was to toll out the hours, hence the name clock, from cloca, a bell. The earliest clocks were weight driven, and the time telling face was soon added. The invention of a thin coiled band of tempered brass or steel as a spring for the motive power made possible a portable time measurer. This Fifteenth Century invention

*Beautiful pieces of mechanism helped tick off the span of their own existence . . . . . by*  
CHARLES R. FISHER

soon led to the watch as man's ever faithful companion for all hours.

Rare specimens of early watch-craft are found in some museums. The cases of these are usually of gold or

silver, beautifully engraved and jeweled. Early in the Seventeenth Century, craftsmen began to ornament that interior mechanism of the watch known as the movement. Before the end of the century, the first definite, broadly foliated artistic style became established. Throughout the Eighteenth Century watch-cocks were designed in seemingly never ending variety. The first half of the Nineteenth Century saw the decline and end in this miniature metal-craft; it faded out with the advent of the cheap Swiss and machine-made, strictly utilitarian pocket time-keeper.

The adornment of these old watch movements centered in the watch-cock, that bracket which was screwed at its foot to the watch-plate, and used to hold and shield the balance-wheel. The old time, seven years youthful apprenticeship concentrated plastic mentality to a vision of endless arabesques, balanced freehand designs, and so forth, together with some realistic human, animal, floral, or classic figure touch at base or crown of the table. Military and musical emblems, the dramatic mask, the cameo-tooled portrait head, the vase, and geometric and quasi-geometric designs are found among the varied figurations



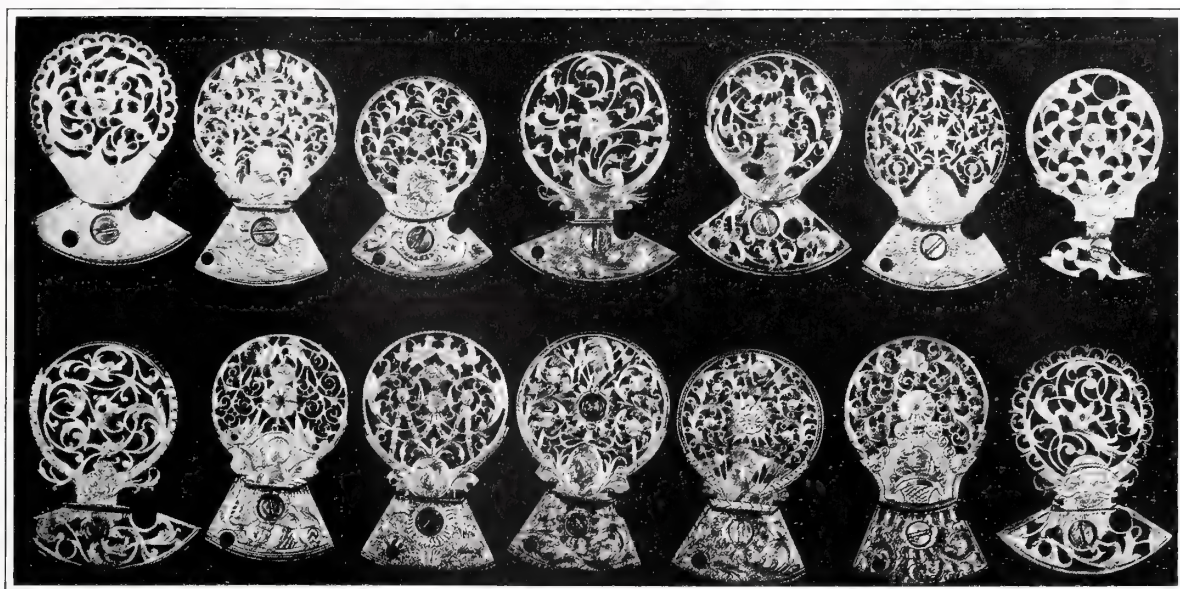


PLATE TWO

on these old watch-cocks. The guild apprenticeship is now a thing of the past, and watch-cock artistry died with it, to the great loss of metalcraft.

The purpose of this review is to consider interior horological art, most particularly as its efforts are concentrated upon the watch-cock. Britten, in his standard work, "Old Clocks and Watches," says, "A few years ago (edition 1904) a taste for watch-cock necklaces, brooches and bracelets arose, and thousands of interesting movements were destroyed in mad haste to supply material for an evanescent fancy." This is true, but almost certainly this craze of fashion was the saving of many choice specimens, which otherwise would have been cast into the melting pot for the gold on the heavily gilt brass watch-cock, or for the silver, for some were made of that metal. Here and there, a central jewel was thought to be worth salving. It may yet be possible to find watch-cocks in the possession of old established watchmakers, hoarded because a possible call might again be made for antique watch-cock jewelry.

The writer's collection of watch movements and of watch-cocks comprises about a thousand examples, an accretion surrounding a nucleus of less than a hundred well selected specimens that came to him from his father, whose connection with the watch trade first led him to realize their artistic value and to begin collecting.

The ornamental verge watch-cock is essentially a British craft for the old continental watchmakers used the bridge—the form that was screwed at both ends. It does not seem that any craftsmen west of the Atlantic made verge watches; all were imported from Europe, mainly

from England. Fine watches, dating from Colonial times, that must have belonged to prominent men of that day, are tucked away in historic museums, for neither their artistic value nor historic worth seem always to be realized.

The particularly selected specimens that illustrate this article are pictured at nearly their exact size, as enlargement might give a false impression. The first group, Plate I, contains a series of five old watch movement balance-wheel plates. They are of burnished steel, that either just circles to the protecting rim of the ornamental table above or else slightly extends beyond it. Each of these five specimens can be examined to advantage, as they illustrate distinctive watch types. The top left side plate has a pierced and engraved floriated bridge, with additional ornamentation surrounding the regulating silver index dial. As can easily be seen, the balance-wheel pivot is contained in the bridge, which is screwed on both sides. This is a somewhat rare specimen of an early London-made watch produced at the establishment of J. Best.

The upper watch-plate, to the right, was made by William Flint, Charing, doubtless that old village at the Strand's End, where Trafalgar Square now lies and the present Charing Cross Station. It is an exceptionally fine plate of the early Seventeenth Century. A pierced and engraved scalloped ornament encircles the whole plate, as well as surrounds the watch-cock table—that bracket which springs from a foot, screwed to the plate by a single screw, the table of which holds one pivot of the balance wheel. Here the table and broad foot of the watch-cock are of pierced foliated work, a part of a larger plate design.



PLATE THREE

Nearly a century later, Wm. Brice of London, whose watch plate is shown as the largest central underplate, gave a different phase to the ornamentation of his watch. The whole is of large proportion, minutely figured in balanced free-hand design, with a solid, narrow engraved foot. To the right and left of this are placed French and Swiss watch plates. Both have bridges and date from about the middle of the Eighteenth Century. The next items to notice are the little Egyptian style, four square gilded pillars, hand-cut and well proportioned; these are interspersed uppermost, while two lathe-turned pillars are under the Brice watch. All are placed near the watch plates to which they belong. The two small metal wings, placed at each end centrally, are little touches of ornament used between the plates.

The remaining pieces in the first group are watch-cocks taken from their settings. These each have some distinctive feature of which the dramatic face is most often used at the base, but still distinctive because it seems that two have never been engraved alike. Possibly this is a resultant artistic impress from the Gothic idea. Again, the Renaissance touch is found in the use of the pillar, or some natural object. Search with a magnifying glass will reveal here a tiny square, there an anchor and there a pair of human hands; probably some secret symbols. At the right hand under corner is perhaps a first evidence of devolution—the thick unpierced bracket to just past the necessary centre with only a rim circle as table; yet the engraving is unusual. A step beyond this is found in the two tapering bars, with no circle. The unpierced engraving is good, and the little diamonds set in blued burnished steel have a

most artistic effect. These date from about the mid-Nineteenth Century, and after this comes the strictly utilitarian bracket to hold the balance, which is manufactured in the gross.

Much is now made of jeweled holes, as an evidence of the best-going anti-frictional watch. The evidence gleaned from the old jeweled watch-cock, however, is that the first use of the jewel in a watch was to add to its beauty as a work of art, although it was placed over the balance staff. Plate II. and the subsequent plates consist wholly of watch-cocks selected because of some distinctive touch of interest. These are arranged in a manner designed to give artistic contrast.

Chronological sequence in many instances is impossible, but generally speaking the broadly flowing, involved type is of early date, while the narrow solid foot, more ornate, is later in time.

In the right hand upper corner of Plate II is a watch-cock of very early date, so much so that the foot is not fully developed in style. This may be an early Seventeenth Century specimen designed for a watch of peculiar mechanical movement. The upper central watch-cock is by far the most beautiful specimen known to the writer. Of the best early period, it evidences the touch of a master both as regards design and in the tooling. The line engraving at the base can truly be described as exquisite. The top left corner watch-cock is made of silver (one of the very few that have escaped the melting pot). This should be compared with the lower right corner one and the finely scalloped work around the circle of each observed. In the left hand under-corner one notices the boldness of the encircling rim and ears (those under projections at the base



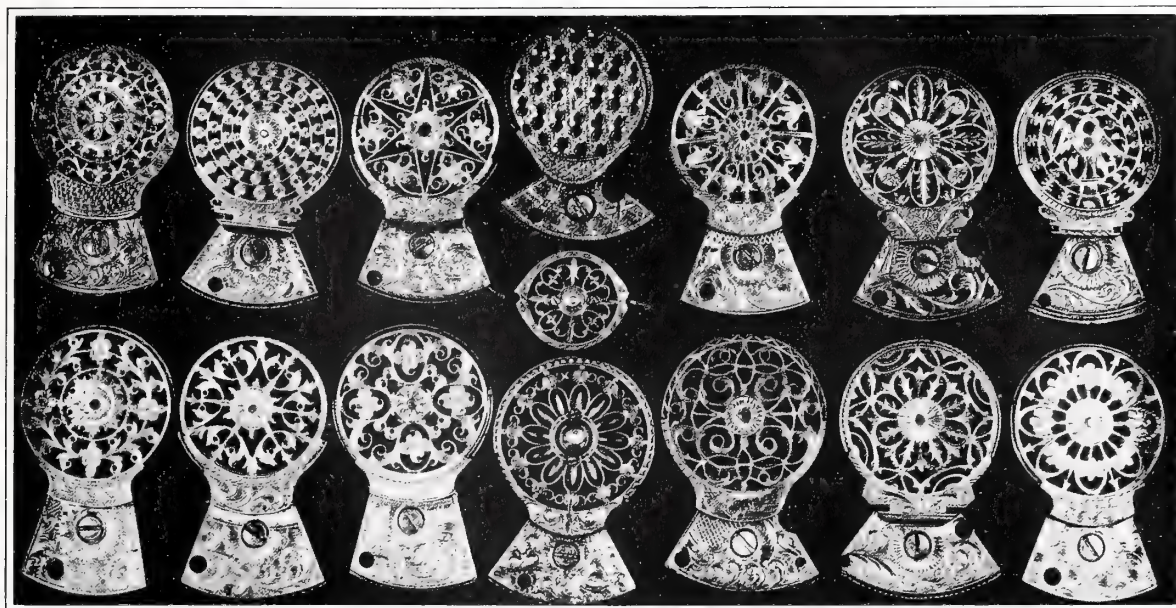


PLATE FOUR

of the circle) so markedly different from the scalloped designs. All those on Plate II, just described, are of early type. Space will not permit of a detailed description of all the other examples on Plate II, merely a mention of certain peculiarities. Those with cameo or portrait heads are not common. It has been claimed that all such heads face to the left. The one to the left of the beautiful upper central watch-cock is the only cameo head facing right that the writer knows of.

On Plate III there are grouped watch-cocks that are all decidedly different from any previously described. Three containing diamond centres beautifully set in blued steel are the upper centre one and those on either side of the lower centre one. The two central ones are of very unusual outline, the lower one pierced; the upper, solid and engraved with a hare in the midst of leafage. The one to the right of this is by an artist with an individuality all his own. It is really miniature sculpture in brass, depicting three placidly floating swans above, while below two birds are attacking a snake. The writer has only one other watch-cock that shows the same artistic touch. For contrast, examine that one, second from the bottom left corner. It is of the finest pierced interlaced floral design encircled by a most delicate scallop inside the rim. At the opposite side, the second from the right, is another delicately worked design that contains a little profile head near the crown, but evidently wrought by another hand. The watch-cocks on this plate illustrate the seemingly endless variety of ornamentation used. Careful examination will show a lute and harp on those at the upper corner, and among the others a bee, a lion, a horse,

a large bird, a Scotch thistle, and a Renaissance urn—a wide range of artistic inspiration. All those grouped in Plate IV are again different, the essential characteristic being geometric as contrasted with freehand design. These specimens have all been re-selected from a hundred selected geometric or quasi-geometric watch-cocks; each has some distinctive detail to differentiate it from any other. Two or three are suggestive of the Gothic rose window, notably so the lower central one, which is finely diamond centered. Perhaps the most exceptional of all watch-cocks is that in the upper row, the second from the left. The circling is a spiral, opening out from the centre and then contracting to the rim. Such sureness of hand and eye makes one wonder at the craftsman who wrought it. The tiny specimen that centres all is a French bridge. It is placed there to show how French craft took a different art bent from that of the English, even geometrically.

If this illustration and description of a practically forgotten art arouses intelligent interest, much has been achieved. This metal craft of the old verge watch movement ornamentation merits the attention of all whose artistic taste delights in such workmanship, an art now wholly of the past. There should yet be some who are so inclined to historical research, even if not imbued with the temperament that revels in the artistic as such, that they will search out the remaining watch-clock treasurers that remain from Colonial times west of the Atlantic and assemble them as records of the past. Once properly housed, the antiquarian and artistic worth of these works of a more leisurely age than this will never diminish.

# STUART'S *Three Washingtons*

GILBERT STUART created three distinct types of portraits of George Washington, known as the Vaughan, the Lansdowne and the Athenæum types, each named after its earliest or most prominent possessor. The original of each type is now in this country. Two of them are well known. The original painting of the Vaughan type is the Vaughan-Clarke portrait; the original of the Lansdowne type is the Brook Club's portrait, and the original of the Athenæum type is the portrait which is hung in the Museum of Art in Boston.

From the Vaughan portrait, the artist produced twelve replicas; from the Lansdowne, fifteen, and from the Athenæum, seventy-one or more. Considering the number of replicas, his efforts did not have unqualified success, in either his own opinion or that of the best informed of his contemporaries. He had aimed at producing a work which would be above criticism, but immediately after the production of each original, he set to work to modify it in the replicas; some more, some less; some in pose, some in traits; others, in the detail of dress and paraphernalia. He set out to please the public more than himself. The originals were for himself.

Stuart was a pleasing and an earnest artist with a fine technic. His coloration was superb, and his success in rendering likeness was generally unchallenged when uninfluenced by demand. Nevertheless, his Washingtons are uneven, an inequality often attributed to the impossibility of any artist reproducing his own work without variation. In the first type the changes are few, but in the two later types they are conspicuous, even great. It is evident that he followed a certain plan in the

*After producing a faithful portrait in the "Vaughan type," he let idealism betray his art . . . . . by*

GUSTAVUS A. EISEN

originals and replicas, none of which equalled the originals and many of which differed from them to a really shocking degree. Washington, we know changed in appearance in a conspicuous manner

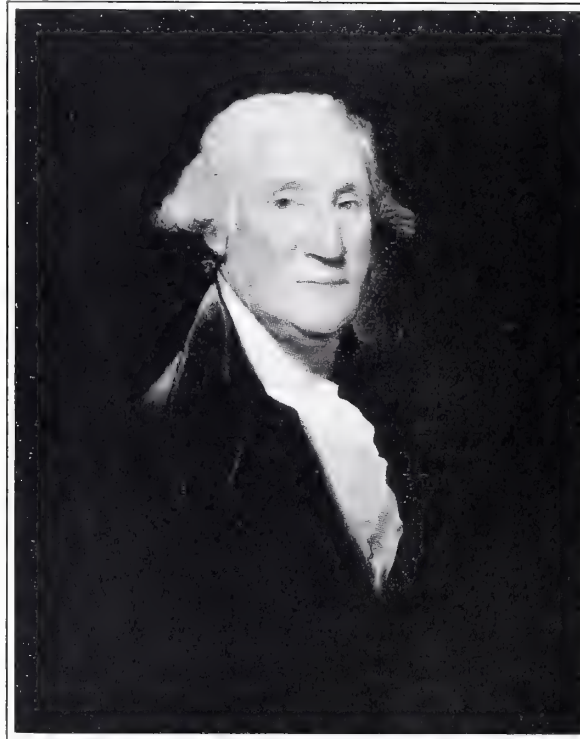
changes, well meant but unfortunately carried out. The confusion which resulted was increased by the unavoidable variations of some four hundred and fifty engravings made after his various

after the beginning of the Revolutionary War, but it would be impossible for him to appear so essentially different at each sitting or to appear so differently to three individual artists painting him at the same time and in the same room, as they did.

The object of this article is to point out some of these differences in Stuart's portraits and then to determine, if that be possible, which portrait and which type must be considered most worthy of appreciation by our own and later generations. Of a national, standard portrait it should be demanded that it shall reflect not alone the bodily fea-

tures without undue embellishment, but also the spirit and the mental qualities of the man. Against this principle, most portrait painters sin through bodily idealization or idealization of character.

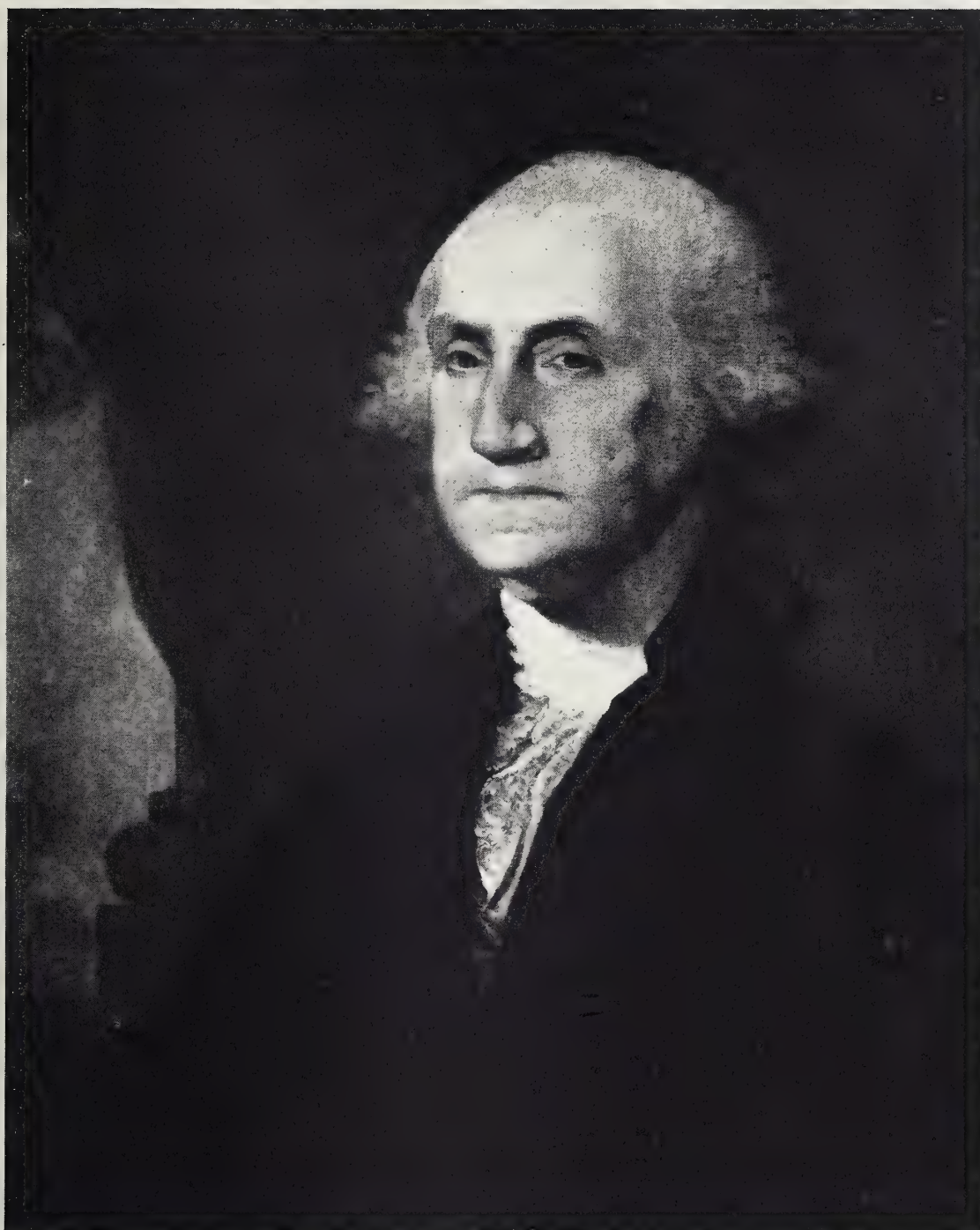
Stuart left at his death a memorandum containing the names of thirty-nine gentlemen who were to have copies of his portrait of the President of the United States. This memorandum was dated at Philadelphia, April 10, 1795, and Samuel Vaughan, an English merchant in that city, was set down for two copies. It is known that the Vaughan portrait was soon sent to London, and there is good reason to believe also that with this original went the replica, which was a present from



THE VAUGHAN-CLARKE PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON  
BY GILBERT STUART, PAINTED IN SEPTEMBER, 1795

Collection of Thomas B. Clarke

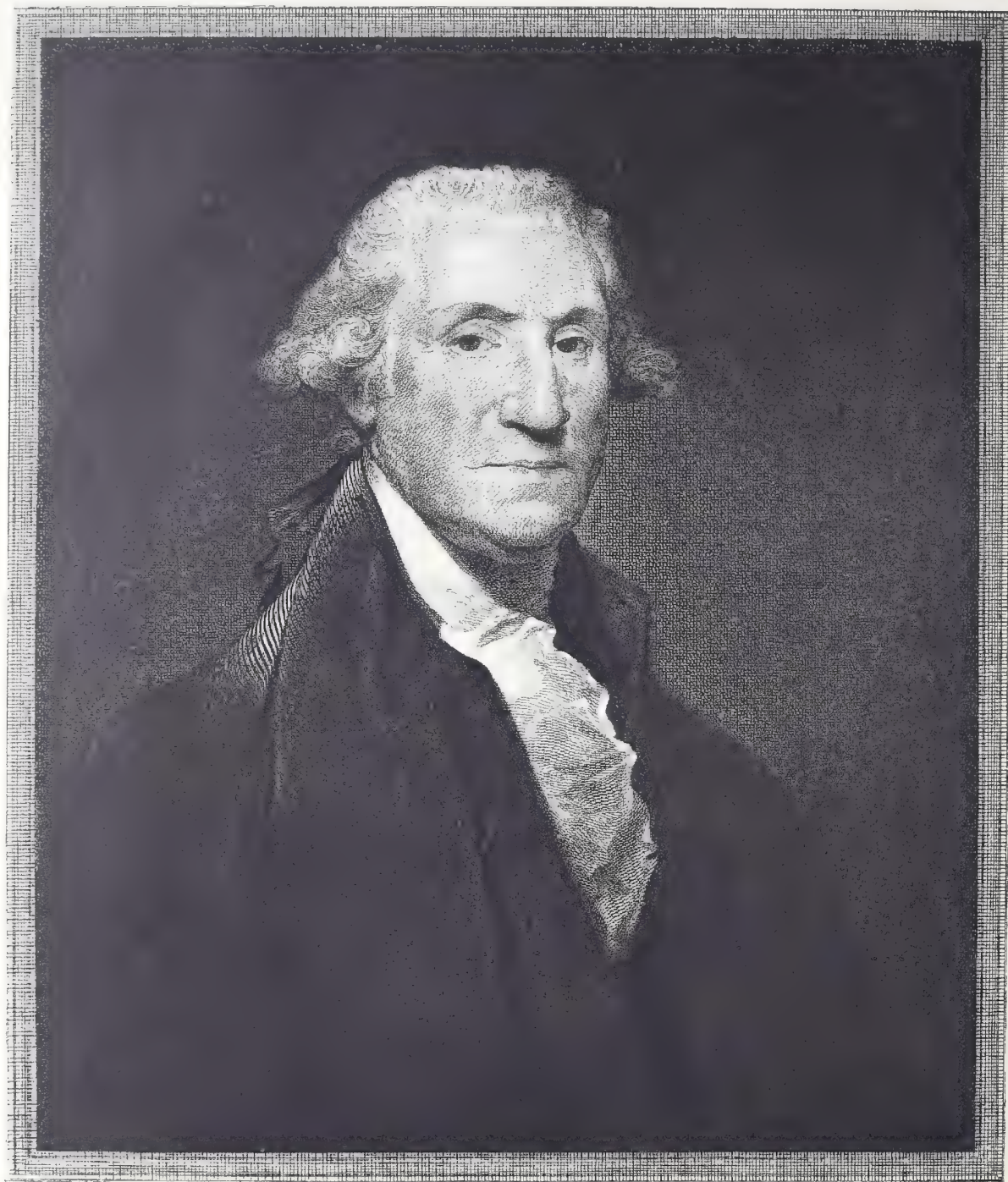




*Portrait of Washington by Gilbert Stuart Recently Brought from China*

**T**HIS interesting portrait of Washington, now in New York, has a romantic interest and seems to corroborate the story in Mason's *Life of Gilbert Stuart* in regard to there having been in Canton, China, a painting by Stuart from which a Chinese artist made excellent copies on glass. The position of the head, high up on the canvas; its poise and the movement of shoulders and arms in connection with the column, curtains and sky, seem to give it a certain kinship with the three-quarter length canvas in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. It is painted on twilled canvas, is fine in color and in splendid original condition, and is an excellent example of Stuart's later style

*Courtesy of the Howard Young Galleries*



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

*Engraved by J. Holloway from a Picture painted by M. Stuart in 1795.  
in the possession of Samuel Vaughan Esq.*

*Published as the act directs by T. Holloway and the other Proprietors Nov: 2. 1796*



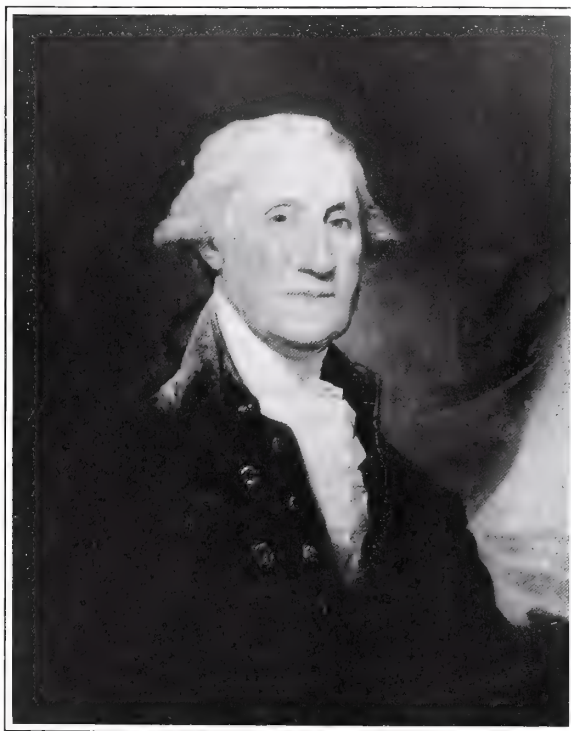
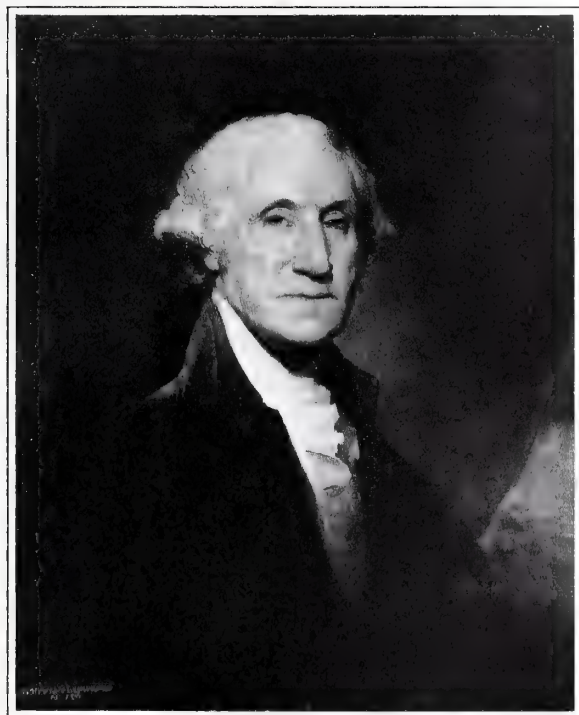
Vaughan to his friend, Lord Camperdown. This shipment was of particular historical importance.

The Vaughan, as well as its replicas, favors the right side of the face, which was considered Washington's better side. These represent Washington as an old man, still by far not so old as the photographic reproductions and some of the engravings would make us believe, because the rather undue redness which Stuart gave to the cheeks is rendered in the photographs as shadow, thereby thinning the face and making it look older than it does in the painting. The hair in all of Stuart's portraits of Washington is white and made to resemble the coiffure of the wig, which contemporaries assert that Washington did not wear. Washington powdered his hair, however, but his hair was thin and never could have been so abundant as it appears in the portraits. Then, too, it was sandy brown, even at his death. The following description is of the original Vaughan, as well as of a solio print of exceptional quality, which shows us that in various points the original Vaughan is superior to the replicas, of which one is practically an exact copy:

"The face is oval but appears more rounded in the original than in the photograph. The expression is genial, captivating and highly sympathetic, much more so than in some of the replicas and in the two other types. The face is convincing of

THE GIBBS-CHANNING PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART

*The face is ailing, and the expression is sad. The bowknot almost resembles a coat collar with fringed fur*  
*In the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

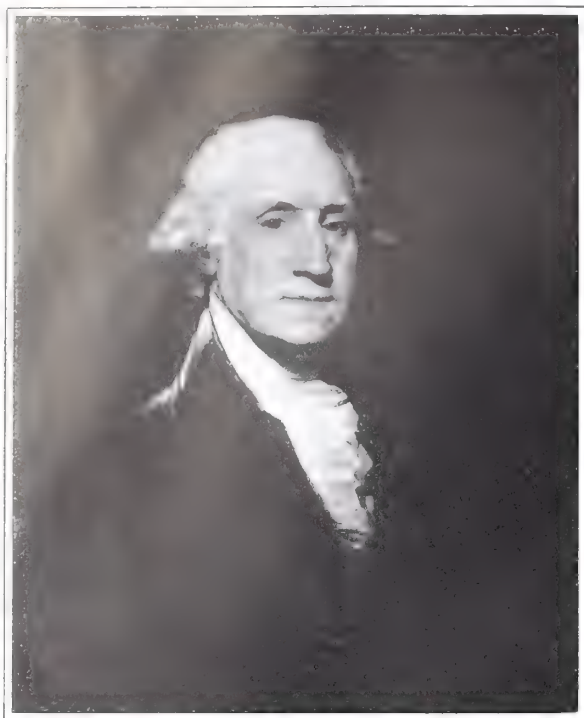


THE CAMPERDOWN REPLICA OF THE VAUGHAN PORTRAIT

*The first attempt at idealization with more youthful face and greater dignity. The bowknot, ruffle and curtain are changes*  
*In the Frick Collection*

truthfulness, reflecting certain spiritual and mental qualities to a high degree. It is dreamy but not dull; it is serene but not serious; it is kind but not patronizing; it is full of knowledge but not knowing; it is wise but not legal; it is suffused by peace and stillness and with that supreme harmony between expression of soul and body which characterized Washington and Lincoln among the great men of modern time, but which in Washington reached its culmination.

"In this picture, Washington looks down upon us as from a higher plane. Upon his lips is a smile, more delicately rendered than in most of the replicas, and which is entirely lacking in the other types. The face reflects goodness and happiness, his eyes are thoughtful and contemplative, his forehead is clear; his beauty of age is supreme, unruffled, calm, but reflecting a contemplative and inner, rather than an active, life. The cheeks, as even in Washington's younger pictures, are drooping, the chin is set and pointed. The expression of the mouth and the region above it is sweet and delicate, a characteristic not seen in all the replicas. The nose, though large, is not unduly prominent. The eyes especially are admirable, full of feeling, pleasantly penetrative, but not searching and commanding. In this quality of the eyes, the replicas differ, and it seems evident that the artist was constantly searching for a way to catch and fix that lovable and otherwise



THE SCOTT-LANCASTER-RILEY-MUNN PORTRAIT

*Possibly made before the Gibbs-Channing. A strong attempt at idealization, with more youthful face. It is painted with a perfect technic and great simplicity*

remarkable expression of Washington's eyes, also to a certain degree possessed by his relatives.

"The technic is surprisingly delicate in the original and in some of the replicas, with little or no overpainting. It attests a rapid and concentrated execution in every single stroke, and every hair of the brush had been made to tell its purpose. The paint is thin, often a mere film of bloom, as it were, charged with brightness and perfume, through which the grain of the canvas reflects as a living surface. In this technic we must recognize an execution hastened by excitement of inspiration and by anxiety lest some of the expression in the face might flit away. The artist has evidently divested himself of his own personality and of any attempt at interpretation, committing to canvas only that which he saw and that which he felt and fully comprehended."

Speaking of the negative qualities of the portrait, we must concede that we see here no trace of self-consciousness nor of that egotism and mistrust, that trace of self glorification to which so many other types, including those of other masters, bear evident witness. There is no sneer of the mouth, no haughtiness of the nose, no concealment of thought, no detail to which any one could take exception but that of age, and this the artist evidently tried to modify by a heightened color of the cheeks. In fact, this age of which so many critics speak is apparent chiefly in the

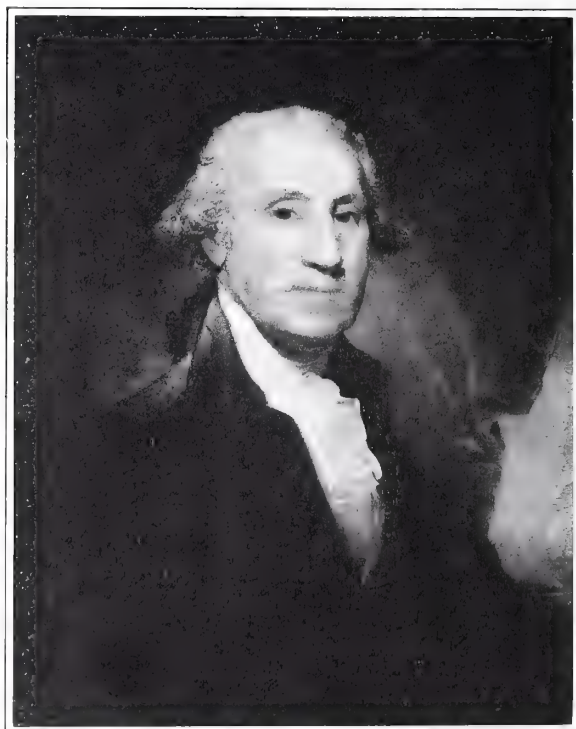
photographic reproductions, and for this some allowance in the circumstances should be made.

There is no attempt in the Vaughan and its replicas to present a conscious pose of either body or chest, neck or head, and in this the Vaughan is superior to all other portraits of Washington to which we can attribute a real or approximate likeness. There were later attempts to portray Washington as younger than he was, and to make composite portraits, taking this from one, that from another, but none of these attempts, even those by Rembrandt Peale, was even approximately successful. Some of the more pronounced differences in the Vaughan replicas to which all critics have alluded concern the color of the coat, which in the Camperdown copy is brown; in all others, black. Then, in the original as well as in most of the replicas the background is plain, whereas in four of them a red, gray or greenish curtain is introduced. The facial differences, as already stated, are subtle in some; in others, more distinct; in a few, objectionable. In this last case they seem to be intentional modifications, although it is impossible for any artist to duplicate his work exactly, and the greater the artist, the more important must be the changes, because it requires a mind lacking in imagination to successfully copy a work by any one else.

It has also been blamed on the artist that he

THE BINGHAM-PERRY-MEEKER PORTRAIT, IN CHICAGO

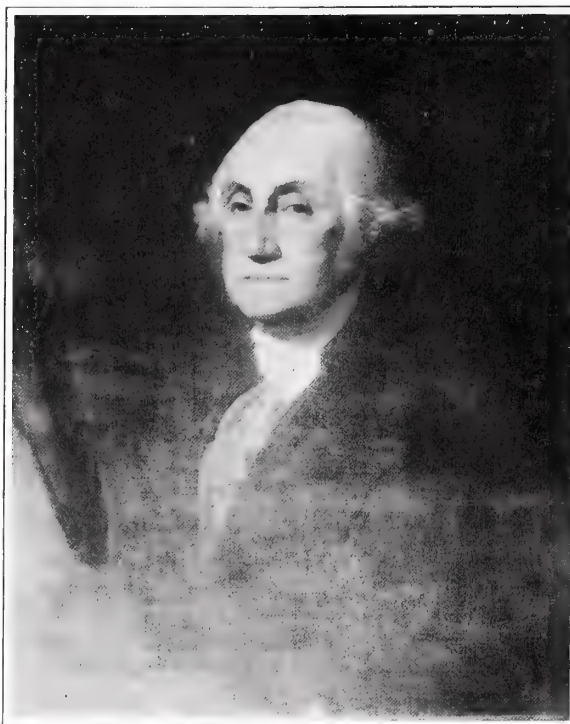
*The Camperdown portrait probably served as the original, but an attempt at rejuvenation is evident. The eyes are wider and the mouth heavier*





painted Washington as older than he was or actually appeared at that time. Such an accusation appears unfounded, however; the more so when we consider that the portrait painted by Rembrandt Peale on the same day, and perhaps in the same room, represents the President as even much older than Stuart's does. That this age was really reflected in his face is evident from the fact that Peale, as soon as his portrait was finished and taken away, set out to represent the President as a younger man, an undertaking in which he failed lamentably and significantly.

The theory that the original Vaughan portrait is the portrait now owned by Thomas B. Clarke, of New York, has been accepted as a fact, although Stuart himself declared that the original Vaughan had been rubbed out. The proofs of the identity of the Vaughan-Clarke portrait will be



LEFT SIDE PORTRAIT MADE BY GILBERT STUART AT THE SECOND SERIES OF SITTINGS BEGUN APRIL 12, 1796

*This model served for the full-length Lansdowne portrait now in England; it resembles the full-length in the Lenox collection in The Brook Club, New York*



STEEL ENGRAVING FROM THE LANSDOWNE PORTRAIT

*The face is evidently copied from the portrait in The Brook Club, reproduced above, but the eyes are more conscious and the mouth not as sympathetic. The bowknot is strongly fringed*

considered in this article. There are two points to be determined: First, is the Clarke portrait identical with the Vaughan, and, second, was the Vaughan the original.

In a letter dated in November, 1794, Stuart, at that time in New York, having just returned

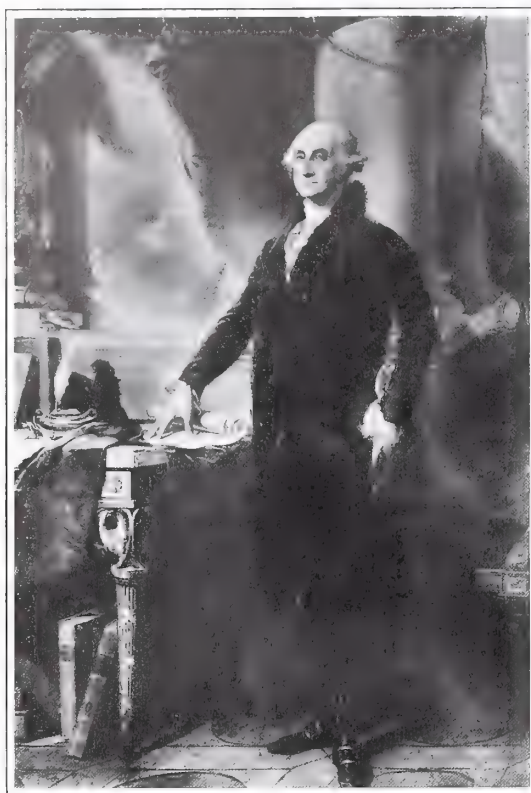
from London, mentions his intention to proceed south to paint a superior portrait of the President of the United States. A letter of introduction given him by the United States Minister in London, John Jay, was apparently delivered in the winter of 1795 in the course of the session of the United States Congress in Philadelphia. Stuart's memorandum, already mentioned, was made on April 10, 1795. As to the sittings, we will quote from Peale's letter to Joseph Harrison, this: "In the minute examination which was necessary in making a copy of your Washington, I was the more convinced of the truth of my impression that it is the first original portrait painted by Stuart in September, 1795, at the same time that Washington sat to me. . . ." And in his lecture, to illustrate which Peale had copied this portrait, he asserted: "Mr. Stuart's first portrait of Washington was painted simultaneously with mine in September, 1795. From this portrait he made five copies; but, becoming dissatisfied with it, some years afterward he sold it. . . Of this I was informed by Dr. Thornton, in Washington, soon after its occurrence, so that it was not literally rubbed out, as has been supposed. . . ."

This statement contains errors which suggest that Dr. Thornton was misinformed. The publication of the T. Holloway steel engraving of the Vaughan portrait, November 2, 1796, shows that

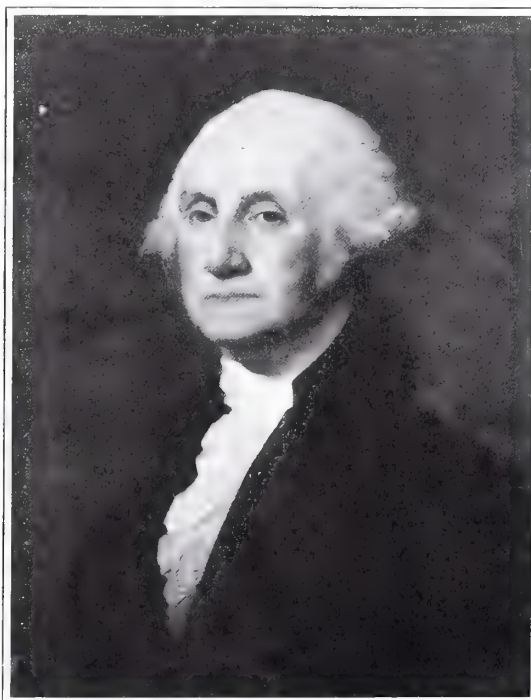


the portrait could not have hung in Stuart's studio several years, but must have been sent to London as soon as it and its twin, the Camperdown, were finished. Stuart could not have rubbed out the portrait made for Vaughan, because it was deeded to his heir and by him or his heirs sold to Joseph Harrison, who brought it to America and hung it in his home in Rittenhouse Square in Philadelphia. At the death of Mr. Harrison's widow it was purchased by Mr. Clarke, its present owner. Stuart made not five, but twelve replicas, but it may have been to his advantage to have made such statements as he did in order to conceal the fact of the original's actual existence from those who insisted upon buying his original. Nor is it conceivable that Stuart, a great portrait painter, should not have recognized the merits of his own work, but should have intended to destroy that which was his greatest achievement and upon which his fame largely depended.

The Vaughan and the Camperdown portraits are more closely related than any other two, the facial characteristics being the same. They must, therefore, have been executed in rapid succession or the characteristics would differ more than they do. The other Vaughan replicas also no doubt were painted in rapid succession, as none could have been executed after



FULL-LENGTH LANSDOWNE TYPE PORTRAIT  
*The theatrical pose shows a studio composition not possible at original sittings*  
*In the Lenox Collection of the New York Public Library*



THE HAVEMFYER-ATHENAEUM REPLICA  
*Superior to the Athenaeum portrait in expression, and probably one of the earliest replicas*  
*In the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

the time when Stuart began to paint the left side of Washington's face, which was April 12, 1796. Again, the Vaughan portrait is the only one which closely resembles the T. Holloway steel engraving and which could have served as its original. This engraving was published, or released, on November 2, 1796, so that the work itself must have begun several months earlier, and as it was done in London, it follows that the original, too, must have been there early in that year, a circumstance which at once stamps the Vaughan as that original. The originality of the Vaughan is proven also by its own inherent characteristics, the absence of any trace of effort to introduce idiosyncracies of pose, heroism or importance, and especially youth. The simplicity of the background also tends to prove originality and a first work. The preference of the Vaughan type over the two later types of Stuart's Washingtons is based also upon the certain resemblance these portraits possess to the admirable but much younger portrait by James Peale, which, of all the earlier efforts, is the most convincing of fidelity.

Vaughan had conceived the idea to present to his friend, Lord Camperdown, a portrait of Washington, and another Philadelphian, Mrs. William Bingham, sought the honor to present to Lord Lans-



downe a portrait of Washington as a token of her appreciation of his defense of the American Colonies before the House of Lords. For this purpose an original would be necessary, and to make a display and impress the mother country, a full length portrait was concluded to be the proper form. Stuart, having created the original Vaughan, was commissioned to paint this portrait, and Washington agreed to begin the sittings on April 12, 1796. It seems probable that Stuart already had finished and disposed of his replicas of the Vaughan, and also had begun to favor grandeur in expression and pose to incorporate a more generally accepted principle of Washington's dignity and importance in office.

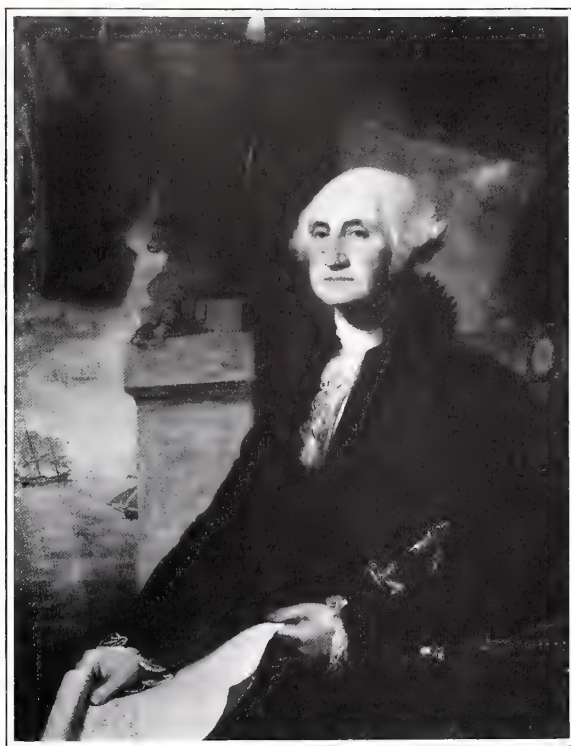
It has been assumed that the portrait sent to Lord Lansdowne, and from him descended to Lord Rosebery, in whose collection it probably remains, was the original of the type begun on April 12, 1796. To the present writer this appears dubious. The principal reason is the

impossibility of Washington posing for a full length portrait without great fatigue. Then, too, had he posed for the full length, the paraphernalia in the portrait would have been simple and not regal. These impressions were confirmed by examination of many photographs of original Stuarts of Washington and comparison of them with the Lansdowne replicas available in this country and with engravings of the one in England. It then became evident that the original of this type must have been a bust portrait in the style of the Vaughan and the Athenæum originals—the only practical size that Stuart could have produced at a few actual sittings. This theory became a certainty when a close study of a photograph of the bust portrait of Washington painted by Stuart, now in The Brook Club in New York, revealed the absolute resemblance between the face and the jabot of the full length Stuart in the Lenox Collection of the New York Public Library and the

corresponding parts in the Brook portrait. There could now be no reason to doubt that the real original of the Lansdowne replicas or types had been found and that the real Lansdowne, as we know it from the English replicas, must be dethroned as an original produced at actual sittings with Washington, and that it must give place to the simple little bust portrait of The Brook Club,

which until now has been neglected as second rate, although it possesses all the characteristics of an original produced at sittings.

The face in the Brook and the face in the full length Stuart in the Library are identical, but that in the Brook is much more refined, less conscious, more sympathetic, more truly dignified. The certainty of originality is further confirmed by the two jabots. They are absolutely alike, a resemblance which shows that the full length portrait was actually copied from the smaller. If we now turn to the Lansdowne in England, we see that, whereas the face is



THE CONSTABLE HALF-LENGTH PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART

*An elaborate effort at idealization, originally given to Alexander Hamilton; remarkable for its coloration  
In the New York Public Library*

that of the full length painting in the Library, the jabot is made of lace ruffles, which Washington never wore. We must therefore presume that Stuart changed the plain ruffles to lace to make the portrait destined for England more fashionable and more in conformity with aristocratic usage there. The lace jabot is found also in the other types, but always in portraits of secondary quality, thus demonstrating their chronological distance from the original. There is in the full length Stuarts also a difference in the pose of the right arm, which in some is raised, as in the real Lansdowne, and in others rests on the table, as in the Lenox replica. The former pose was more suitable to the English taste of that period. The paraphernalia could not even have been sketched in if they had surrounded Washington when he sat for Stuart, and must have been invented in the studio.

Recapitulating, we conclude that Stuart painted a bust portrait at each of the three series of

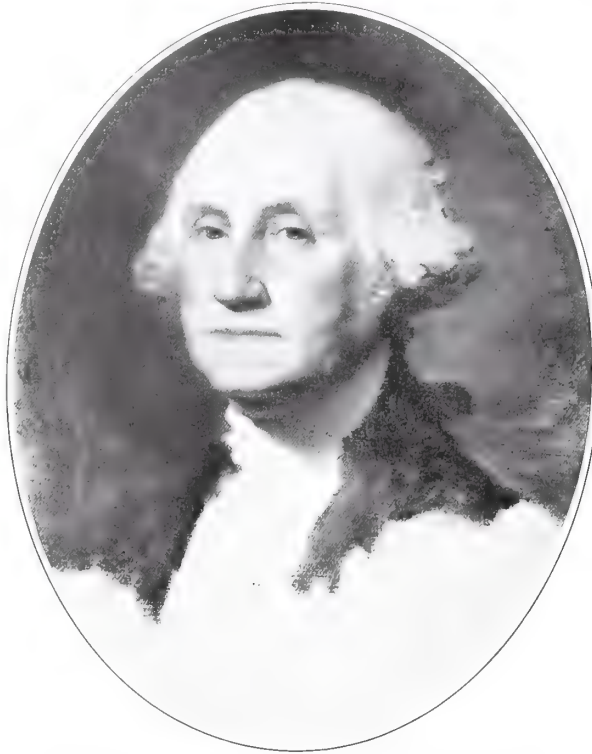
sittings of Washington, and that with them as models he made replicas, some almost like the originals; others, greatly modified. All three originals are now in this country, and these are the only originals, Stuart having had only three series of sittings of the President; and the authenticity of each is established beyond honest doubt.

The Athenæum portrait resulted from the last of Stuart's opportunities of painting Washington. It was begun in 1796, but its background never was finished in order that it might be retained in the artist's studio as a model for replicas. The commission for this portrait came probably from Martha Washington that it might serve as a companion piece for her own portrait, painted by the same artist. This theory would explain its size, its form, the turn of the face, and even the attempt of the artist to produce greater dignity in the manner generally conceived by the public. The original and a few of its replicas, although singularly inferior to the Vaughan, show less conspicuously these objectionable features. But in many of the replicas Stuart fairly ran riot, introducing new traits until the portraits no longer represent any of that spirituality and earnestness which we know characterized Washington. On the contrary, the mouth becomes sneering; the region around the nose, puffy; the eyes, denoting mistrust; the face, no longer benign. It is therefore unjust to Washington's memory to use the Athenæum portrait as a standard of his appearance and for the United States Government to reproduce it on coins, stamps or documents or in any other way. In the seventy-one or more replicas, Stuart went from bad to worse, seeking an effect to make the portrait popular. In some the face is sphinxlike; in none is it sympathetic and appealing; in many, it actually repels.

Various theories have been advocated to explain the defects in the Athenæum and the Lans-

downe types, but the fact that parallel defects are found in works of other artists who portrayed Washington necessitates a theory applicable to all. Some say Washington's face was disfigured by an ill fitting set of teeth, which would account for the expression of the mouth, but Eliza P. Custis, who naturally knew Washington well, assures us that the teeth were singularly well fitted and in no

way disfigured the mouth. Another theory suggested by W. Lanier Washington, a distinguished representative of the Washington family, is that Washington entertained a strong aversion to Stuart and that his feelings manifested themselves in his face. However, had Washington's feeling been so intense as to appear in his countenance, he never would have entrusted the artist with the painting of his wife, nor is it probable that he would have accorded the artist a second and third series of sittings for himself. Nor would this theory explain the progressive intensity of the defects as the series of



THE "ATHENÆUM HEAD," PAINTED IN 1796  
*The world's accepted portrait of Washington, and the  
last word in idealization*  
*In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts*

replicas advanced. We must, therefore, return to the most plausible theory: that the defects are due to studied but unsuccessful attempts of the artist, who was perhaps encouraged thereto, to introduce features which would make his portraits of Washington acceptable as a national standard around which all patriots and admirers might rally and upon which they could look with that reverence which they felt in their hearts, and, too, which experience shows was not and could not be effaced even by ignoble attempts at portraiture.

Many would have preferred, as we do now, to have seen Washington portrayed at a less advanced age. A too young portrait, however, could never have become a cherished standard, because we must remember and realize that a man's features are moulded by his deeds and thoughts, by the laws of spirituality instead of by fashion, and no one can achieve supreme greatness of character in youth.



# VÉZÈLAY—in Line and Word

VÉZÈLAY! Once again. VÉZÈLAY! If you cannot hear the music, do not come. Those who can not feel without the medium of the coarser sense would better gaze from afar down

the valley and not climb the hill, lest they desecrate through misunderstanding. Vézèlay's very aura radiates the waves of the song of human life.

Look, listen, touch, taste, smell, and you sense the legacy of human lives in their pains and their joys, their tears and their laughter, their failures and their successes, their disillusionments and their faiths.

It is a hilltop—Vézèlay—a hill rising so precipitously into a top as to make one think of a man-made fortress. Here it is crowned with the monument of its Romanesque cathedral, whose spire and long straight body ending in a second lower tower command the circumference of the seemingly endless horizon although the sister hills rise from the valley tight ringed around it with almost equal calm and majesty. Look where you will, you see only nature loved by man—fertile land cut into thousands of little separate fields in every variety of rectangular shape, outlined by scattered trees and bushes; colorful as nature and man together can create. That means much in France, where wild flowers mingle

*Beauties of historic point in France blend with its ancient architecture into a peculiar charm . . . by*

GARITA SPENGER

most an airplane view to look from the parapet terrace back of the big church, from the cool shadows of the old lindens, for the fields seem to be just beneath us.

The River Cure flows from its gentle rapids beyond the village of Pierre Perthuis, through the natural arch of rock, past huddled St. Père with its intimate and lovable church, below Vézèlay's walls, on by the equally huddled Asquins and out through the glacierlike cut in the hills beyond. Clustered villages dot the hillsides wherever the eye searches. They are spots of color, their basic stone squatting under sloping red roofs, and always the church spire guarding them. Fifteen—no, sixteen—one can count. Each contains two hundred, perhaps three hundred, inhabitants. Did each pay a toll like Vézèlay and Asquins in the Great World Event—fifty empty chairs? One does not want to believe it; one almost can not. Yet, as you drive through them you can read for yourself the names—twenty, thirty, forty, fifty—on the little stone pillar that each has erected to honor its dead and commemor-



"RUE PORTE AUX LIONS, DIJON," FROM AN ETCHING BY ROBERT FULTON LOGAN

At the left are two interesting houses, half-timbered, with sculptured mouldings and panels; at the end of the street, at the left, is the Maison Hugues-Aubriot, with its fine arcade and roof of decorated tiling. and the richly sculptured historic monument, the Hotel Chambellan, long erroneously called Maison des Ambassadeurs d'Angleterre

Exhibited Salon de la Nationale, 1922

ate its heart emptiness. The ceremony on unveiling day is the same for each. The procession forms: first the flag, then the village athletes in skimpy, white, red-sashed costumes, their bugles ready, boys still, not men; then the *maire* and the dignitaries, then the little crowd, black dressed except for the children. To brazen dirge they march up the narrow street, through flimsy wooden arches decorated with real and artificial flowers and red, white and blue paper streamers. Sometimes they have gone to the woods and transplanted evergreens to line the street. A speech is made. Wreaths of fragrant flowers are placed side by side with queer, dull wire ones. Sobs are choked back into throats. There is a strained flush on the face of the village *mutilé*. A solemn hush; the ceremony is ended; the throng disintegrates.

Vézelay was founded in the year 860 when Gerard de Rousillon and his wife, Berthe, built a Benedictine monastery to offset the destruction of the Convent of St. Père by Norman marauders. Gerard declared it free territory under the Pope, and, thanks to a generous endowment and its protection by hilltop and walls, it soon became the center of a town. The relics of Ste. Marie Madeleine, famed as brought from Provence by Gerard and deposited in a crypt beneath the church, served to entice pilgrims, and for those who had belief miracles were performed that spread the fame of Vézelay. Those early years saw robber barons and much destruction, but at each rebuilding the walled town seemed to grow in riches and renown until in 1096 the Abbot Artaud built the huge church of the Madeleine, still today the architectural glory of the ancient place.

Troublous times followed. The grasping needs of autocratic monks burdened the people with unbearable taxes so that the inhabitants looked to lay princes as allies. Even kings took a hand in the fray. Much blood was shed, for the abbots were often warrior leaders as well as churchmen. Steadily the power of the monks increased, however, until about the end of the Twelfth Century, when Philip Augustus of France and Richard Cœur de Lion of England met in Vézelay to celebrate the starting of their joint crusade, the Abbey comprised eight hundred monks who were collecting from the ten thousand inhabitants under their walls more than fifty thousand pounds in revenue a year—a fabulous sum in those days. Even earlier, Vézelay had been the scene of Crusader enthusiasm, for here in 1146 St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, fired the crowd with his eloquence. Half way down the hill to Asquins still stands a cross marking the spot where, in the presence of Louis VII of France, his Queen

Eleanor, the Emperor of Germany and countless nobles, St. Bernard preached into flame the sparks of the Second Crusade. And on this same spot some twenty odd years later heretics were burned alive.

The centuries passed; fighting between the various powerful Dukes of Nevers and Bourgogne, kings of France and the English went on, partners changing and fortunes varying. Vézelay could not escape. The abbey was secularized and the monastery that had contained more than eight hundred monks in the Twelfth Century, was, from the Sixteenth Century on, to house one abbot and thirty priests. Then came the wars between the Huguenots and the Catholics. Vézelay suffered siege and destruction. The famous church became a stable. In 1790 by decree of the Directorate of Avallon the abbey as an institution ceased to exist. Its property was sold, its buildings soon were destroyed, and today only the famous basilica remains to testify to one of the greatest centers of secular and religious power of the Middle Ages.

Vézelay today has its beauty and its background of mystery. It still breathes the yesterdays rather than the today. As for its future, its children are adorable and numerous. Its animals, too, are many, its dogs and cats and cows and horses and donkeys and goats and sheep and geese and chickens. Never for thirty consecutive minutes is the open square before the little Inn de la Post et du Lion D'Or empty of animals going to water in the picturesque bit of the ancient moat, now a drinking place. Cattle of the purest white, a stock of which France is proud; sheep and goats mingling their silly little voices, and, most amusing of all perhaps, ducks carried in small boys' arms to have their daily swim—all must drink at the one spot. There is a pair of roosters, one black and one white, whose antics might be a text for a philosopher. Daily they repeat their performance. The white one wants to fight, the black one does not, but is compelled, even though it try to run. And when the fray is ended, which does the crowing? Why the black one, if you please, and loudly and lustily, but back in its own barnyard with its harem which did not see the fight.

There is a shady walk called the Chemin de Ronde that encircles the town under its old walls. It was once the moat. Here grow hundreds-of-years-old *tilleuls*, glorious trees whose fragrant blossoms draw bees by thousands until the hum becomes a steady roar. The birds are never silent, from their early hours to the late twilight when the nightingales call across the valley and the sleepy rooks mingle their cawing with the croaking of the frogs in the moat. Two spots in the ruined walls on the Chemin de Ronde, once seen, will





*"PALAIS DE JUSTICE, DIJON"*

*From an etching by Robert Fulton Logan*

*This splendid historic monument was the ancient seat of the parliament of Burgundy created in 1477, and of the Chamber of Counts. The picturesque façade is elaborately carved in the traditional Renaissance style, and the porch is enriched by a carved ceiling*





"L'ECHAUGUETTE"

FROM AN ETCHING BY ROBERT FULTON LOGAN

*This echauguette dates from the Sixteenth Century. An American offered the owner 80,000 francs for the tourelle, and was on the point of cutting it out when, the fact coming to the ears of the Minister of Fine Arts, it was purchased by the French government.*

never fade from memory: the Porte Neuve, on one side, and, on the other, a bit of old wall topped by an original house. To stand below the Porte Neuve in sunlight and look through the arch up the narrow streeted hill at the little clustered houses with three brilliant spots of red flowers in the walls, is to see a picture for the artist. To stand there with the moon shining above, is to sense a motif for the musician. We dream and

weave fancies about those thousands who through the years have passed under the arch, from the warrior priest going forth to fight to the little serving maid slipping out to meet her lover in the shadows.

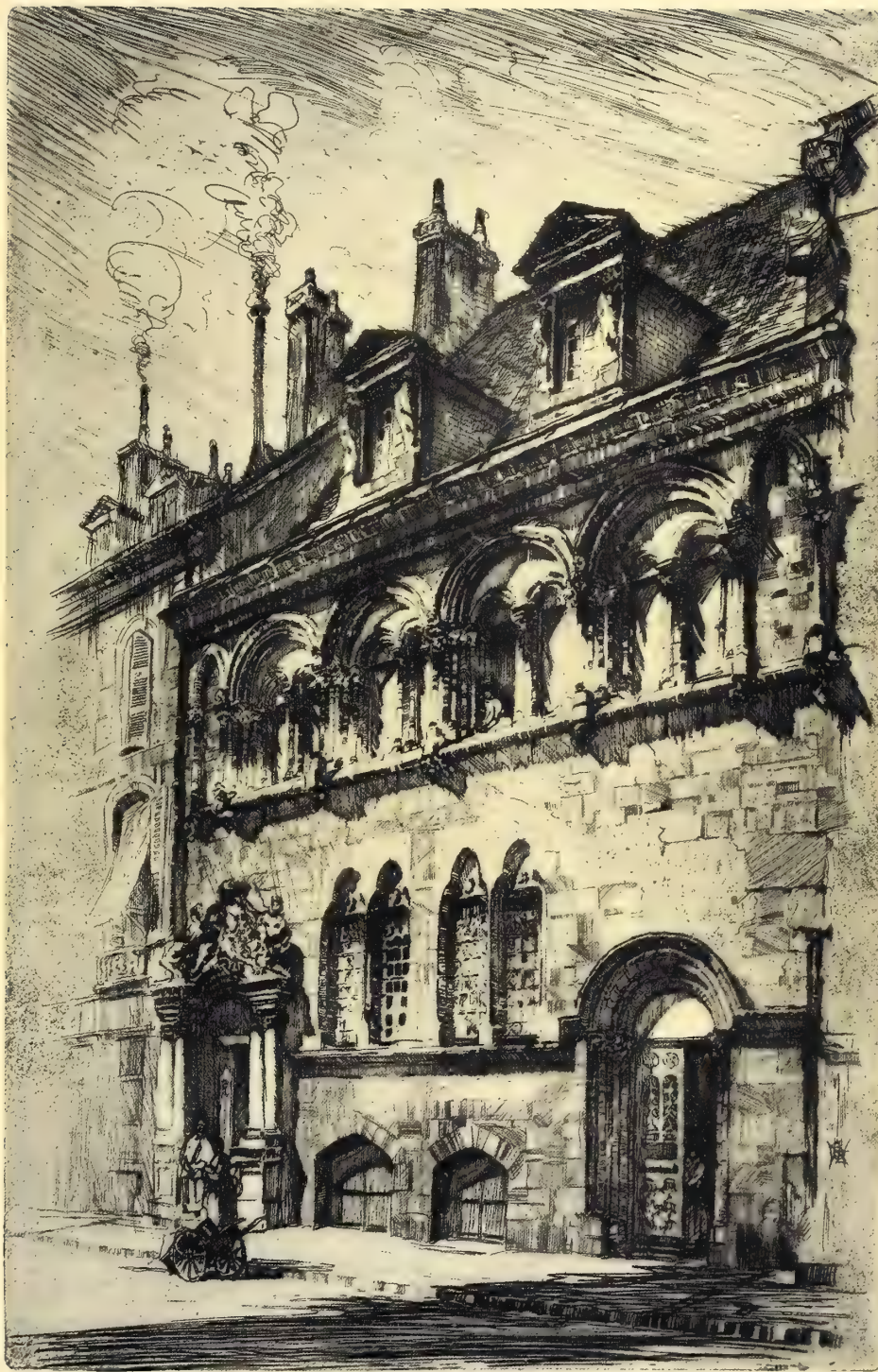
Vézelay's narrow main street climbs like an "S" from the entrance gate to the cathedral, the hill growing steeper and steeper. Little passages shoot off it here and there, not wide enough really to be streets, yet called by names worthy of boulevards—rue Théodore de Beze, rue Henri de Vézelay. The little houses, many of them designed and carved in the manner of the Middle Ages, snuggle along the sidewalk that sometimes vanishes. There is not a line, not a shade of color that is not harmonious. The stone is everywhere shaded into age-grown beauty, and no wall can have a crack, nor can there be a space between laid stones but what a little green or a bright flower has appeared. Even high on the church tower the flowers have found a nesting place.

Doubtless, behind closed doors, there are private parties to which we are not invited, but public and semi-public functions take place out of doors as in the olden times. Just see a wedding in Vézelay! Up the hill they come! First, the fiddler, joyously sawing away at the liveliest of tunes on an old violin that should squeak but does not. Behind him comes the bride in white and veil, hanging to the bridegroom's arm, and followed by her little bridesmaids and all the guests in couples, two by two. From house to house they go, gathering the ready guests.

Such is Vézelay! Maybe its folk are just like other folk. Yet, if you live here a month, you will go away being

more than when you came, because of the beauty that you have absorbed. Lucky are those who can know its hill! The bus is leaving. Come along and don't forget the old time formalities and important courtesies. See how those departing bid each member of the gathered crowd "Au revoir, monsieur," "Au revoir, madame," individually. Down the hill! but never mind, you are sure to come again—to Vézelay.





*"MAISON HUGUÉS-AUBRIOT, DIJON"*

*From an etching by Robert Fulton Logan*

*The "Presidial," ancient residence of Hugues-Aubriot, provost of Paris in the Fourteenth Century. The windows, whose ornament is of extreme delicacy, were hidden under plaster for many generations*





*"LA BASILIQUE, VÉZÉLAY, YONNE"*

*From an etching by Robert Fulton Logan*

*The present basilica was begun by the Abbe Artaud in 1096 and dedicated by the monks of the Benedictine order. Saint Bernard preached the second Crusade here in 1146*



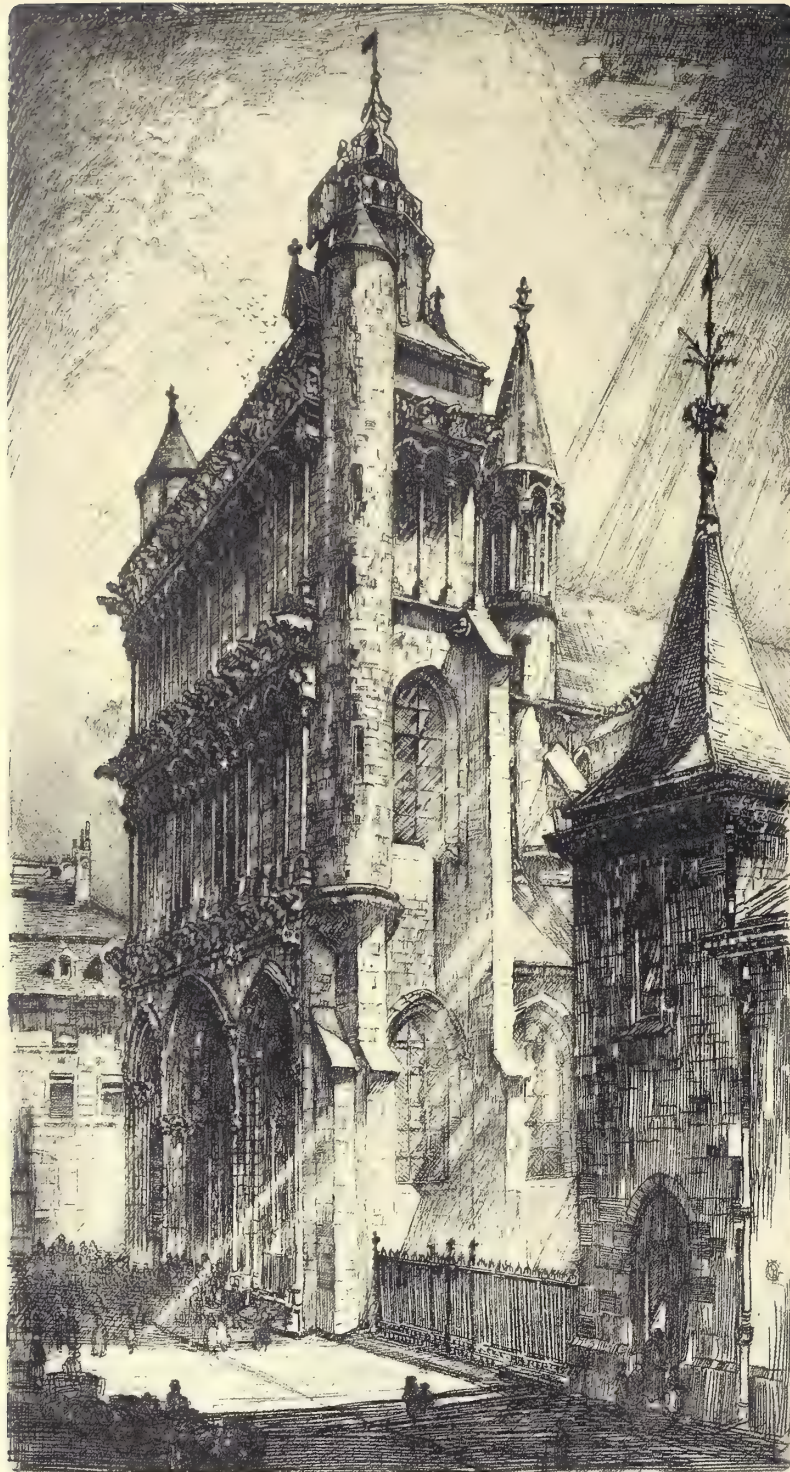


*"LA PROCESSION, VÉZÉLAY, YONNE"*

*From an etching by Robert Fulton Logan*

*At the height of its power, emperors and kings came to pay homage at the Abbey. Today, all through the pilgrimage season, the faithful continue to come, and the procession of the Fête de Dieu closes the week of Pentecost*





*“L'ÉGLISE DE NOTRE DAME, DIJON”*

*From an etching by Robert Fulton Logan*

*According to Viollet-le-Duc, Notre Dame of Dijon offered the purest and most original specimen of Thirteenth Century Burgundian Gothic architecture. It is celebrated for the galleries from which hang three rows of gargoyles*



# Oriental RUGS as FINE ART

## IV. The Evolution of the Ispahans

OF all the splendid carpets that were wrought on Persian looms, the fame of Ispahans far outshines all others. It is everywhere assumed that they are the masterpieces of the art to which everyone must pay homage or mark himself artistically *déclassé*. Even those to whom the names of other rugs are but a Babel of beautiful sounds recognize that here is a name to conjure with, one that calls for an immediate display of esthetic emotion. The fame of these carpets is quite natural. They are impressively beautiful and they exist in far greater number than any other of the early rugs. Perhaps twenty of the small, silk Kashan rugs are known, and about thirty first class vase carpets, but there probably are not far from two thousand Ispahans. Moreover, they are markedly individual creations and make a distinct and easily remembered impression. The sensational prices which they at times have brought have made them additionally conspicuous, and the long history of their use in mansions in both Europe and America has permanently established their reputation.

Yet despite their fame and familiarity, Ispahans are the most widely misunderstood of rugs, and more myths and fables have clustered around them than around any other weave. They are not the greatest rugs ever woven, and only the smallest number comes from the Sixteenth Century. Instead, therefore, of every Ispahan being an artistic treasure, as many persons believe, many are of no artistic consequence, while some are downright rubbish. Finally, although the name has been fastened upon them firmly, it is none the less wrong, for it is certain that Ispahan rugs were neither designed nor woven in Ispahan.

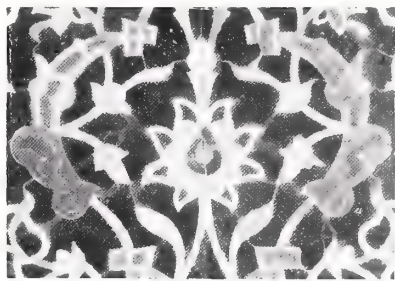
Magnificent as the finest of them are, these rugs hardly equal the best of the earlier court carpets, for the latter are generally built up on an architectural frame work that gives them greater grandeur and power and enables them to carry a richer variety of design. The finest Ispahans, how-

*The true story of the most famous and the most misunderstood of all Persian carpets . . . . . by*  
Arthur Upham POPE

ever, do achieve a combination of subtle strength and delicacy embodied in a technical perfection and a glowing color that lifts them into the rank of high art. They exhibit a stateliness, a supreme elegance and grace that make them one of the most aristocratic achievements in the decorative arts. These statements, however, hold only for the few pieces that survive from the Sixteenth Century, for, if the heart-burning truth be told, of the hundreds of Ispahans owned in this country, all proudly described as of the Sixteenth Century, probably not twenty-five were woven before the year 1600. The rugs of later date, while charming and frequently unsurpassed as decorations for floors in period rooms, rarely attain artistic greatness. For the most part their reputation is sustained by infringements on the far superior beauties of the early pieces. Just how splendid these older carpets were, and to what depths their kind ultimately descended, we can best understand by tracing the successive stages through which the type passed in the centuries from 1550 to 1750.

No other of the important rug types has such an instructive history as the Ispahan. Every phase of its development is still illustrated in extant examples, and the type, furthermore, is sufficiently free from complicating external influences for its story to be fairly simple. Nowhere else can we see the internal processes that control the evolution of rug design so clearly and remorselessly at work. No-

where else is every fatal step in the passage from supremacy to degeneration so impressively exhibited. Rug designs have a life story as truly as have living beings. They have their periods of growth, maturity, weakness and decline, and no one knows a rug type until he knows its whole career. The common assumption that a design can be reproduced exactly and an indefinite number of times, like a printed book, quite overlooks the human, personal element that enters into the fabrication of a rug and modifies each example. Like all other



LOTUS PALMETTE ON FAIENCE MOSAIC  
TILE

*From Mausoleum of Iman-Zade Ismail  
at Ispahan, dated 1436  
Collection of the author*

works of art, designs for rugs are projections of the human spirit. They partake of its quality, share its vicissitudes, repeat its history. The creation of a great design is a work of intense intellectual and emotional effort. The designer must foresee the completed rug in a comprehensive flash of intuition and imagination. But the general

inspiration is not enough; it must be followed by detailed development, by tedious experimenting, by painstaking measurements, else the vision will vanish. The curve of a leaf must be shaped to conform gracefully with the tendril to which it is attached; the long loop of the tendril, be drawn exactly to swing perfectly into the rhythm of the whole composition. A thousand particulars of the inner structure of a palmette, its spacing and its effect on the general scale, must be carefully pondered; marginal colors that outline the patterns and mediate between them and the ground must be selected to give the proper separation without harshness. These minutiae make the success or failure of the final result, and the problems of them receive their perfect solutions only if the designer keep his emotional interest at high tension and yet governed by experience and judgment. Such an achievement requires a superior mind, amply trained, working under high pressure and sustained by a favorable environment. The designer must have the confidence born of assurance of honor, security and every material assistance. Energized by pride and ambition, by the passion of creation, by the sense of novelty, he may produce a great design.

But the perfect moment passes. Success brings slackening of the intensity of thought and feeling; fame, indolence and prosperity slowly accomplish their fatal work. The quicker way of repetition is preferred to the more arduous one of creative imagination. The designer copies more and invents less; remembers, rather than thinks. A younger designer takes up the work, content to continue the old success, without experiment, without risk. Genius and experience never can be reduced to words or rules, and succeeding generations work with con-

stantly diminishing understanding, subtle details are overlooked, the repeated device lacks the vitality of that forged at white heat to solve a particular problem. What fits in the earlier rug, is a slight misfit in the later design. The essential quality of a pattern is a sensitive thing and easily dissipated, never to be recovered. Copied, it

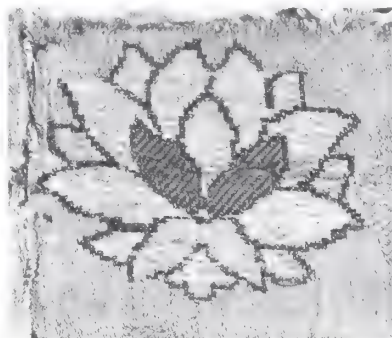
becomes more and more lifeless, esthetically insignificant, and finally dies. It is the old story of the conflict between active intelligence and sensitive feeling on the one hand and the constant devitalizing encroachment of indolence and habit on the other; the story of innumerable artistic tragedies. With this universal situation in mind, the evolution of Ispahans is easily understood.

The characteristic scheme of the Ispahans is fairly simple. In the best of the Sixteenth

Century pieces, despite the often amazing intricacy of the composition, the general plan is clear and strong. Wide borders, generally of deep blue or rich moss green, enclose a crimson or wine red field that is filled with floral motives, freely but symmetrically disposed around a common axis. The upper half of the rug repeats the lower, and the center is suggested rather than emphatically marked. There are no medallions or corner devices. Each element plays its own role in a distinguished manner and is related with exquisite care to every

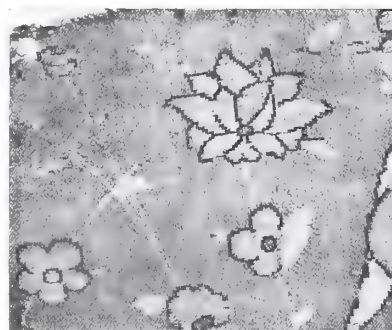
other part and the whole. The smallest blossom has a definite function to perform in the spacing and rhythm, having its counterpart, sometimes in reverse, elsewhere in the rug. There are often three or four distinct planes in the design, each a complete scheme itself but carefully coordinated with the others into a perfectly integrated plan. As time passes, however, inferior or hurried designers lose control of this complex idea and the whole

scheme slowly crumbles. On the one hand, they simplify the arrangement unduly, eliminating the subtle asymmetries and intricate compensations that were the hidden source of charm and interest in the original rugs and substituting obvious symmetry and tiresome repetition, or, on the other hand, they strive after the richness of the old



PEONY PALMETTE SHOWING A STRONG CHINESE INFLUENCE

*From a fragment of Herat brocade, woven in the early part of the Sixteenth Century*



SPIRAL TENDRILS SIMILAR TO THOSE ON ISPAHAN CARPETS

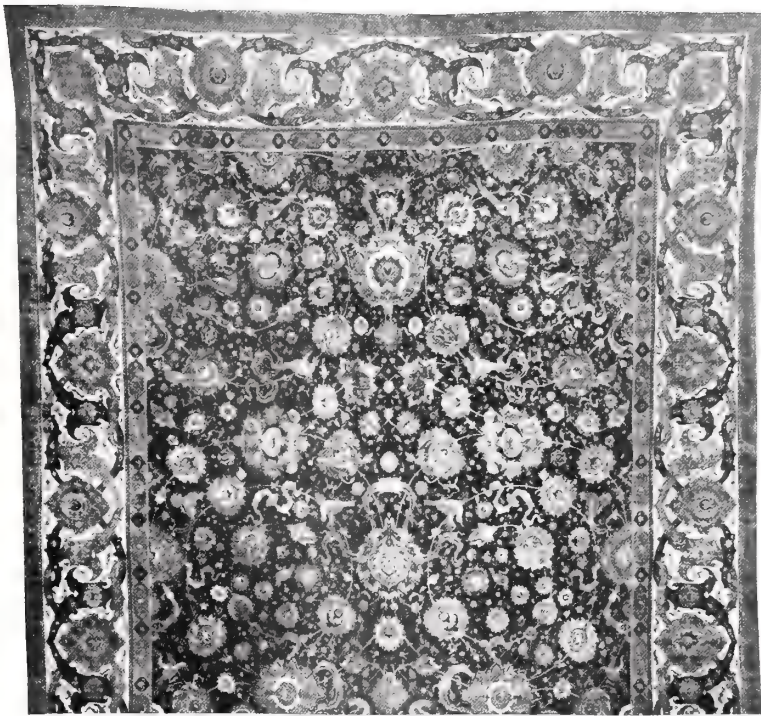
*From Herat brocade, early Sixteenth Century*



designs, and stumble into bewilderment, making an ill assorted clutter of detached patterns that quite submerge what general plan they might have had. In either case the result is monotonous and esthetically inert. As the general design becomes weaker and more incoherent, the conception and drawing of its major elements also degenerate until, instead of the superb old patterns, we find crude and clumsy figures of little merit.

The most conspicuous and indispensable pattern in an Ispahan rug is the palmette, a design that has a long and interesting history. Traveling from land to land, through age after age, constantly renewed and enriched, combining features from the Egyptian lotus, the Greek akroterion and the Chinese peony, it attains its most magnificent form in the Ispahan rug. In the best carpets it has the richness and freedom of the Chinese peonies such as we find on Tang, Sung and Ming potteries, and the clear, firm articulation derived from Greek vases and architectural ornamentation. It has many forms, all beautiful. It is not, however, an easy figure to weave and as these rugs enter the period of quantity production the palmette suffers a deplorable fate. Originally it was brilliant, often being surrounded by a refulgent halo that set off its beauty impressively. It was of relatively modest size and, in the borders, floated free from contact with the margins and so had room for the development of the spiral tendrils that led up to and emphasized it. Little by little, to speed up the weaving and to increase emphasis, the palmette was made larger. Emphasis, however, is not a matter of size merely, but also of drawing and relationship, and so we find that the larger these palmettes are, the weaker they are. In the latest pieces they are positively bloated and their brilliant energy is enfeebled.

The cloud-band is another feature of the Ispahans. As characteristic as the palmette, it suffers an even worse fate. It is a ribbon-like figure, suggested by the contour of a thunder-head. For ages it has been a symbol of longevity in China, and it was a popular motive in Persian art during the Sixteenth Century. In the early rugs these cloud-bands are often miracles of grace



ISPAHAN CARPET, HERAT, SECOND HALF OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*The graceful, animated cloud bands, the delicate sweeping spirals, the brilliance of the palmettes and the energetic rhythms of the border design mark this as a fine example of the highest type*

*Courtesy of Dikran G. Kelekian*

and animation. Except for the few larger, formal bands set along the axis of the rug, they are scattered freely throughout the field, set at all sorts of angles, whipping in and out amid various patterns with delightful abandon. Little by little we find them subdued and pulled into a more rigidly set scheme. Their subtle asymmetry, the source of their liveliness and charm, is ironed out, and instead of twenty or thirty fluttering ribbons we find in the latest rugs only two inert, lumpish forms, looking for all the world like a sausage.

The same processes that degrade the palmette and the cloud-band bring all the other patterns to a gradual death. Many Ispahans are distinguished by the spiral tendrils that sometimes wind gracefully in as many as four loops. Before the end of the Sixteenth Century the stems had become thickened and stiffened; instead of four loops, we find only two, and then none; instead of the swinging curves that entice us into their swirl, we find a coarse and angular outline. Other weavers, who found them too difficult to render, had the sense not to try them at all, although these spiral forms were important for binding the various patterns together. The lovely, clean lancet leaves of the earliest pieces suffer the fate that overtook the exquisite acanthus leaves of the classical Greek capital when they were imitated by Hellenistic or Roman carvers. At first lithe, young and firm, by





ISPAHAN OR HERAT CARPET, SHAH ABBAS PERIOD, BEGINNING OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

*Of exceedingly graceful design and glowing color. The center design is very freely rendered and saving for the bilateral symmetry has entirely surrendered the firm structural plan upon which the earlier pieces are built*

*Courtesy of P. W. French & Company*

degrees they become fat, soft and huge, their tips finally turning over in a feeble way that reflects the weakened taste of the time. Finally, the leaves, superbly intertwined in the early pieces, full of life and movement, degenerate into unsightly apparitions devoid of any merit and expire.

Weaving and color weaken step by step with these other factors. The earliest and finest pieces are woven on a silk or sometimes a linen warp and weft. The pile is of the finest quality of wool, sometimes interspersed with gold, and the weaving is close and firm, often exceeding two hundred and fifty knots to the inch. By the end of the Sixteenth Century silk warp or weft pieces were rare, the cotton warp increased in coarseness and the weft of finely carded wool gave way to one of

thick cotton, while the pile grew loose and gross—often less than one hundred knots to the inch. The color of the early pieces was generally fresh and brilliant, and the huge carpets, often forty feet long, that were woven probably for Shah Abbas in the first quarter of the Seventeenth Century are still quite gorgeous in tone. The intense moss green of the borders and the deep crimson lake of the field in these pieces has seldom been surpassed in rugs. But beginning with the Seventeenth Century, the colors of some of the smaller pieces begin to degenerate and toward the second half of the century they were hopelessly dull and disconsolately dingy.

The external reason for the gradual ruination of this rug of splendid type is to be found in the usual cause—commercialization. These rugs had the fatal gift of beauty combined, evidently, with equally fatal facilities for mass production. They were soon in great demand, not only in Persia but in India as well, and finally in Europe itself, where they became immensely popular, more particularly in Portugal, Holland and Italy. Shah Abbas had a keen eye for commerce, and he probably did everything possible to develop a big export trade. Judging from the pieces that appear in paint-

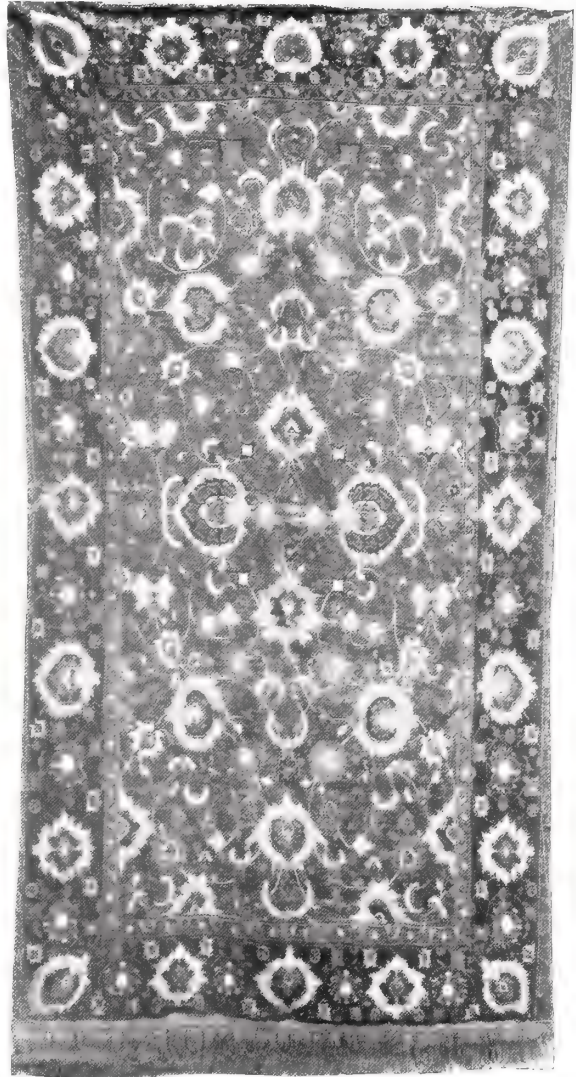
ings by Rubens and Van Dyck, both of whom evidently owned Ispahans, mass production of these rugs was well established in the first third of the Seventeenth Century. Everything in their creation now became so perfunctory and the designs became so standardized, a necessity of speed, quantity and cheapness, that one hardly can tell one of these later rugs from another—a shocking loss of individuality that classes them nearly with machine work.

Although these rugs always are called Ispahans, save in museums and in meticulously accurate catalogues, there never has been the slightest evidence that they were woven at Ispahan. The type reached its perfection in the Sixteenth Century, long before Shah Abbas moved his capital



there. Even if imperial looms had been set up in the capital, and Chardin specifically states that some of them were in other places, they hardly could have been established before the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, for it was not until that time that the development of the city was undertaken seriously. In various records Ispahan is cited for the fame of certain of its crafts, particularly metal work, but there is no early mention of rug weaving there. The name seems to have been a dealers' invention that can not with surety be traced back more than a few decades. It probably had its origin in Persia where it has long been the custom to ascribe anything particularly magnificent to Shah Abbas and Ispahan. In view of the astounding glories of the city in the first half of the Seventeenth Century, something may be forgiven the patriotic Persians, who never have been strong on history. It is an important fact, however, that Persia's highest art was not produced in Ispahan. Bezhad, the greatest painter, had ended his work almost a century before Ispahan attained its full glory, and the Ardebil Mosque rug was completed at least sixty years before Shah Abbas was able to turn his attention to the making of one of the most sensationally beautiful cities in the world. The period of the greatest achievement in rug weaving thus antedates both Shah Abbas and his capital, and it is a second rate compliment to identify any rug with them.

Another city antedated and rivaled Ispahan in wealth, power and general magnificence, and that was Herat, in far eastern Persia, long the favorite abode of Mogul princes, who there maintained courts of the utmost splendor. This city, surrounded by beautiful gardens and orchards and adorned with gorgeous mosques, palaces and caravanseries, produced art of world importance long before Ispahan. Moreover, its proximity to fine water and its accessibility for the growers of the fine wool of the highlands of Afghanistan must have favored the early establishment of rug weaving there. At any rate, we know from European travelers that the finest rugs in Persia were being produced there in the first third of the Seventeenth Century, and there is specific evidence that these rugs were the rugs that are now generally called Ispahan. In the first place, if we except the lowest dregs of Ispahans, mere caricatures, we can construct a gradual series of the true Ispahans that imperceptibly merges into the type of rug woven in Herat in the latter part of the Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries. The true Herat rug of modern times must be distinguished carefully from the finely woven, soft pile rugs that usually are called Herats in



A FAMOUS ISPAHAN CARPET, LATTER HALF OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*The light tones are worked in gold metal thread. A sumptuous piece probably made for royalty*

*Collection of Ex-Senator W. A. Clark*

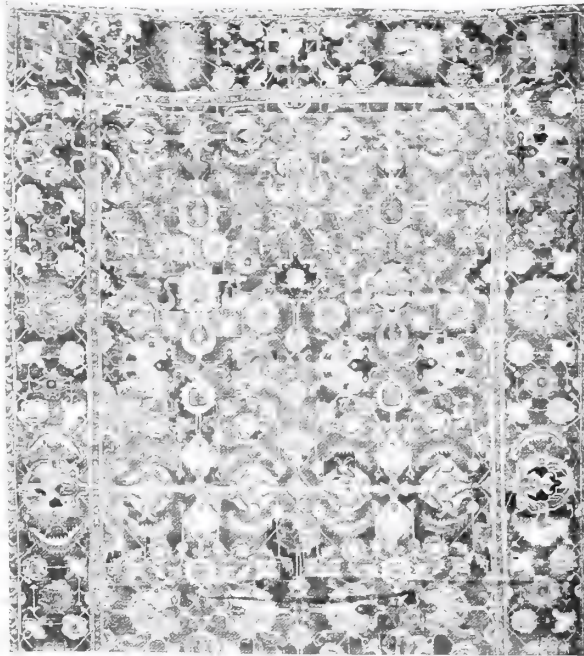
the rug trade because they carry an especially fine and delicate edition of the Herat pattern, a rosette enclosed by two curving leaves. These rugs probably were woven in eastern Khorassan. Because of the softness of their wool, they show wear quickly and they generally look to be three times their age. If we call these rugs Herat carpets of the Sixteenth Century, as is often done, we can not then assign the Ispahans to Herat, but if we call them by their real names, Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Khorassans, Birjands and Ghayins, then there is no conflict. Further evidence that Herat was the place where the Ispahans originated is to be found in the fact that there still are many of them in India, and the tradition is still strong in Jeypore, where the greatest collection is, that they were acquired originally as



spoils of war from Herat. Moreover, the very proximity of Herat to India would make regular export an easy matter, for Herat is in every way nearer to the great cities of northern India than it is to the great cities of western Persia. Additional confirmation of this view is found in the Institutes of Akbar, which definitely state that rugs were imported into India from various parts of Persia. Ispahan is not mentioned, but Sabzwari, and one of the two Sabzwari was, in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, a populous and prosperous district and was immediately south of Herat itself. Perhaps the strongest evidence is to be found in the beautiful brocades that were made in Herat in the Sixteenth Century. Many of these are on the same, deep wine red ground that distinguishes the so-called Ispahan carpets, and the palmettes and the tendrils that connect them are almost identical with the same patterns in the rugs. Another tradition about the origin of these so-called Ispahan rugs that has stout adherents is that all of those woven on a single warp were made in India, while those with a double warp were made in Ispahan itself. No evidence for this belief is cited beyond the fact that double warp carpets are better and more expensive and hence would be more often found at the capital. But double warp rugs were known long before and long after there was a court at Ispahan, and they are not so expensive that only shahs could afford to have had them made. The evidence that the other pieces were made in India consists chiefly in the fact that most of those that were imported into Europe were carried by the Dutch and Portuguese traders from India. Of course this proves only that India was the point of export, which it certainly would have been if the rugs were actually made in Herat. Persian rug factories were established in India, and it is quite possible that the obvious commercial advantage of being at the shipping point induced weav-

ers of Herat to make the change. But Persian weavers rendering Persian designs are still making Persian rugs, although temporarily under alien skies, just as the Flemish tapestry weavers who were summoned to work in Munich in the Seventeenth Century continued to weave tapestries which we never think of classifying as German. Indian carpets have marked characteristics of color and drawing, and these we never find in the

so-called Ispahans, save in a few of the later small rugs that sometimes show a curious two-tone red and occasionally un-Persian like tile patterns that may have been derived from the mosaic floors of northern India. But whether these were Indian influences that reached Herat in the course of trade, or whether they were acquired on the soil of India itself, is a difficult and relatively unimportant matter. In any case, such a late, accidental development acquired in the course of commercial production would have no right to share in the glory that belongs to the early



ISPAHAN CARPET, LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

*An interesting piece that marks the final stage in the evolution of these carpets. Although most of the characteristic patterns are retained, the whole design is rigid, clumsy and disorganized and is without artistic merit*

*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

creations of which they were but a poor offshoot. The facts, then, are that comparatively few of the rugs known as Ispahans are of great artistic value and that these are only of the Sixteenth Century; that those of later weaving lack the inspiration which is the spirit of true art, and that the name which they bear is wrongly borne.

The story of Ispahan carpets points many a moral. Quite the most important, aside from the inspiration and instruction in the beauty of their designs, lies in the demonstration that no rug type is a single thing, but that it has innumerable phases that are controlled by the laws governing the evolution of all patterns, and that whoever substitutes a name, however famous, for the actual artistic fact, may later find that the name has covered a multitude of esthetic sins, and that it may be these very sins to which he has bowed in admiration, not realizing that they were not the virtues which he believed.



DOROTHY R. BYARD—*Portraitist*

BY the time of her arrival at the ripe age of thirteen, Dorothy Randolph Byard had made up her mind to become a painter. She had discovered, too, even then, that her preference was for portraiture. Her taste may have been in part inherited, for her father devoted some of the leisure from his profession as a physician to the drawing of caricatures. Otherwise, the nine generations of Quaker ancestry which lie back of her furnish no clue to her artistic proclivities, although they do reveal the source of the moral stamina which made her persevere in the working out of her ideas, which, to a great extent, she did unaided.

The Randolphs of Philadelphia, of whom Mrs. Byard is one, are a Quaker family, tracing their American line back to 1630 when they came to this country with the Puritans. The founders of this noted family did not remain long in Massachusetts but moved south to New Jersey, where they later were instrumental in the founding of Princeton University. Although Mrs. Byard knows of no painters among their number, several of them were interesting subjects for pictures, as silhouettes of various members of the family now in her pos-

*From childhood her chief artistic interest has been in the delineation of face and character . . . by*

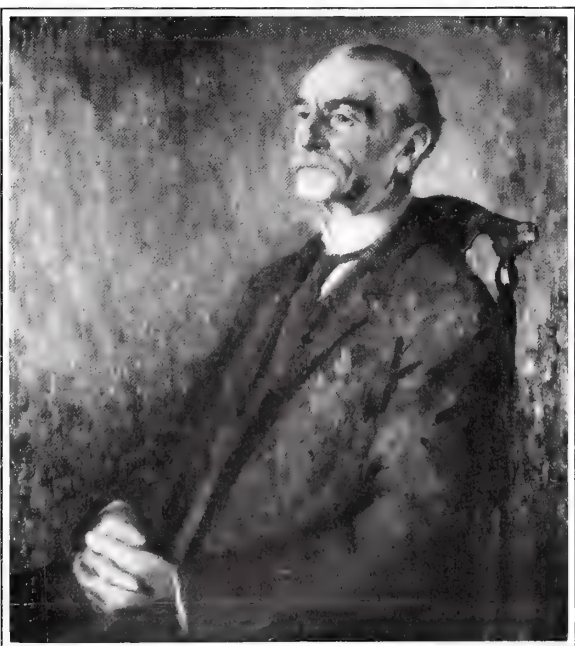
HELEN GOMSTOCK

session proclaim. The vigorous, upright men and women gave to their descendant of today that independence of vision as well as determination which, translated into artistic endeavor, resulted in

hard work along lines marked out by herself. The young artist was taken to Paris at the age of thirteen and at once began to study at Julian's. Her severely academic training there gave her a thorough grounding in fundamentals and fostered an interest in drawing, a subject to which she always since has given special consideration. In her first year in Paris she "discovered" Daumier and was profoundly influenced by him. Also, she went again and again to the Impressionists' Room at the Luxembourg, and she incorporated into her rapidly developing technic what she learned there. For an understanding of the use of color she feels largely indebted to Léon Felix, with whom she studied six fruitful months on the northern coast of France, near Havre, in the country which Claude Monet has made particularly his own by many paintings of the chalk cliffs. Under this guidance she studied the problems of light, color and atmosphere, painting directly from nature. Another influence that



"THE OLDEST INHABITANT" BY DOROTHY RANDOLPH BYARD



"J. S. B."

BY DOROTHY RANDOLPH BYARD



"THE GOSSIP"

BY DOROTHY RANDOLPH BYARD

left a definite impression on her art came from Rodin, with whom her sister was studying. In talking to his students, that great sculptor was accustomed to emphasize the theory that art was an interpretation of nature. There is no such thing as copying, he told them, for the reason that each artist infuses into his transcription something of his own temperament; his own personal vision and powers determine the nature of his art. Another suggestion that went deeply into her mind was his insistence on keeping things big in feeling. It is evident that she observed this pre-



"THE PEASANT"

BY DOROTHY RANDOLPH BYARD

cept to the present day, for all her portraits are direct, straightforward and unencumbered with superfluous, ornamental detail.

When Mrs. Byard was seventeen she returned to Philadelphia. Her studies were continued to some extent in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and with Benedict Osnis. However, she was doing much serious work alone, and most of her progress at this time was the result of her own experiments. Later she studied under Charles Hawthorne, and then she went on her way alone, working in the summer in her studio at Silvermine, Connecticut, and through other seasons in her winter studio in Barrow Street, New York.

Mrs. Byard believes color in a portrait plays an important part in expressing the personality of her subject. She considers her color schemes with great care, inclining toward quiet harmonies. Brilliance simply for the sake of brilliance has no charm for her. She finds in muted tones better means for conveying her impression. One factor that in-

fluences her especially is the nature of the setting in which her picture is to be hung, as she feels that a portrait should harmonize with all the objects that surround it. She endeavors to know her subjects well before portraying them. After all, she says, the artist can paint only the image in the mind, and that image is built up by extended acquaintance. For this reason she has taken particular delight in portraying several of her neighbors in Silvermine. The countryside itself has genuine "characters," and among these she found her subjects for "The Oldest Inhabitant" and "The Gossip." When



she was painting the portrait of Leila Clarke, who sits in a flame-colored dress before a panel of red and green brocade, Mrs. Byard intentionally created the Oriental atmosphere which she felt was expressive of the temperament of her subject. She produced the suggestion of repose and, at the same time, of aloofness which are distinctly Oriental characteristics. The portrait of the little girl whom she calls "Cinquecento" is one of her most original and pleasing conceptions. The picture is a charming adaptation of the manner in which the artists of the Fifteenth Century painted. The background of green landscape with a clear blue sky and the silver thread of a river winding back and forth is exquisitely done, while the child herself with her red gold hair and a far-away look in her eyes seems to demand just such a setting as the artist has given her. Perhaps it is the air of detachment, even mystery, which the little girl possesses that makes her seem not to belong to this everyday world and more at home in the quaint setting. Not the least charm of the picture is in the quiet modulations with which the colors are related to each other in a persuasive harmony. The delicate shadow which lies on the child's face and the subdued tone of the black and white of the dress give place then to rich warmth in the red gold of her hair and the sunny brilliance of green and blue in the landscape background of the canvas.

Mrs. Byard's pictures are now to be

PORTRAIT OF LEILA  
CLARKE BY DOROTHY  
RANDOLPH BYARD



"JUNE SUNSHINE"

BY DOROTHY RANDOLPH BYARD

seen at the Kingore Galleries, where she has been holding an exhibition of her work since January 15.



The portraits reproduced herewith form a part of this first "one man show" which introduced her to New York. Her name, however, had already become familiar to those who follow events in art circles since she participated in an exhibition of the Silvermine group of painters held in New York this winter. Last summer she exhibited in her studio in Connecticut with Charles Reiffel, who also lives in the vicinity of Silvermine. Mr. Reiffel's landscapes formed an interesting contrast with Mrs. Byard's work, which consisted of





"CINQUECENTO"

BY DOROTHY RANDOLPH BYARD

several drawings and etchings as well as a representative collection of her important works in oil.

The keynote of all of Mrs. Byard's portraits is sincerity. She never takes a liberty with a likeness to make a painting more of a "picture" and less of a portrait. She seems to subjugate her own personality in her effort to let the person whom she paints speak for himself or herself from the canvas. Her

portraits are of the kind that reveal character gradually, holding much in reserve for an extended acquaintance. An unaffected manner gives them genuine and lasting charm, while their freedom from superficial brilliance makes them excellent daily companions. Rather than being vivid and incisive, they are subtle and penetrating.

*Photographs by courtesy of the Kingore Galleries*





"GRACIAS SEÑORA! MAY THE APACHES NEVER GET YOU"

BY FREDERICK REMINGTON

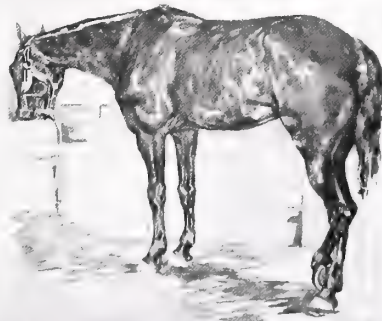
## REMINGTON at Twenty-three

ONE morning in the spring of 1884 I stood looking down the street from our front veranda, in Kansas City, Mo. I saw my husband coming along the walk with a veritable giant at his side. He turned in at the gate and the stranger came with him. The visitor I observed was blond, with large blue eyes which shone with the light of youth. He loomed large beside my husband, looking very much like some Greek god in modern clothes. His strength was so evident in the poise of his head that he seemed the embodiment of power and force. "My dear," said my husband, "this is Frederick Remington, a young newspaper man who lives up the street;

*He was a young giant in those days, full of exuberance and carrying a portfolio of sketches\** . . . by  
Mrs. NELLIE HOUGH

I thought was somewhat singular in so powerful a man. I have referred to him as a man, but that is merely because his size made it impossible to think of him as a boy, yet his face was that of a boy, full of the fire of youthful adventure.

"Mr. Hough saved my life," he told me after the meal was over. And then followed the story of a swindling game into which he had been drawn, and by means of which he had lost everything he possessed, even the equity in his little home. The hot blood of



"OLD DICK"

BY FREDERICK REMINGTON

\*Frederick Remington (1861-1909), born at Canton, N. Y., was a pupil at the Yale Art School and the Art Students League, New York. He went west for his health

resentment had fired in him the idea of revenge, and he had taken a revolver and gone out to make the guilty pay; and in fact he was virtually in the act of carrying out his intention when Mr. Hough chanced to see him, went up to him and spoke to him. His youth and inexperience appealed to my husband, who reasoned with him and made him see the madness of his intention. His revulsion of feeling was so intense that when he thought of what might have occurred had my husband not come upon the scene at that exact moment, it almost overcame him; he felt he owed Mr. Hough a debt of gratitude which he could never repay.

From this time on we saw a great deal of Remington. He would often spend weeks at our house, and then one day he brought home his bride. Proudly he came with her to our home, displaying her in much the



"SENTINELS ON GUARD"  
BY FREDERICK REMINGTON

same fashion as a boy does his most cherished possession. Mrs. Remington was a slight dark woman with large wistful eyes. Remington always called her "Missie." I do not remember ever hearing her called anything else. Things did not go so well with the Remingtons. Money difficulties soon broke up the little home and Mrs. Remington returned to her people in the East. There was, however, no friction between the two of them. I think it was rather an arrangement which he believed would give him the opportunity to get on his feet again. After "Missie" left, Remington stored his

household goods at our house and stayed with us most of the time, as he was planning to go West and retrieve his fortune. While at our house his mother came to see him and pleaded with him to give up his foolishness

"THE CATTLE RUSTLERS"  
BY FREDERICK REMINGTON





and take a "real man's job." She did not have one word of encouragement for his art studies, but made every inducement in a business way. He turned a deaf ear to all her pleading, and so she returned home.

Remington would sit for hours and draw first one thing and then another, but all showing the influence of the West, where he had spent some time on a ranch in Montana. I have often seen him pause in his reading and sketch in the characters on the margin of a book. He was never contented unless he had a brush or pencil in his hand. I have never seen any one so in love with his occupation as was Remington. His portfolio fairly bulged with his sketches, and that too at the age of twenty-three.

His conversation was generally brief though forceful, and his English, like his paintings, had a peculiar something which was distinctive. One day I asked him, as he sat sketching, if he would sketch my baby. "Mrs. Hough," he replied, "if I did you would turn me out of your house forever, for it would look like a papoose. But this I will do: I'll paint old Dick for you." And he took his easel and materials and went out into the lot and sketched our old family horse, Dick. What he said about my baby was true of all his pictures. "I am not a portrait painter," he said. "I nearly lost my 'Missie' because I had her pose for a senorita in a picture. When it was finished she looked like a Mexican woman of the most ordinary desert type."

After a short time he went West and we heard nothing from him for some time, until one morning he called up the stairway, "Say, Hough, can you give me something to eat?" He had become so lonesome for "Missie" that he could not stay West and was on his way East determined to make a go of art there if possible, so that he could be near her. When he arrived at Kansas City, he had so little money that he was unable to carry out his intentions of going on. He finally wrote his tailor and had him send on some clothes, and Mr. Hough gave him enough money to make the trip. Soon after he went East he was employed by Harpers' in New York and while I never saw him again, my husband often visited at his home, and a warm friendship lasted through many years. The pictures which are here reproduced were



"THE PRAIRIE FIRE"

BY FREDERICK REMINGTON

all painted in our Kansas City home and were given to me by Mr. Remington. "Old Dick" shows his ability as a draftsman perhaps as well as any of the others, since it is not a composition but a sketch. "Gracias Senorita! May the Apaches Never Get You," is the picture for which Mrs. Remington posed. Squatting in the foreground of an adobe house are two old Mexicans, while a little to one side a young Mexican woman offers a drink to an old United States "regular." "Sentinels on Guard," a charcoal wash drawing, was painted in our library. On the edge of the cliff or mountain pass is a group of guards waiting for the enemy. My husband posed for the various figures. It is especially impressive because of the atmosphere of night and the loneliness which it portrays. "The Cattle Rustlers," a large water color, is typical of Remington—full of dash and color. A herd of cattle is being singled out and driven away by the thieves. Three cowboys are riding at full speed driving them into a desert pass. "The Prairie Fire," an oil, at first seems to be only the representation of a cowboy on a white horse, but on closer inspection is seen a herd of cattle stampeded by a prairie fire. The action in this picture is representative of his early work.



"OLD CHURCH, TIZAPAN, MEXICO"

BY SHERRIL SCHELL

## Photography as an Art Medium

PROBABLY the chief obstacle to the recognition of photography as an art is the remarkable facility of its production. Because photography of the indifferent, commercial variety is so very prevalent it is easy to understand why there is so much ignorance as to its vast potentialities. The familiar studio portrait with its suppression of character in favor of the smoothly inane; the ubiquitous snapshot with its hardness of outline, its indiscriminating rendering of detail and its entire lack of atmosphere or individuality, are so greatly in evidence everywhere that the public is inclined to pass over the slender output of the artist-photographer. The public has been unconsciously led into a morass of false standards and is ever prone to confuse the process with the expression. The average photog-

*"Pictorialists" have gained recognition as true artists faithful to their means of expression . . . by*

✓ SHERRIL SCHELL ✓

rapher is concerned only with the process; the artist is concerned with the process only to the degree in which it enables him to express. So dissimilar is their work that it might seem to

be the result of two different mediums. Ruskin's dictum as applied to painting is equally applicable to photography: "He who has learned what is commonly considered the whole art of painting, that is, the art of representing any natural object faithfully, has only learned the language by which his thoughts are expressed."

Photography has been associated for so long with wearisome banalities and monotonous conventionalities, that the artist has often been tempted to use another term to distinguish his work. The words "art-photographer," "pictorialist," "camera-craftsman" and the like are





*"EVENING, AZCAPUTZALCO, MEXICO"*

*From the Photograph  
by  
Sherril Schell*



the result of this re-  
action, and, however  
much they smack of affectation, they have served  
fairly well to point out the difference.

"INDIAN TYPES, MEXICO"  
BY SHERRIL SCHELL

The pictorial movement in photography originated during the latter part of the last century. It is a movement having for its object "the creation of pictures through the medium of photography that will stand the test of being judged by the canons of art and which will not be simply mechanical productions, but pictures in the highest sense of the word, possessed of distinct individuality and positive artistic merit." In England its inception came through the dissatisfaction of certain members of the Royal Photographic Society who maintained that photography was capable of much greater potentialities than the sort that gained the approval of the society's judges; who contended that the standard was not high enough and demanded certain changes in administration that would encourage better photography. After continued struggles with the conservative element, which far outnumbered them, they finally decided to take the matter in

their own hands by giving exhibitions purely of photography as an art. Thus was evolved the "Linked Ring," as it afterward came to be called. Their first salon marked a new era in photography, and its influence spread rapidly to the Continent and to the United States, where a similar development took place.

To the "pictorialists," notably Alfred Stieglitz, Eduard Steichen, Clarence White and Gertrude Kasebier, photography in the United States owes an incalculable debt. They were practically the first in this country to rouse it from the moribund state into which it had fallen and lift it to unsuspected heights. The exhibitions of their work at Mr. Stieglitz's famous "291" in New York (known as the Gallery of the Photo-Secession) were the inspiration of most of those younger artists who are carrying the torch of that cause to-day.

If the middle period of the Nineteenth Century was the Dark Age of Photography, it might well be said that the opening of

the salon in London and the first exhibitions of the pictorialists in this country marked its Renaissance. It should not be forgotten, however, that there were great photographers long before this. In the 40's David Octavius Hill, a Scotsman, produced a series of remarkable photographs, for the most part of friends and neighbors, that have scarcely been surpassed by modern workers, although he had at hand no other process save that of the long discarded callotype. Mrs. Cameron, an English lady, the friend of Tennyson and Thomas Carlyle, was another pioneer. Her pictures, hung with the best work of our day, lose nothing by comparison. Curiously enough, in spite of the fact that both Octavius Hill and Mrs. Cameron were members of distinguished circles—coteries which included several famous painters and sculptors—they exerted hardly any influence on the photography of the period.

Alfred Stieglitz was the first to introduce these "Old Masters of Photography" to the American public, not only by exhibiting specimens of their work at his gallery, but by reproducing them in his beautiful magazine "Camera Work," now



unfortunately discontinued. Said a well known pictorialist the other day: "Whenever I am inclined to feel puffed up about my work I go to my book-shelf, take down a copy of 'Camera Work' and look over the D. O. Hill photographs. The effect is a chastening one!"

That "photography" had its beginning with Daguerre's discovery is a common fallacy. The painter has been aiming towards it from the beginning. Bernard Shaw once said that if Velasquez were alive he would be a photographer. When this was repeated to Alfred Stieglitz he answered characteristically: "Velasquez could hardly have been more of a photographer than he already was in his own time, except that to-day he surely would use the camera."

The familiar remark that has become almost a *cliché* in some studios: "Why that looks more like an etching than a photograph!" is of course meant to be a very flattering compliment, however dubiously it is received.

In such work one sees only the photographer's scorn for his own honest medium. Matchless quality of light and incomparable range of tone are peculiarities of photography that should never be lost sight of. Some things may be interpreted with the camera which will ever be forbidden to the brush—the delicate luminosity that clings to tree branches, the ethereal fragility of Spring flowers, the pattern of sea-waves, the ghostly caress of cloud shadows, the subtleties of human expression and all the spontaneous aspects of Nature in its unending changes.

With such a medium at hand it is difficult to understand why all photographers are not content to practice pure photography instead of trying to make their work resemble mezzotints, etchings, lithographs, and what not. Hear Bernard Shaw: "I say that a photographer imitating the work of a draughtsman is like a man imitating the noises of a barnyard; he may do it cleverly, but it is an unpardonable condescension all the same. Also he is substituting an easy, limited and exhausted process for a difficult one which has never been pushed to the limit of its possibilities. He fails in



"THE MARKET PLACE, XOCHIMILCO, MEXICO"  
BY SHERRIL SCHELL

respect for  
his art. He

is a traitor in the photographic camp. If he really prefers the old methods, let him practice them in the old way and leave the genuine old-fashioned work of the human finger and thumb on his copies of nature; and even if he could, humanity would rightly refuse to concede to it the allowance which we make so willingly for the inferiority of the painter's hand and the clumsiness of his medium. We can stand things from Corot that we could not stand a moment from Demachy."

No one can sincerely deride the camera as a mere mechanical process if he but attends the different exhibitions and notes its responsiveness to men like Demachy, Erfurth, Stieglitz, Mortimer, Coburn and Baron de Meyer. Its progress in the past has been slow and halting, but of late there have been signs of a healthy growth. The recent exhibition of the photographs of Alfred Stieglitz was most significant of this happy state of affairs. Here was shown the comprehensive scope of the medium honestly used.





"CHAUTAUQUA"

BY JOHN F. FOLINSBEE

## FOLINSBEE of GOLDEN SONG

MUSIC, to be sure, is what you are after; a golden luted solo that melts away into a mellow mooded background; highest of all arts, music from the human spheres;

not cold and frozen stiff barbarian bars, but living music that sets to song in you the chimes of sweeter thoughts and more delightful dreams and deep decisions on life's momentous harmonies.

To what degree does musical law apply to the law of the painter's expression? Certainly there are many intricate details that will not come to the canvas under the laws of music, and there must be the fleeting impression that, however vapory or fantastically thin the image be, must impress and cling like some transient lavender mist that falls over the morning zone to come and go at the call of an unwilling mood.

It is difficult, indeed, these days, to send out upon a completely untaught world, and often upon

*With brush and pigment he writes melodies of nature that are as endearing as they are enduring . . . by*

F. NEWLIN PRICE

an unseeing people, little gifts of music or poetry in color, in painting. It is, to be sure, impossible to say, as might be the custom in Arcadia, "Here is a verse I think you'll like," or "Take

this scroll of a sonnet I have put into notes," or "Accept this little nocturne I have painted." Yet only a few years ago John Fulton Folinsbee was wont to paint little panels, eight inches one way and ten the other, that come very much in the class of the little scroll that you might take with you and have music. They sang of his love for nature; they spoke, with his humility, of transient beauty that cold winds would kill or the summer sun destroy. Today, they go deeper and express maturer worship of life's poems.

If it is not entirely too much to presume, there was an arrangement of the line movement that made these little panels great paintings. It is certain there was color and an endearing quality.





*"HER SECOND BIRTHDAY"*

*by*

*John F. Follansbee*







"ALONG THE SHEPANG"

BY JOHN F. FOLINSBEE

I had the dread that they might grow into large, useless expanses of paint. They have not. The color matter heavily laid on with various little cultivating tools hung heavy in furrow and heap to display rock-piled ice in the Delaware, or golden leaves of fall, or earth turned red and dry in mid-day suns. Time was when many of these little panels were available, but now they seem to have gone—errant music for the silent room.

There is this about great paintings: they are beautiful if they bring you into unity with nature and find echo in your ideals. Then there are paintings that for beauty depend on a human quality. As we say of persons, they are "real human beings," persons who have forgotten that they own the earth and who apprehend a certain unity and common ownership of land and sea, of love, sympathy, politics, religion. Art, of course, is not the result of these, but merely an expression of the moral forces. When they say "The artist is the child of his time," they account for the prophet who may live greatly in days to come by virtue of the rare wisdom and high courage of his human recipes; the hero riding on the heads of the mob, higher and in advance of the day.

To burn with the fire of the gods is to vivify and make live all things that we touch. The poetry and the music must be on the canvas, and while we may admire and thrill and talk of the imagery of things, the result hopeful, there is and must always be a painting that the human being loves because it is a unit with life and its finer perceptions, "the charm and story of sentiment, the medium of the art of poetry with charm of life and color, the medium of abstract painting." "There awakes in him some subtle law of his own structure," a mood which thrills no other artist and which he clothes in his own personal spirit. Hear the earth's tune in his heart, perhaps an accidental, a very special, living moment, which shall be recorded as finely. He has a smile that goes straight to your heart and delights all who are near. He has never a hard word for any and is always ready for a game. Humble in his art, he brings to it a human quality which bids fair to win for it a multitude of friends and take to them some beautiful solution of their own problems, which may be far less severe than his problems.

Born in Buffalo, New York, in March, 1892, John Fulton Folinsbee had an active but unusual





"THE FUNERAL"

BY JOHN F. FOLINSBEE

boyhood up to the age of eleven years when he went to boarding school. He spent several of those early summers on an uncle's farm on the Raritan River in New Jersey, where he and a brother, two years older than he, and their cousins led a free and happy life out doors. During his ninth and tenth years in Buffalo, his father became interested in his artistic efforts and sent the two boys to the art school just opened at the then new Albright Art Gallery. Jack remembers that his brother made greater progress than he did. Drawing ears and hands with charcoal was most tiresome. Many better things to be done presented themselves on the long walk to and from the gallery. The instructors complained that Jack was lazy. However, from this time on he was increasingly interested in drawing, making a specialty of animals. His brother's interest turned more toward carpentry and mechanics, in which he became capable. (His death by an accident was a great shock and loss to young Folinsbee). Then when he was thirteen years old, occurred his own set back. Through illness he was out of school two years and was thrown for occupation of his time to drawing and painting water colors.

Again to boarding school—

this time to the Gunnery School (not military) in Washington, Connecticut—and there he lived winter and summer and painted most of the time until he was eighteen. The decision to give all his time to painting crystalized, for he found it was the only thing at which he ever had been able to work with complete concentration. In 1907, the family moved to Plainfield, New Jersey, and there he received his first lesson in oil painting from Jonas Lie, who was beginning to make a reputation.

Herbert W. Faulkner, painter, who had lived many years in Venice, France and Spain and whose foreign work has great charm, lived in Washington, and Folinsbee worked daily at his

studio during the winter of 1911-12, painting in oils and water colors. He also did some modeling and illuminated lettering and studied anatomy, into which he and his mentor went quite thoroughly. This grounding in anatomy was to be a great help in later years. There were numerous books on art, all of which were absorbed ravenously. Not the least important influence at this time was Faulkner's enthusiasm for his young student's talent, and Folinsbee, spurred on by this sympathetic interest, worked conscientiously in his effort to attain free self-expression. His

"CANAL IN WINTER"

BY JOHN F. FOLINSBEE





work has changed much since that time, but there is evidence in the efforts of those days of attempts at definite massing and contrasts, and, from the first, a heavy paint texture. He worked rapidly, even when painting in a detailed manner, in a deep, detached spirituality. Then in the summer of 1912 to Woodstock, and to Birge Harrison, whose book on landscape painting Folinsbee had read with interest

Harrison already had retired from teaching, leaving the school to his assistant, John F. Carlson, so Folinsbee studied really under Carlson for three summers, although it is certain that "Uncle Birge," as he called Mr. Harrison, was a flaming light and a constant source of encouragement. To be sure, Harrison claims no credit at all, although he took Harry Leith-Ross and Folinsbee to the heart of his family in the winter of 1913 and 1914 at Bearsville, above Woodstock. He writes: "Harry Leith-Ross brought him to Woodstock some ten or more years ago, and has been his special chum ever since. 'Tony' Ross knows Johnny better than any one else, and it was simply a case of Damon and Pythias from the day when they first met; each in his way as fine a character as I have ever known." That is the way with the young painter—to meet him is to know him delightfully. Folinsbee says: "I perhaps owe more to Mr. Harrison in the

early development of my work and the influence of his friendship on my character than to any other man. I am very grateful for the soundness of the instruction given me by John Carlson. I needed it."

During this Woodstock period Folinsbee acquired certain conventionalities and mannerisms. But this was inevitable. Gradually all trace of these technical details disappears in the mantle of nature that Folinsbee sees. Then in the winter of



"APPROACHING DUSK"

BY JOHN F. FOLINSBEE

1914 came F. V. Du Mond's splendid life class and Johansen's portrait class, to be followed by a frightful illness of pneumonia. Emerging from this great danger, he went again to Washington, Connecticut, where great happiness came to him

for he met and married Ruth Baldwin. Since that time he has had recognition—Hallgarten Prize, Associate of National Academy, 1919; Corcoran prize, Murphy prize, and the sale of some of his larger canvases, although he still limits his paintings to moderate sizes.

There are two darling little Folinsbees, Beth and Joan, and the little family is very happy and joyous. Jack worries about his art and feels always unsuccessful. His own goal

recedes always because he grows as each season comes. Each year a new siren sings in the woodland, by the river. Open minded, frank, the future is no nearer than the past viewed today. Theories? No theories limit his creative instinct. Open minded, he can better respond to emotional reactions. Wide of vision, he feels the character of his motive most keenly.

From our elation nature has powers to awe and



"SLEEPING BABY"

BY JOHN F. FOLINSBEE



"FROZEN CANAL"

BY JOHN F. FOLINSBEE

silence with her eternal song. This music, which is of the Gods, comes to you out of a hushed silence, to delight, to transport; there seems no beginning of it and no end—just an impression. If it pleases you, you may be sure that in the making the song was born from out a soul absorbed with no mean thoughts or petty gambling value, nor coin, nor dividends, nor debts shared in its creation. Laboriously, perhaps, the rapt musician played, and yet he had approached his art with pure delight and quite unsullied intent. So, with this man Folinsbee. If he can keep his ideal liquid, to let it flow and mould his art, there will be melody.

I often wonder what Cézanneists think, to worship at some other shrine than God. These queer distorted forms seem all discordant, without hope or love. I can admire fine color and an able line, but triangles and involved circumferences merely aggravate, and I wonder what is their approach. Do they desire to draw a line that lives or to spell some puzzle that excites their ego. As for me, the best is here before us, all too wonderful a song.

Is there need that a painting be more than an open window through which color and form and decorative design reach the perception, a splash

of sunlight on a garden bench, a white sail against the blue, or toll bridge in the moonlight? To be sure, it must be preciously done to bring no doubt or questioning of knowledge; a sudden pleasure. This comes, I am sure, from the approach. You too, Oh listener, must needs approach your music without the money lust, free from the bargain mart and honest to yourself. Pitiful, indeed, are they who count the cost of their culture. As well frame a photograph of the bank report as come to painting with the greedy thought of financial gain. There is a profit for you that will bring much dividends—you will find each corner of the land, on hill or by stream, or the heart of the town will seem and be more friendly.

To me, Folinsbee is a little part of our Declaration of Art Independence. There are many great painters in this land, and America will have in this epoch great masters. They shall be humble, enthusiastic, tireless workers; they shall know no masters, and above all they shall give the glorious illusion of music in lines that float unconsciously into poetry and in color that melts into melody, above the oratory of words, somewhere in the realm of that "light that never was on land or sea."





"THE GALLEON" INTARSIA PANEL DESIGNED BY FRANK BRANGWYN, EXECUTED BY A. J. ROWLEY

## The ROWLEY INTARSIA Panels

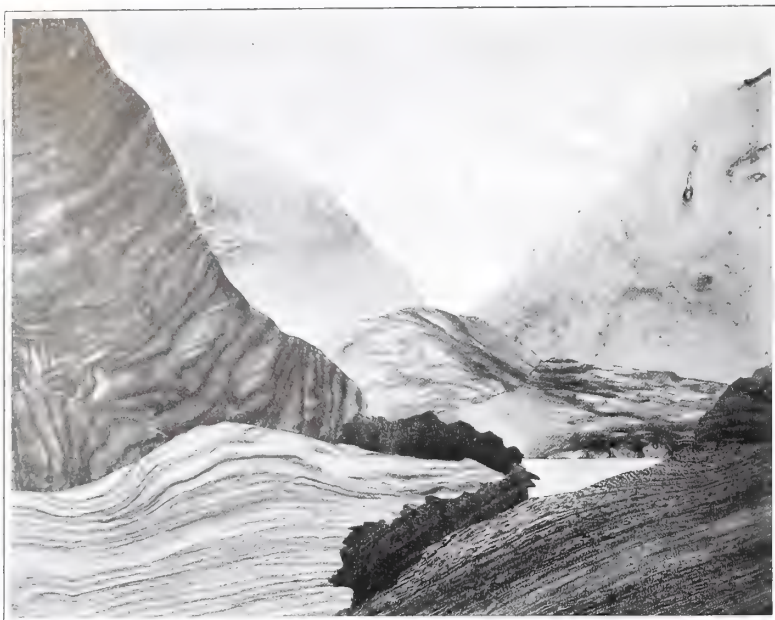
IT is a curious instance of that limitation of vision which insistence on the purely technical side of craftsmanship may induce, that cabinetmakers of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries should in their marqueterie work have concentrated on the perfection of the actual inlay, its delicacy, its neatness, its design, the choiceness of its wood and the adaptation of its pattern to purpose, to the entire neglect of what is undoubtedly the most interesting feature in the medium employed, namely: the natural beauties of the grain of the wood. Indeed, the markings seem to have been regarded in the light of blemishes, and in consequence to have been ruthlessly excised in

*English artist's pictorial use of wood is unique and results in most beautiful decorative effects . . . by*  
Mrs. Gordon - Stables

all but those pieces considered to have been of inferior merit, the designer preferring to obtain his effects by means of shadings produced by means of shadings, meticulously and laboriously arranged, rather than by selecting such grainings as would convey the desired impression in a single inset in the undertaking on hand.

This artificial (one might almost describe it as unnatural, since it deliberately ignores Nature's own provision) method of treatment lies assuredly at the bottom of that machine like precision and mechanical effect characteristic of even the most technically superb specimens of marqueterie, whether emanating from Holland, France or Italy.





"WESTMORELAND" INTARSIA PANEL DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY A. J. ROWLEY

It would be difficult otherwise to account satisfactorily for the failure on the part of such pieces to arouse the emotional appreciation produced by woodwork far inferior in point of technical excellence, yet not guilty of suppressing the claims of the grain to due consideration. One tires of marqueterie with extraordinary ease, one cares but for a single example displayed among others of simpler appeal. Despite the fertility of design that distinguishes it and of the human interest which should invariably accompany fine work well and truly done, it is lacking in eloquence. When a craftsman deliberately rejects from the medium he manipulates that which is its most salient property, he does so at his artistic peril.

It is the insistence of the dominant value in intarsia of the grain of the woods employed that makes the work of A. J. Rowley, the English artist of today, not alone of extraordinary interest in itself, since it breaks entirely new ground in this direction, but also suggestive of infinite possibilities, which he, experimentalist that he is, acknowledges to be still unprobed. In

speaking of his work, the word intarsia is properly more apposite than that of marqueterie, since the latter is strictly in the nature of a thin veneer of two or more woods imposed upon a stouter body, whereas intarsia implies the fitting together of woods into spaces cut away from a groundwork. Being an entirely original craft, the Rowley panel does not accurately accommodate itself to either term, but that of intarsia applies, of the two, the more correctly to the method which he uses.

Important as is the grain of the wood in suggesting form, there are other elements which prove almost equally important factors in the intarsia work of this artist. One is the natural

faculty of woods for absorbing color pigment in varying density, the other is the live quality of the wood surface and its faculty for reflecting light with varying effect according to the angle from which it is viewed, the position in which it is placed, and the character of the light and atmosphere in which it may happen to be seen.

Let us deal firstly with the impregnation, or saturation, of wood with color—a very different thing, let it be understood, from the mere tinting of wood, wherein only the surface is stained, with the result that a comparatively dead, uninteresting superficies is achieved. In scientific color

impregnation, as carried out by Rowley, full advantage is taken of the fact that the fibrous, spongelike pores of wood, being of varying sizes, take the color in similarly varying quantities. Thus layers, impregnated throughout, will betray gradations of tone, that is to say, they will furnish without further elaboration just that "quality" which it is the aim of paint to produce. For what is "quality", in studio parlance, but vibration of color,



"MACAW AND DUCK" FIVE FOLD INTARSIA SCREEN  
DESIGNED BY W. A. CHASE, EXECUTED BY A. J. ROWLEY





"ST. HUBERT" INTARSIA PANEL DESIGNED BY W. A. CHASE, EXECUTED BY A. J. ROWLEY

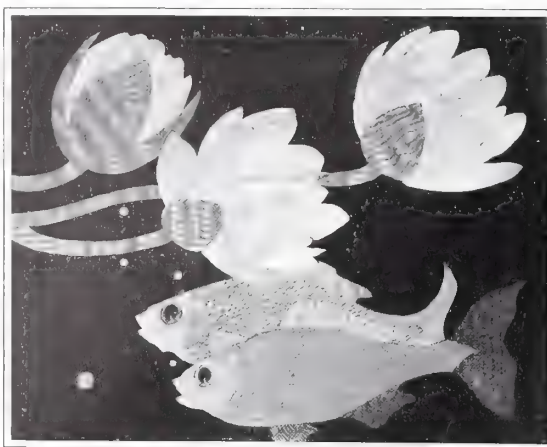
modification of color, color seen through various effects of lighting? In working with woods thus glowing with color quality, an artist exchanges the fixed palette of the painter for one that admits little restriction. With every layer that is cut from the impregnated wood, a different effect of light and shade on the surface is produced, since in every layer a different quantity of pigment has been absorbed. Hence the necessity, when considering the Rowley intarsia, for dispelling from one's mind all memory of inlays made from woods that have been merely surface tinted. Such work has none of the live quality which counts for so much in this connection. There is no tinting, painting or touching up of the medium, once the inlay has been carried out. Any such methods would destroy its most valuable asset, its living character as a work of original art.

The third essential in the new intarsia, namely the faculty for reflecting light and shade, is responsible for the curious subtlety with which this work can suggest "atmosphere"—a term almost as hackneyed as that of "quality," yet standing for a very definite and important feature. According to the selection of the wood made, one may suggest the atmosphere which envelops architecture, seen, let us say, under a lowering sky; the silvery gleam of water beneath the rays of the moon, or the curious silence that envelops a mountain tarn. I am reminded in this connection of the strange atmospheric quality of a certain large intarsia composition carried out by Mr. Rowley from a design by Frank Brangwyn, an artist whose simple, direct methods are particularly suited to this method of interpretation. It depicts a factory, the windows lit up under a



wintry sky, the workers issuing forth from their day's labor. The atmosphere of the scene, as Brangwyn himself acknowledged, could have hardly been so completely suggested by paint and canvas and brush.

This faculty, so to speak, of transcending in its live, almost emotional, quality, the limitations of the ordinary pictorial



ROWLEYAN PANEL DESIGNED BY W. A. CHASE

the sky's reflection. A single piece of wood indicates the complete structure of the little barque below; simple sawcuts suggest the jutting excrescences of the castle set upon the hill. The simplicity of Mr. Brangwyn's methods lends itself, of course, peculiarly well to interpretation by Mr. Rowley, for it must be understood that the



"THE YELLOW SANDS" INTARSIA PANEL DESIGNED BY W. A. CHASE, EXECUTED BY A. J. ROWLEY

media, has proved of enormous interest to artists themselves and enlisted their co-operation in the matter of designs. No one, however, has shown himself better qualified to grasp the essentials of the intarsia art than Mr. Brangwyn, an example of whose compositions in this connection is given in the color-plate of "The Galleon." In the original, the play of light on the surface of the swelling sails conveys with arresting effect the suggestion of the breeze; that on the sky, the scudding clouds; that on the water,



ROWLEYAN PANEL DESIGNED BY W. A. CHASE

latter is an independent artist, who, taking another artist's design as basis for his work, passes it, as it were, through the medium of his own individuality, not adhering slavishly to it but translating it into an expression of his own psychological outlook. The secret of the success with which the Rowley intarsia has met, lies in its power of suggestion. It gives the imagination play and pronounces no rigid, inflexible limitations for the spectator.

In the second color illustration, that of "St. Hubert,"



designed by W. A. Chase, an artist whose unusual versatility and flexibility render his work peculiarly effective in this connection, it is even easier to trace the Rowleyan point of view. Nothing could be at once simpler or more appropriate than the utilization of the wood grain for expressing the formation of the earth's surface, nothing more effective in the suggestion of gnarled tree-trunks, of the stag's markings, of the glow of light that surrounds the crucified figure. And the whole is bathed in a mystic, mysterious light, for which the live quality of the impregnated wood-layers is responsible. No wonder that even the most classical of technicians in wood-inlay are becoming influenced by the new gospel of intarsia as now preached.



"THE SOWER" INTARSIA PANEL DESIGNED BY W. A. CHASE  
EXECUTED BY A. J. ROWLEY

To the same artist belongs the design of "The Yellow Sands," an excellent example of the grasp which he evinces of the principles which underly this branch of pictorial art. Note the skilful manner in which the grain is exploited to suggest the quality of layered sea sands, the billowing clouds and the living, vibrant quality of the nude, dancing forms. Likewise by Chase is the "Sower," in which, it must be admitted, simplification could well go no further. Yet how tellingly this very simplification develops the inwardness of the composition. Expressed in wood, one feels the kinship with nature of this peasant sower, scattering under a threatening sky his grain upon the bosom of Mother Earth. Simple, homely themes find a sympathetic expression in this medium, for it envelops them at once in an atmosphere closely akin to nature's own.

But perhaps most clearly of all in Rowley's own design does one appreciate his aims and objects. In his "Westmoreland," for instance, we have in a few simple, clearly defined insets, a great sweep of massive uplands luminously expressed, emotionally rendered. One is conscious of the strata of the hills, the radiance of the sky, the pellucid depths of the mountain lake. It is all there in the grain of the wood and the sheen and quality of its surface. One can let his imagination dwell upon it without exhausting what it has to convey. Every outline has meaning. It follows that in order to make that bold use of the wood grain

that distinguishes such a composition as this, the artist must have access to a very comprehensive selection of woods. Mr. Rowley's collection of woods (it is their grain rather than what is usually known as quality that renders them acceptable in this connection) has been brought together over many years and represents capital that runs well into four figures in the English currency. That is why, even granted an artistic impulse in this direction equal to Mr. Rowley's own, it would be difficult for a rival to draw for his media on material to be compared with that which the former has, with the inexhaustible patience and application of the enthusiast, steadily amassed. No wood is too common, no wood is too choice.

Regarded as a medium for purely decorative effects, such as in relation to wall-panels, furniture panels, panels for mirrors, panels to be erected above mantelpieces and as panels for screens, this intarsia woodwork has met with unprecedented success, not alone among private individuals, but among architects. Sir Aston Webb, president of the Royal Academy, has accorded it his wholehearted approval, and in a number of cases rooms have been specially designed with a view to their being panelled in the Rowley intarsia. The Victoria and Albert Museum has acquired an example of it and provincial museums are showing themselves appreciative of its right to take rank quite properly among the fine arts.

ART BY THE WAY *Guy Pène  
du BOIS*

THE apparent casualness of a title like this one is fictitious. It is truly a very serious and a very informative title. A smile may be a great proof of profundity where a frown may be a mechanical device of perplexity or the masquerade of a weak intellect. A frown anyway is a sign of effort and a symbol of man trying to outreach himself. I do not know whether this will help to make clear that which is to follow.

There are two kinds of workers in art. One is interested in art. He is a dilettante. The other, the artist, is interested in himself, perhaps first of all things, and in life. He turns to art to express a thing he admires in life, to give voice to the fullness of the joy or the spleen within himself, a thing which he can neither contain nor waste. The other worker is attracted to art. He spends hours in galleries admiring the works of his gods who, when he sits before his canvas in the studio, guide his hands and vision. He is a tremendous, an almost overwhelming majority. His interest is purely linguistic. He is a follower of fashions in language; a man who will go from a Chicago to an English accent with a change of the wind. The other worker, while creating them, takes art and language by the way. He might be as glib as Rubens or slow as Cézanne. He will admire men of opinions but he will not defer to opinions. Perhaps, if they are wrong, he is an explanation of the fallacy of schools in art.

The obviousness of all this would bring a blush to a less sophisticated writer or to a more precious one, filled with the fear of the repetitive. If this one goes on, that is because he is cynic enough to be shameless. He has seen man like Ziem and Henner and Dewing gain great reputations by simply and constantly repeating an originally successful story. He has seen the sheep temporarily rout the master. He has lived a long time in a republican country and almost become accustomed to hearing the rumble of the masses spoken of as a voice; this exactly as though it were a voice, a thing carrying a message. It may be that he is quite lost for he has begun to believe that the masses have kept Shakespeare alive and that they are about to destroy Harrison Fisher. He has bent his ear like Ernest Poole and others to the vox populi, and waited expectantly. He has shaken his head and been thrilled by the thought of the march of the fishwives on Versailles and the turning of the Russian worm. He has done this in an effort to be fair, with his thoughts tightly shut

against the fact of the temerity of starving wolves. It is possible that this critic is muddled for he is afraid that you will think so.

The turn about is in time. Perhaps it is time. Perhaps we could now, without appearance of impatience, turn to the thought of the starving wolves and the food which they swallow, quite whole, whether it is given to them by Freud or Buddha or Dr. Crane or Cézanne. Of course these men would not exist without a following to feed. Even the hermit painter or George Moore's yogi, in the *apologia*, had an eye on the effect of their escape upon the people from whom they escaped. Among other things the artist looks for a sop to vanity. The minor one follows the latest god, rides his wagon, in the hope to gain some redundancy thereby, in the hope that he will, at least, take on the look of individuality. He is, of course, careless that it is reflected. He is a fashionable rebel against ancient order, quite lost for the manner of his rebellion, since he is armed with none of those sincerities through which manner is created, and clutching thus, desperately, at his superior's ready-made one. The superior takes ideas from the people and slaps them back when he has finished molding them into a shape beyond the recognition of their originators. Art's a muddle. The finished product is strung down inexplicable strings. Whistler said that to speak of his mother stuff in the famous portrait was to misunderstand it. He would have had us suppose that it was made up largely of tones and colors and beautiful for them alone; an esthetic masterpiece bare of psychology. But everyone who has liked that picture, has liked a reflection of himself that he found in it. It has hung in a very great many American homes in photographic reproductions, sometimes colored, merely because it seemed, to the dwellers in them, the greatest portrait of a mother ever painted, a sort of eternal mother. As sentimentalists we have bowed to the mother idea for generations. But it is a question whether this mother would appeal to a sturdy Hollander who had seen Rembrandt's. This mother has the asceticism of our own ideal. Perhaps it is ironic that Whistler's prime bit of esthetic manoeuvring should end as the symbol of the American ideal of motherhood. He had promised to return here when the South had conquered the North.

The truth—we are always coming to a truth—is that the Victorian era had as great a grip on



Whistler as it had on his stodgier contemporaries. In that case his satirical sallies were aimed at the destruction of something within himself as much as at the members of the British Royal Academy and their lay and professional followers. Whistler, Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley all lived at the same time. Is there any meat in the fact that they were all artistic dandies and that the most popular school of their time played with a romantic turn that was but a short distance from the maudlin in its persistent preciousness? Whistler audibly claimed that his "Mother" was a rhetorical machine—dandyism there. But what did he really think? This would matter more if the profounder qualities in a picture were more consciously produced.

Go to any National Academy varnishing day and you will hear all the ordinary and the one or two extraordinary painters talking in terms of paint. Doctors, engineers and newspaper men all talk shop when together. Shop talk, in every profession, has everything to do with means and nothing to do with the end. You will find, to take a vulgar example, that F. P. A., the conductor of a daily newspaper column, is constantly on the lookout for errors in other people's means. He is, apparently, prouder of the things he knows about technic than of the things he knows about life. He is supposed to deal in life. I recently heard a painter who had just completed a very human portrait become entranced by a blue line which he had painted around the head. It would probably be very wise for laymen to shut their ears to all professional talk. The saving of a life is of no technical importance to a physician. The perpetuation of a life is of no technical importance to a painter. His brother painter, in praise, will say: "That is a great bit of pyrotechnics," and not: "That is a fine human document." The people who hang reproductions of Whistler's great portrait because of the mother element are better judges of art than Whistler, who would have had them admire it because it is a painter problem fairly and squarely met. I do not know whether this reason for hanging the Whistler reproduction is the majority reason. The reason for doubt here, rests in the damage that painter talk—so incomprehensible to the layman—has done to the layman. This talk is a barrier between him and that thing which, while knowing nothing of it, he knows that he likes. He is so bashful about the confession of this liking, a school boy lover attitude, that one begins to know something, too; to know that the liking is not strong enough to lend him ordinary bravery. Wanting that, and owning the mass dislike for cowardice, he ends down the

easiest way, which is a real or an assumed indifference. In no other country is the whisper so prevalent in art galleries as it is here.

But all this beating about the bush of mine is done really in an effort to find some tangible thing on which to hang. This note should have been headed language and nothing else. About language the painter is an intolerable prig and the layman is mystified beyond common sense. It is curiously forgotten that, once in it, one may forget, becoming accustomed to them, the convolutions of language in books by meticulous men like James and Meredith. The plunge must be taken in painting also. It is a plunge past language and past subject matter, a plunge into the heart of the work which is the heart of its maker. Those without heart erect disguises, fences so attractive in themselves that any original desire to push past them is disarmed. The surface painter must fear a further acquaintance, and the sounder or profounder painter, that you will not stay long enough with his work. It is (pardon me for this continuance of the repetitive) acquaintance with sincerity that breeds respect for it. It does not need the disguise of furbelows, the lure of gay raiment. It may eventually stand upon its naked merits. These are, naturally, a question of intrinsic worth. However, in America this is a dangerous thing to say, for here the commercial ideal, dealing entirely with intrinsic values, neglects entirely those superficial ones on which so much of the charm of older civilizations is built. Our school of rugged painters, as an example, employs only homely terms, of no beauty in themselves, terms resembling those of business in their appearance of efficiency and economy. Perhaps Théophile Gautier was not all wrong when he wrote there is beauty only in the useless. He was the voice of an extravagant and generous period, meticulous about its means, whimsical in regard to the solid qualities of an idea. The reaction which came from it is expressed perhaps to better advantage in Emile Zola than in Courbet. In Zola was a complete rebuttal of Gautier matter and manner. Indeed a Captain Fracasse done by Zola is unthinkable while there are figures like a red coated huntsman and the portrait of an actor in the Courbet collection which, with less good humored *bonhomme* and more lace, might step into the shoes of the captain and, at least, pass a casual inspection. There is a lot to be said on both sides of the question of language or of style.

Americans scoff less at style than was their custom two decades ago. Men dare more frivolous niceties in clothes. Some nurture esthetic accents. An occasional one will not laugh at a continental

bracelet on a male wrist. Some believe that it is possible to retain the appearance of manliness while using selected English and a soft voice. All this should tend to show the birth of a desire to be rid of the early republican catch-as-catch-can style. It may even be that our painters are on the verge of considering things, formerly so superfluous, like beauty of surface, textural qualities, grace in phrasing. Most of them have a long way to go but the thing can be. The small number of fastidious painters has grown slowly, to be sure, but steadily. Paul Manship, without a sense of color and owning but a trifling sum in form, is a fine example of care for workmanship in sculpture. Gaston Lachaise is another and a more fortunate example. The combination of language and soul in Lachaise is remarkable. There are nice precisions in the paint and the ink of Rockwell Kent. He has added a note of tremendous importance to the variety of the document on our period, a note that, doing nothing else, would still point a direction. An uncouth manner is not essential to truth or, necessarily, an evidence of it. The rough diamond is an illusion, like Santa Claus, that we lose as we acquire sophisticated age.

But there are polished styles of frightful frigidity. I think of some of our mural painters, the scholarly ones who are librarians in spirit. They live in an encyclopædic atmosphere filled with the doings of dead generals and administrators and painters. The famous friendliness and impetuosity of the American is so entirely lost in their studios that we may bring to them the charge of having, insidiously to be sure, influenced the use of careless language among our easel painters. Looking at empty perfection we get to think of fault as human. These men have acquired style in those dancing schools of art which are known as Academies. They are armed to meet any situation with a prescribed formula. They have lost the power of thought in cultivating the one of memory, and that to no purpose.

It is possible that this kind of thing is essential to the maintenance of the wanted aloof coldness of court houses. We are not to think of friendliness and law at once. Justice must be without prejudice and judges, blind. The eyes of jurors with their attention must be kept upon a case and not upon a mural decoration. There are revolting austerities; paint them upon the walls of court houses and all attention will center upon the fortunes and misfortunes of trials. I know that I never learned anything in a lecture room of the Sorbonne, which was decorated by Puvis de Chavannes. I have often wondered how Everett Shinn's decorations for the court house at Trenton, New Jersey, are

doing psychologically. This response to the formal situation was really quite out of order. Nothing was done at all about Washington's having crossed over to Trenton, one cold night, to spoil a Hessian Christmas revel. Shinn did a great deal, instead, about today's Trenton, the Trenton of pottery kilns and furnaces, Trenton men with the lights of blazing fires on their faces; a theme built of the exciting rhythms of fevered industry. This must certainly have been taken as an impertinence in some quarters. Poor Washington! His exploit remains recorded by a German who, in generosity of spirit, overdid it, for one of the General's letters states: "There was no ice in the river at that time and damned little water." History plays strange pranks with generosity. But are the trials of Trenton fairly considered? However, I have heard Baudry, painter of the Paris Opera House, lauded by the most eminent painter of our court houses. There must be something in this. At the very worst, the promise is good. Shinn has turned to the frivolous manner of Fragonard, to the impersonalities of a purely stylistic period. He has ceased decorating court houses and become excited by blacksmiths and pottery hands.

The influence of Baudry remains. He had been educated by one of those symbolical dancing masters and taken his lessons seriously. Bow to the left, now to the right; stand up. He knew the formal answer to every formal question. He even considered that all questions were formal, that life was lived by rote. It is entirely probable that the success of his system here is due to our indifference to formality. It seems to me, in any case, that we have consistently refused to be bothered by either the question or the answer. We have admired dutifully and forgotten. One does not go to court houses to see paintings. The law is without humor, or almost without humor. It would assuredly refuse to be ashamed of its grotesqueries. It is essential that its paintings be dull. Sprightliness in their language would influence a criminal disrespect. Prisoners must not mistake the type of bar. But, despite Daumier, there is a dignity in courts of law and it is possible that this could be insisted upon to advantage by paintings which pointed a finger that way with intelligence and force. The formal recipe is hollow. It is dried up. It needs the revivifying force of new life, a modern gland. The attention of the jurors should be returned to the trial by the paintings with a refreshed sense of its importance. The idea that propaganda cannot be employed in art is disproved by the early history of the church and the paintings that were produced for several centuries from the time of Giotto.



# Daumier, the Balzac of the Easel



"TÊTE D'EXPRESSION"

by

Honoré Daumier

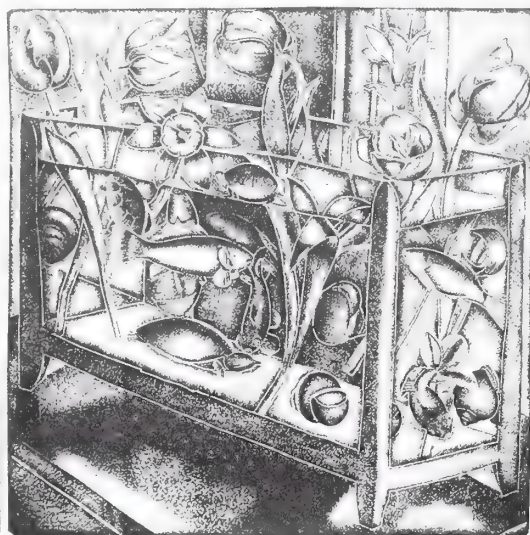
**S**PEAKING of Daumier, Balzac said: "There is Michael Angelo in that man." We say of Daumier: "There is Balzac in that man," and his Christian name—the unusual one of Honoré—was, strangely enough, also that of his great contemporary in literature. Had some perspicacious publisher commissioned Daumier to illustrate "Pere Goriot" and "Eugenie Grandet," then the similarity of their geniuses would have been apparent, for they were, these two men of a same age, moved by an identical passion for the realities of life, and this at a time when the "bistorical" alone had approval, and Scott, Dumas, Delaroche, even Ingres, were convinced that only Greeks, Romans, knights and musketeers were "worth while." But Balzac might well have adopted Daumier's maxim: "Be of your time" ("Il faut etre de son temps"). Notwithstanding the admiration, and in some cases the most devoted friendship, of his contemporaries, notably Corot, Daubigny, Dupre, Barye and Delacroix, Daumier had to fight all his life against the prejudice, which even outlived him, that he was merely a cartoonist and not also, and especially, a most gifted painter. But truth comes to light, and today he has his place among masters of the first rank in the Nineteenth Century. The sketch reproduced on this page was outlined with the brush for an oil-painting. It appeared in the Daumier exhibition organized by the artist's friends at the Durand-Ruel galleries, Paris, in 1878, a year before his death, when he had almost completely lost the use of his eyes.

# A CHILD ARTIST "GROWS UP"

NEWSPAPERS and magazines on both sides of the Atlantic have given much space in the last few years to the art of Pamela Bianco. Much has been written of mere adulation, words without real understanding, a sweeping along with the tide of popular approval. It has been not only valueless as giving us no comprehension of what was really taking place, but positively harmful in that it has given the impression that here was but one more of the daily discovered child prodigies, present for her little day and sure to vanish as suddenly as she came. To those of us who held this impression the second American showing of

Pamela Bianco's work, recently held at the Print Rooms in San Francisco, was a revelation. More than three hundred examples of her work were hung, so grouped as to show the development of the passing years, and development and growth there have been to a marked degree. So viewed, the pictures seemed naturally to fall into but two principal groups: the work of the young girl, and that of the budding woman of the last two years. The girlhood pictures show the gradual growth of the girl thought; natural steps, quite clearly defined, following in logical sequence from the wee children of the first drawings to the fairy folk of the months when Grimm and Andersen must have been her favorite companions, and then on into the increasingly decorative pictures of the next few years. Interest-

*Pamela Bianco astonishes art world by her failure to disappear like other prodigies . . . . by*  
Harry Noyes PRATT



"AQUARIUM"  
ONE OF THE LATEST WORKS  
OF PAMELA BIANCO

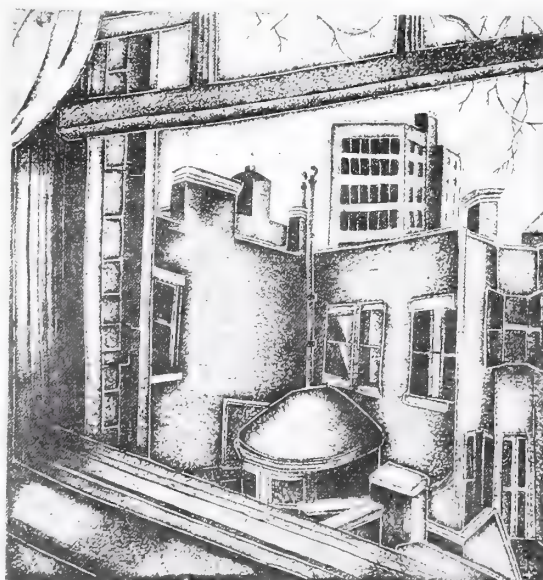
ing, all of them; many of real artistic value, yet all marked by child thought and immature touch. They show a gradual, tender growth in feeling and technique, though with no certain promise of great things to come.

It has been customary to speak of Pamela Bianco's pictures as being perfect artistic expressions. This is not by any means true and is unjust to the artist herself. Were she merely the child wonder of a few passing months this unbalanced criticism would be unimportant, but now that she has taken definite place as an artist with a fine gift and a greater promise her work must be viewed as is the

product of other artists, and gauged as to artistic place as it rises to or falls short of the principles which underly all art.

Judged in this way, forgetting it as the product of a child genius, much of the early work fails to find place. As drawings alone many of these might well be the achievement of many a child of equal age. Yet even these, many of them, faulty

as they may be as to drawing, hold a whimsical humor, an elusive tenderness of feeling, which lift them above mere childish work. Too, it has been customary to speak of her sureness of touch and fluency of line. Most of the work, even of the earliest period, shows this, it is true; but not at all uniformly or in all pictures. In many of the drawings is shown a hesitancy, an uncer-



"ROOFS" ONE OF THE  
LATEST WORKS  
OF PAMELA BIANCO



tainty of line which marks the child artist. This is not, mind you, to say that these same pictures may not be real artistic expressions. Many of them are real achievements in spite of their very apparent faults; they hold something deeper than mere line.

Is it not this which proves Pamela Bianco the real artist?—her work forces its acceptance in spite of occasional crudity and defect. She does that which only the real artist can do; expresses her mood and thought with such power and clarity that it is easily grasped by the layman. Thousands can as easily and perfectly delineate the features of a child's face; few can give the child's thought, or make us feel the child world o' dreams in which it lives. Fewer still can make us feel the artist's love for his subject. Herein, perhaps, lies Pamela

Bianco's greatest appeal; the source, it may be, of her real artistry; her deep and natural love for all beautiful things wherever found.

Seeing the gradual development of her early years, a growth as natural and gentle as that of one of her own decorative vines, it was a surprise to note the sudden change into maturity, a change marked not so much by the wider choice of medium as by the firm confidence of hand expressed in the sure sweep of line, and in the surety of vision which is now apparent. It would be interesting to know the psychic causes underlying the sudden change, to know the processes of this pure child-mind which induced the passing at a bound from the light laughter of fairy-folk and children to the tender gravity which now controls her hand. Now for the first time does she definitely and decidedly place herself,

"SELF PORTRAIT"  
EARLY DRAWING  
BY PAMELA BIANCO



"FLOWERS IN A  
TUMBLER"  
BY PAMELA BIANCO

in technique of line, in correctness of vision and its free expression, on a parity with her already great strength in feeling and composition. She has stepped across the border of childhood; seeing still with the clear, untroubled vision of the youthful dreamer, she begins now to feel the deeper rhythms of life. Now does she definitely promise that which before was but hinted in her work.

This is particularly apparent, strongly apparent, in her figure studies, no longer the dancing sprites of childhood or of children in their mothers' arms, but powerful, vigorous portrayals of young womanhood. The fairies have gone, and now she shows us only the deep and mystic forest, leaving with us the feel-

ing that the elves still lurk in those dusky depths ready to come out from

among the great trees the moment we have gone. She gives us in varying mediums—she uses freely tempera, oil, ink, crayon, pencil or the lithographic stone—backyards of tangled roofs, most difficult perspective correctly rendered; lonely streets of green hedges and gloomy trees; still life studies of splendid color and strength.

It is perhaps the still life studies which show most markedly the great change in her outward expression. Still keeping her splendid originality of composition and handling—she is in no wise an imitator—she is attaining results which more mature artists may well envy, and do. What they

might note is that her successful results are due in no small measure to her careful drawing. Her keen and growing appreciation of form is no place shown more clearly than in her unique still life studies. It is all



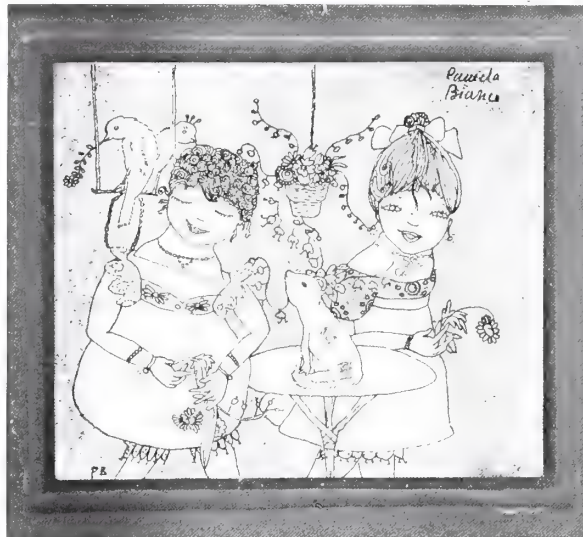
"AN ANGEL"  
EARLY DRAWING  
BY PAMELA BIANCO

summed up in this appreciation of one of the western artists, Ray Boynton: "The final word about any work of art is, I think, that it is in some degree a revelation, and the more clear the revelation the more powerfully it holds us. Pamela Bianco's drawings are a clear revelation of form. Her consciousness of form is so serenely uncompromising that her drawings have achieved a finality of statement that carries conviction of reality. One can orient all his intellectual theories of art in their presence."

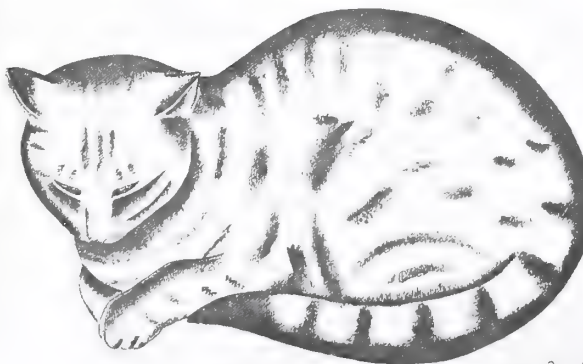
It has been said that Pamela Bianco is in no wise an imitator; but this does not mean that she has not been influenced by her artistic environment nor unmoved by the changing currents of her passing years. No one but a child brought up in England would be likely to produce so sturdily British a drawing as that of her "Self Portrait," and surely her "Roofs" suggests a view in an American city with its ugly loft building bulking against the sky. The viewpoint here, as in the "Aquarium" and in the "Flowers in a Tumbler," is touched with modernism in all but her superb command of line.

She has been influenced, and she will inevitably continue to be influenced, by her surroundings. That person not so subject to vibrations from environment is an anomaly. Certainly no one of the delicate sensitiveness of the real artist but must respond to these vibrations, of what-

(Photographs by courtesy of  
the Print Rooms  
San Francisco)



TWO DRAWINGS CHARACTERISTIC  
OF THE EARLIEST WORK OF  
PAMELA BIANCO



ever kind they may be. So what Pamela Bianco's genius shall next bring forth will to a great extent depend upon the contact of the next few years, and this not alone in trend but in strength and value. Whatever the contact may be will be expressed by her facile hands; changed, identified with her own individuality, made her own. No small responsibility rests upon those directing the material affairs of her life, and the wise guidance which has left her free to receive from those unseen cosmic sources the abundant gift which is hers, will doubtless continue her freedom from ill-advised instructional restraint.

Pamela Bianco's art will continue to be the pure, unadulterated expression of that which is given her to give;

strong, as her environment vibrates to strength; beautiful, as beauty floods upon her. With increasing maturity of thought, increasing strength of that delicately poised instrument through which is received her art, will come the fruitage. Then will be shown the strength and power and superb beauty which is now but briefly hinted. In the full maturity of her art will be justified the present enthusiasm. Worth while as her present output may be in itself, it is—unless signs fail—but the shadow of that which will come.

The groping vine of the early years has spread leaf and tendril. The full blown flower should be a marvellous thing.

"MY CAT ASLEEP"  
AN EARLY DRAWING  
BY  
PAMELA BIANCO



*"THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL, WASHINGTON"*

*From a Photograph by  
Richard Southall Grant*

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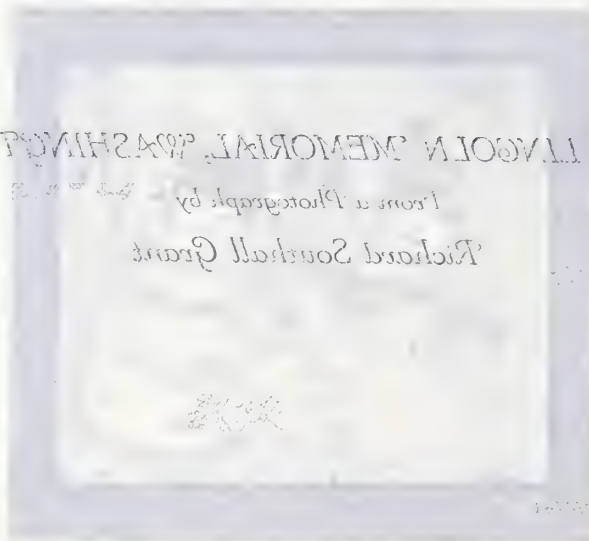
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## "THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL, WASHINGTON"

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OF THE EARLIEST WORK OF  
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No one but a child brought England would be likely to see so sturdily British a drawing that of her "Self Portrait," and surely her "Is" suggests a view in an American city with a lofty building bulking against the sky. Viewpoint here, as in the "Aquarium" and in "Flowers in a Tumbler," is touched with realism in all but her superb command of line.

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to these  
what-  
early, in courtesy of













"GORAL"

by

*Helen M. Turner*

*Courtesy of The Milch Galleries*





# TAPESTRIES of Five Centuries

## V. Transplanting Looms from Flanders

**D**URING the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries when the industry of tapestry weaving was at the height of its organization and of its productivity in Flanders and the demand for tapestries was great throughout Europe, other countries undertook to establish looms with the aid of Flemish weavers. Skilled workmen were taken from the Low Countries into France, Germany, Italy and England. Now and again in the preceding two hundred years itinerant weavers are heard of as having wandered singly or in pairs throughout these lands, but their temporary establishments and occasional work, much of which probably was repairing, made no real impression. When, however, workmen were deliberately imported to set up looms in specific places, a real industry began. With the patronage of the government or of the wealthy nobleclass, these weavers opened shops in most favorable conditions and began immediately to work on more or less ambitious textile productions.

Some of these *ateliers* lasted a generation; one or two, a century or more, and five or six of them produced notable pieces and in fairly large quantities. Several of them became fairly large communities and trained apprentices of the land of their adoption. Nevertheless, in spite of their long residence in their new homes and in spite of every encouragement and all their success, most of these men

*France alone able to make the weaving art her own, while Germany, Italy and England fail . . . by*  
PHYLLIS ACKERMAN

never became wholly imbued with the spirit of their foster-country. Throughout their work they remained recognizably Flemish, even to the third or fourth generation, making only superficial ad-

justments to meet the taste of their new patrons.

The degree to which these transplanted Flemish weavers made any modification at all in their art, varied with the existing conditions in the different countries. Some of the weavers were significantly influenced by local taste and tradition, some remained steadfastly oblivious to their change of habitat. At the one pole stand the Flemish weavers who went into France to set up their looms at Fontainebleau. Here a truly French art was immediately started. At the opposite pole is

Germany, where Flemish weavers produced nothing but consistently Flemish tapestries. Between these extremes stand Italy and England, where the traditions of the workmen and those of the locality were blended in varying proportions. France always has had a genius for fusing foreign influences with her own spirit. In fact, early French art is almost entirely a compound of alien ingredients, a kind of new alloy of many metals evolved by the skill of the metallurgist; and it is the soul of France that is this scientist. Standing midway between the races of southern and northern characteristics, herself sharing in their Latin and Celtic bloods, she has reached with acquisitive hands



"SUMMER"

MUNICH, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

*A slight touch of the Germanic in the personal types is the only concession the Flemish weavers made to local taste*

in both directions, combining even in her earliest primitives the styles of Italy and of Flanders in almost equal proportions. Only one great school of architecture, the Gothic, did she forge out of her own life, and even here she borrowed liberally from the Byzantine. As the Renaissance came on, she laid heavier and heavier toll on the Italian sources, until finally the school of Fontainebleau took over intact a whole corps of Italian designers. Strangely enough, even these men, born and trained in the highly personal style of Italy, could not remain Italian long after they had been established in France. Into their pseudo-classic forms dictated by the orthodoxy of the second rate there flowed at once a feminine grace and a delicate aristocracy held in reserve by a rational clarity, characteristics all wholly of their new land of residence. And when weavers from the North were introduced to translate on the loom the designs of the draftsmen from the South, they, too, were instantly bound by the spell of France. She had the taste and the tradition to refashion to her own character any imported skill, no matter how well grounded already in another school. This is the test of artistic vitality and integrity. So the Flemings at Fontainebleau made French tapestries because there was a strong French taste to guide them. Again in the Seventeenth Century when another royal effort was made to revive the craft that once had been one of the chief glories of the country, and two more Flemings, Marc Comans and François de la Planche, were set up in Paris with the encouragement of Henry IV, they, too, became immediately French in feeling and took an important place in the history of French art, for their shop became one of the forerunners of the Gobelins.

In contrast with these alienated Flemish weavers, the Flemings in Bavaria, finding no German art impulse to redirect their style, continued always to make Flemish tapestries. So entirely Flemish, indeed, are the products of this German branch that experts are still in disagreement about certain pieces, still arguing whether they really were made in Germany or were bought in Brussels. The difficulty of the decision is the measure of its unimportance. A tapestry that bears no mark of German life or thinking is not truly German even if the warps for its weaving were stretched in a German town.

By accident of circumstances, it was just the royal patronage which made these looms possible, that of Otto Heinrich, which made it impossible for them to become really German. The royal families were largely cut off from the national life, and the principal native art was on an humbler

social level. The art of tapestry especially, as it already had existed in Germany, was too amateurish and unpretentious to be influential at any court, and so the Flemish weavers found themselves set in an artistic vacuum. Naturally they turned to their own training for resources, and hence they were not impelled out of their Flemish character. When in the early Seventeenth Century a second attempt was made to found a German art of tapestry, the same *impasse* was met. There was an art of German painting and also a flourishing art of German engraving, but there was not a sufficiently strong art of German design to overwhelm the fixed habits of the imported craftsmen.

In Italy, the immigrant Flemings found conditions parallel to those in France. Here was a vital, indigenous art with a highly developed character of its own. Two different districts welcomed the weavers, and each impressed on the work done in it both the Italian mark and the mark of its local style. In Ferrara under subsidy of Duke Henry II, skilled and finished weaving was done for thirty years beginning in 1538. The masters were John and Nicolas Karcher and John Rost. The designers were for the most part painters of the Ferrara School. They were minor men, to be sure—Garofolo was the biggest name, and after him came the lesser Dossi brother, Girolamo da Carpi, Jacopo d'Argenta and Leonardi da Brescia—but they were well trained. The Florentine *atelier*, set up to satisfy the Medici pride by the same Nicolas Karcher and Rost a few years later, employed men of greater fame to paint cartoons—Bronzino, Pontormo and Bachiacca. The painters of Ferrara made picturesque, well managed illustrations, in keeping with the friendly, personal art of their school. Those of Florence made more impressive, more monumental designs, ennobled by the intellectuality with which so much of her art was imbued. Bachiacca contributed also to the Medici looms grotesques of imaginative caprice restrained by a classic purity. The differences between the products of the two looms are thus clearly marked, although they are only variations within a common style that is definitely Italian in character.

The Flemings found the adjustment to this Italian style easy and natural because it was so close to that of the designs on which they had been trained in their native country. The similarity, however, was not due to any dependence of the Italian painters on the Flemish models, but rather to the reverse relation, the derivation of the regular Flemish patterns from the Italian schools, for the contemporary Flemish work was, at its best, Italian in design and inspiration, even



when the cartoon was painted by a native who never had been in Italy and scarcely had seen Italian painting. Certain of the designers, such as Giulio Romano, worked for the weavers of both these countries. While, therefore, the French, the German and, as we shall see, the English can be judged by comparison with the Flemish products, which rightly can be taken as the standard, the Italian products, on the contrary, are the standard whereby the Flemish must, in turn, be estimated. The Italian tapestry, in short, shows the essential school of design of the whole Renaissance in its immediate integrity.

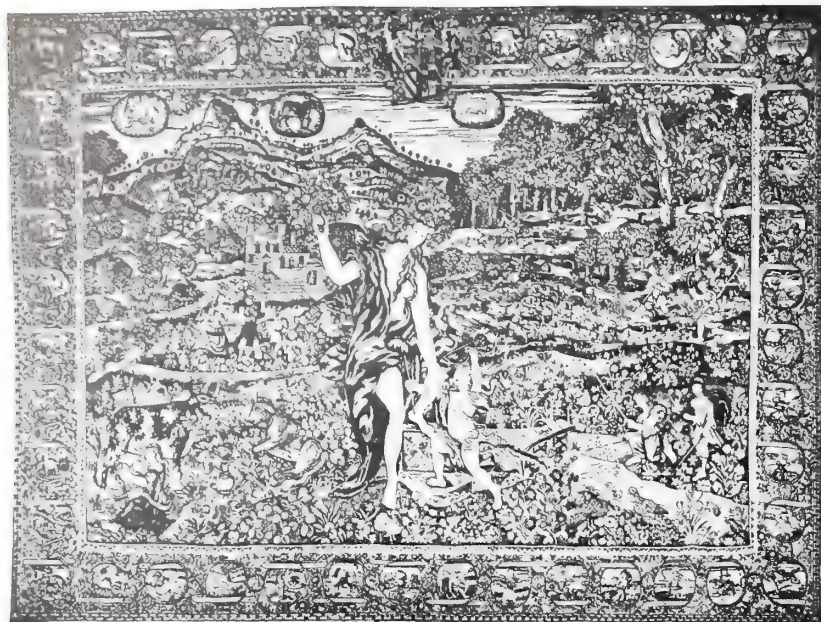
Judged by comparison with this direct Italian work, all but the most skilful of the Flemish products must seem inferior. The Flemings translated Raphael in some instances quite accurately, and Giulio Romano they sometimes transferred to the weave with brilliant force, but the great mass of the high Renaissance tapestries from Brussels and her lesser satellites seem on examination clumsy and unsure, and often perfunctory. The Italian pieces show the clear and controlled accuracy of drawing that the Flemish so often lack. The artists have conceived and executed them with a freshness of interest and imagination that makes most of the Flemish designs seem like hack work, as indeed they almost inevitably were after the industry became so highly organized and focussed on quantity production. There is, too, in the Italian designs a noble calm that comes straight from the classic and that never was nor could be present in the work of the unintellectual Lowlanders. In color, also, the Italian designers were superior to most of the Flemish, using fresh, pearly tones of quite a different quality from the thick greens, dull tans and heavy blues that made so much of the Flemish work at this time lifeless. The fine Italian tapestries, as a result, with their poised and statuesquely silhouetted figures, their open spacing that yet is not bereft of decoration and their sense of mural illustration, show the possibilities of the Renaissance style in tapestry at the utmost point of their evolution.

England, like Germany, never could succeed in acclimating the art of tapestry. Indeed, in the Sixteenth Century, at the time of the introduction of the art, that country had even less artistic background to support it than had Germany, for while Germany did have some well founded schools of painting and a large and energetic art of engraving and also had produced some tapestry, England had almost no art life of her own. Domestic architecture, especially of the simpler sorts, she was fashioning to suit herself, country masons making charming contributions to the development of

the home, but in painting and all the sister arts patronized spasmodically by the crown she needs must rely entirely on foreign talent. When, therefore, the Flemish weavers entered England, they found no English designers to set them models and no English style they might adapt. In spite of this, however, these weavers were by no means as slavish as their contemporaries in Germany, and while they could not, for lack of support, create a national style, two at least of them did conceive individual variations from all established types. The first of these was born an Englishman although trained in the craft in Flanders. Richard Hyckes, of Barcheston, went to the Low Countries to study weaving in the reign of Henry VIII, and when he had learned the trade he returned to set up looms in his native town. William Sheldon, a county squire, financed the venture, which consequently bore his name and gave him fame.

In most of his work, Hyckes was a conscientious but uninspired weaver, repeating with only slight variations the performances that he had learned in Belgium. The bulk of his work was verdures and grotesque armorials. To one set of the Four Seasons, however, assuming that he actually is to be credited with these, he imparted a markedly personal character. The basic conception of this set is true to the Flemish models—a large, would-be classical figure depicting in each of the four tapestries the allegory of the season, posed against a landscape in small scale crowded with minute episodes in almost microscopic detail—but in the rendering of the established form there is a novel flavor. Part of this is the accident of incompetence, a quaintness that comes from the inadequacy of the weaver's capacity for an enterprise so ambitious, but part of it is the real reflection of an individuality. The subjects of the small episodes in the background and the border reflect English interests of the time. Several of these, all of which are symbolic, were taken from a popular English compilation of the time illustrating allegories. They have in their attributes genuine racy feeling. All that is genuinely English in them comes primarily from their close relationship to a craft that was more intimately English—embroidery—for in general effect the pieces parallel some of the needlepoint of the period, and in some of the details they are quite close to some of the contemporary silk embroidery on linen, the so-called "black work."

Another small set was even more strikingly individual. The Sheldon looms wove maps of several counties of England. In making these, Hyckes broke entirely away from the limitations of his training and created without precedent in



"SPRING"

SHELDON LOOMS, SIXTEENTH CENTURY

order to satisfy a strong local interest, for this sea-going and exploring people understood and enjoyed maps more than other more disinterested forms of art, and it devoted the best work of its newly developing school of engraving to map-making. The woven maps, in fact, are quite close to some of the engraved maps published in England at this time. Hyckes made of these an effective and interesting decoration that might well have been adopted by the designers of more important shops. Each map, following correct style in cartography, represented in miniature a bird's-eye view of the country, tiny houses, churches, trees and roads making a closely brocaded pattern in fine detail. They offer inexhaustible interest to minute examination and at a little distance become a softly colored fabric with shaded green predominant. Maps in their usual media of water-colored line drawing or engraving were recognized as an interesting wall decoration and generally used. It seems surprising, therefore, that only this little English shop should have thought of rendering these popular decorations into a textile, and even more surprising that the suggestion, having once been carried out, never was followed elsewhere.

The other local English eccentricity was conceived a century later. A little shop had been set up in Soho by several weavers who had been repairers for the royal wardrobe. John Vanderbanc went from Flanders to be head of the shop. Again the bulk of the work was conventional, but the flood of enthusiasm for the recently introduced Chinese arts caught him up and swept him into the really brilliant idea of reproducing lacquer

designs on the looms. All England from Queen Anne down had become extravagantly enthusiastic over oriental decorations, and to make Chinese rooms the imported ornaments were being supplemented by English and Dutch made furniture finished with lacquer in imitation of the Chinese. Vanderbanc probably originated his tapestries to complete some of these Chinese rooms. On a dark ground simulating the black lacquer, small scenes with exotic architecture and doll-like Chinese are represented in a few dull colors, gold predominating. While each scene is separate, the

spotting of the scenes falls into a fine and decorative pattern. This innovation, too, was left without issue, a sport in the evolution of tapestry, promising but fruitless. The isolation of the English workshops, which was beneficial in fostering such experiments, acted in turn to prevent these experiments from being significant contributions to the development of tapestry design.

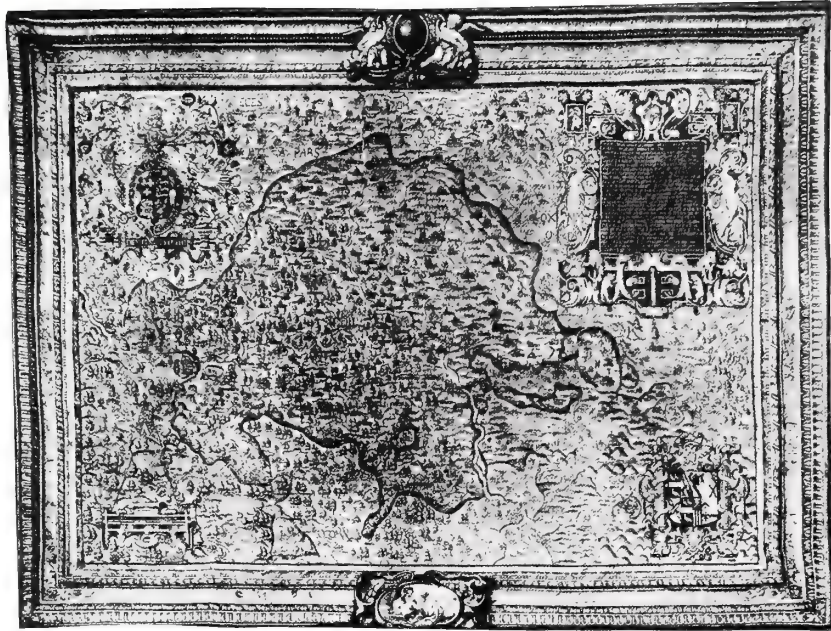
Meantime, a larger, more pretentious establishment had been set up in England, the state works in Mortlake. James I, moved to imitate Henry IV's effort to foster the industries of luxury, had sent to France for a copy of the contract which the French Government had made with Comans and de la Planche for the establishment of their shop in Paris. After some dickerings, fifty weavers were taken over in 1620 and living quarters and working equipment at Mortlake were provided for them with generous guarantees. The financial fluctuations of the venture were great, tragic even at times for the suffering workers, but nevertheless the undertakings survived nearly a century and the output was large. This workshop was entirely a routine industry, as is the tendency with official arts. Little or no attempt was made to mould it to the English character. The pressing necessity for financial success drove the directors, who were business men and not artists, to bank on the safe and proven thing, and so they bought cartoons that had shown their value by the repeated demand for them when woven in Brussels: Vulcan and Venus, Raphael's apostles, Giulio Romano's Naked Boys and similar, well tested merchandise. Acting in the same spirit, when they did order their own cartoons they went to men of estab-



lished reputation such as Francis Cleyn, who painted for them the series of Dido and Aeneas and the Royal Horses, and to Rubens himself, who did the "History of Achilles." As a result, only one of their productions has any true English flavor—the set that shows the battle of Solebay—and that is English by virtue of its subject rather than of its style since it shows great fleets of small vessels being maneuvered in a naval engagement. For the remainder, the Mortlake rendering of the Flemish cartoons can be distinguished only by a certain sharpness of handling and by the borders. The borders are the

best thing that Mortlake gave to tapestry. Francis Cleyn is known to have been the designer of several of them, and tradition gives one set to Van Dyck. All these borders are interesting and effective, simulating in appearance the plaster relief so much in vogue for palatial interiors of the time. The drawing is clear and firm; the spacing, open but strong and well knit; the detail, rich but without the ponderousness of which the period was often guilty, in art as in other things.

By the close of the Seventeenth Century all but one of these ventures were dead. In France alone the transplanted looms survived; not only survived, indeed, but in Paris thrived. In the case of the two German shops, the prognosis was unfavorable from the beginning. They were almost wholly dependent in each instance on the patronage of one man, they made no alliance with current German art and they trained no German apprentices. But in both England and Italy, conditions seemed favorable for the craft really to take root. In Italy it became assimilated with local painting and intimately a part of the art interest of the time. In Florence, Italian apprentices were trained in such number that at the close of the enterprise most of the work was in Italian hands. In England, while it tied itself to no local art, for there was no local art to which it could tie, the Mortlake weavers did, under the terms of the contract, train English orphans in the craft. Moreover at the close of the Seventeenth Century painting in England was beginning to develop an independent life and it would seem to have been a propitious moment for the assurance of a sister art like



"WARWICKSHIRE AND ADJACENT COUNTIES" SHELTON LOOMS, SIXTEENTH CENTURY

tapestry. Nevertheless, the Mortlake looms faded and tapestry was not again seriously undertaken until late in the Nineteenth Century when William Morris made it part of his program of artistic propaganda for English culture.

Ireland meantime had ventured into the field of weaving, and for a score of years in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries it had near Dublin a group of tapicers headed by Christopher and John Lovett. The latter took to England some thirty-eight pieces representing "Their Majesties' Manufacture of Ireland." Another Irish weaver was Robert Raillie, who worked about 1730, chiefly on pictures of historic events.

Why is it that this art, although sought at high prices by all the peoples of Europe, could be successfully established as a permanent industry only in Flanders and France? What was there in the character, equipment or economic conditions of these two countries that made this art so congenial to them when it remained so alien to their neighbors, even though pampered by every assistance and inducement? Possibly it is that the French and Flemings have the instinct for craftsmanship in their very marrow. The English and the Germans have, on the whole, shown only relatively slight talent for the management of materials and the Italians as a people have been notably deficient in their constructive sense. The first two peoples have shown a true industrial genius, but industry has no necessary relation to craftsmanship. The one is quantity production for commerce, the other is the development of the possibilities of a substance. They have had their





"DANTE AT THE MOUTH OF THE INFERNO"

FLORENCE, SIXTEENTH CENTURY

crafts, to be sure, but with the exception of the work of an occasional individual genius they have not taken leadership in any of them. Even in embroidery, where England has most distinguished herself, her work when not imitative in its technique shows a shocking lack of respect for the materials; witness, for example, the stump work. And in early German art sentiment usually fights its way through to expression in spite of a marked technical ineptitude. Italian art has treated every craft as an opportunity for extraneous embellishment. A Bellini is less of a goldsmith than a sumptuous embroiderer of gold, and the difference is strikingly clear when his work is compared with that of the early Flemish smiths. The Flemish, how-

ever, have always and in all media shown an instinct for the possibilities and limitations of the substance that has lead them to the fullest realization of its qualities, and the French have been only second to them in this. And it is this innate feeling for that which is essentially right in the working of a material that has made them the two tapestry weaving nations of Europe. For tapestry is above all things a craft, material and design being so dependent on each other that they are created simultaneously, so that without this sense for the technique its production is impossible. The feeling for the textile that is fundamental only in France and Flanders has made these countries the tapestry masters of the world.



# An Oriental Corner in Holland



*Buddhas in the Garden of the Ethnographical Museum at Leyden*

*I*N Leyden, Holland, where, to the clatter of wooden shoes, blue bloused peasants trade in cows and oxen; where an ancient cathedral commemorates the beginning of the struggles that drove the Dutch Pilgrim Fathers to America; where, with pride, the citizen will show you the birthplace of Rembrandt; where dignity and repose are reflected along shaded canals bordered by severe but solid looking houses, a modest sign on a door tells one that what was once a grand mansion on the aristocratic Rapenberg is now the home of the Ethnographical Museum, affiliated with the University of Leyden.

Although overburdened with ethnographical detail in the form of innumerable statues and statuettes of bronze, silver, copper gilt and stone, the museum has many splendid examples of India and the Far East. The head of a Buddha carved out of the volcanic rock of the Dutch Indies is astounding in its forcefulness and in its contrast with the subtle representation of the Goddess of Mercy that seems to dissolve its limestone form into the ethereal. Most impressive, however, is the view of the five Buddhas that sit, like a sacred watch, under the blossoming tulip-trees in the garden at the rear of the mansion. Seldom has there been a more charming setting for such Oriental figures in places where art is accessible to the public. Rarely is one transported so swiftly to an enchanted garden of the Orient.

In a comparatively small enclosure with vine-covered walls, the wind blows the petals of the magnificent magnolia about the feet of these figures, while the tender foliage of tall trees harbors song birds that dart in and out of the garden. This is indeed a setting for the attitude of profound meditation, the spirit of divine repose which the Oriental sculptors infused into these representations of the great Buddha.—ANNA LOUISE WANGEMAN



## A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

AMERICAN WATER-COLOURISTS, by A. E. Gallatin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price, \$15.00.

MR. GALLATIN prefaces his condensed review of American water colorists with the remark that he has chosen to consider only those whom he believes to be the chief exponents of the art, later declaring: "Willingly I leave to others the task of parading mediocrity." With this premise, he gives first consideration to Sargent, Homer, Macknight and Whistler. Childe Hassam, Mary Cassatt and Walter Gay receive brief mention, and a line or two is devoted to each of the following: John La Farge, J. Alden Weir, Francis McComas, Robert Blum, Arthur B. Davies, Walt Kuhn, Rockwell Kent, Maurice Prendergast, William Zorach and Charles Burchfield. Then turning to the influence which

Cézanne exerted in the field of water color, he devotes the remaining eight of his twenty-four pages to the two American artists most affected by that great French painter—John Marin and Charles Demuth.

The thirty reproductions which follow this text—eight of them in color—are excellent. Most of the subjects by Homer and Sargent are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, while the majority of the paintings by Marin and Demuth as well as the single examples by Hassam and Gay are from Mr. Gallatin's own collection. Two landscapes and a nude by Whistler are reproduced for the first time in a public print.

ARTHUR RACKHAM—A List of books illustrated by him, compiled by Frederick Coykendall. Printed privately.

ARTHUR RACKHAM's first pronounced success came with his illustrations for Grimm's *Fairy Tales* in 1900, although the first on Mr. Coykendall's list of fifty-five books illustrated by this artist is *The Dolly Dialogues*, by Anthony Hope, published in 1894. The popularity of the first fairy tale subjects was duplicated by the pictures illustrating *Peter Pan*, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Mother Goose*, a popularity which Martin Birnbaum in an introduction to the new volume attributes to the creation of a new type of child, as distinctly Rackham's own and as delightful as the children of Kate Greenaway and Caldecott.

Speaking of Rackham's other subjects, which in variety range from *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Ring of the Nibelung* to Milton's *Comus*, Mr. Birnbaum comments on the unlimited inventiveness which keeps this artist's work ever fresh and original. Although he admits that at one time Rackham's palette may have been too subdued, he can not help saying a word in defense of the tender blues and greens and browns whose modulations swath the early drawings. In Rackham's latest work, illustrations for

Eden Phillpotts' *A Dish of Apples*, Mr. Birnbaum points to the new warmth by which the artist has effected a "harmony of color" rather than "harmony of tone."

SUBJECTS PORTRAYED IN JAPANESE COLOUR-PRINTS, by Basil Stewart. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price, \$40.00.

IN 1920 Mr. Stewart published a volume on *Japanese Colour Prints and the Subjects They Illustrate*, which is now out of print. Meanwhile he has gathered much fresh material, and instead of merely bringing out a second edition of the earlier work he has practically made a new volume which, in addition to the matter of the title, contains an introductory section for the collector of Japanese prints, appendices devoted to the dating of these prints, a list of Ukiyoe ("Miserable World") artists, artists' signatures and a bibliography.

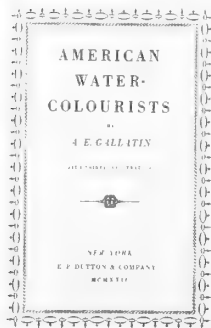
This new volume, which is a *catalogue raisonné* of notable prints of the Ukiyoe school as well as a guide to print collecting, is illustrated with 270 Japanese prints, twenty-two of which are in color. It is human rather than critical, as befits the nature of these pictures, which were the Japanese equivalent of the illustrated souvenir cards and calendars issued by business houses of the western world. The first collection of them in the United States was formed by the late Russell Sturgis,

who found them used as wrapping paper around objects of art which he had bought in Japan. After telling how these prints were made, the author describes the forgeries, imitations and reprints of them and writes of men of the Ukiyoe school and the last two great Japanese artists, Hokisa and Hiroshige. The main part of the text is devoted to the "subjects of illustration," landscapes, courtesans and geishas, actor-portraits and theatrical subjects and historical subjects. The work may be looked upon as a complete library on Japanese prints.

THE TONE RELATIONS IN PAINTING, by Arthur Pope. Harvard University Press, Cambridge.

THE catalogue of one manufacturer of artists' colors contains nearly six hundred names, proprietary and otherwise, of oil paints. Many other lists exceed three hundred items. Often a student learns only through long experiment, if he learns at all, the value of restraint in the selection as well as in the use of the colors that make up his palette. A certain amount of floundering probably is necessary, but Mr. Pope, who is professor of fine arts at Harvard University, has pointed the way along which intelligent experiment may be carried out to avoid many serious mistakes.

The pamphlet, most of which is reprinted from lectures delivered at Harvard, contains little that will be new to anyone familiar with the work of Dr. Den-

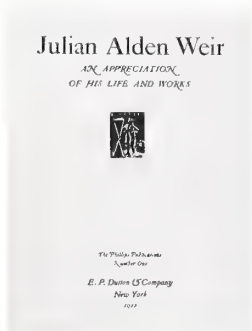




man Ross, to whom the author acknowledges his indebtedness; Munsell, Taylor, Martini and other artists and physicists. To the elementary student, however, the book, because of its clear presentation and illuminating diagrams and its excellent analysis of the work of various great painters, should be of unusual interest. To the architectural draughtsman and the commercial artist, also, it offers many valuable suggestions.

*JULIAN ALDEN WEIR: An Appreciation of his Life and Works. Written by Various Hands. Phillips Publications, No. 1. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price \$15.00.*

IN its original form this work was privately printed in 1921 by the Century Association of New York as a memorial tribute to the artist whose name forms its title. The text then included appreciations written by Duncan Phillips, Emil Carlsen, Royal Cortissoz, Childe Hassam, J. B. Millet, H. de Raasloff, Augustus Vincent Tack and C. E. S. Wood. With these were printed twenty-four reproductions of Weir's paintings. Now the volume is published by Duncan Phillips, of Washington, D. C., as the first of a series of monographs which he purposes issuing as a part of the educational work of the Phillips Memorial Gallery, and to the original matter there have been added reproductions of eight more of Weir's paintings and a statement by Mr. Phillips as to his plan for the conduct of the Memorial Gallery. The original work was a handsome tribute to Weir's memory, and this spirit has been preserved.



*DRAWING AND PAINTING SELF-TAUGHT, by Anson K. Cross. Published by the Author at Wintthrop, Massachusetts.*

THIRTY years ago Mr. Cross first tried to have instruction in drawing transformed into vision-painting from picturemaking, in which the student's hands and the teacher's eyes and knowledge were combined. By his method, the first drawings are made with a special, soft crayon upon window glass, white cardboard being placed behind the glass to make the drawing visible. The test is applied by holding up the glass, without the cardboard, to see if the lines of the drawing appear to cover the edges of the object studied. If they do this when a spirit-level shows that the glass is held level, the angles and proportions of the sketch are correct. If the lines will not cover those of the object, however, the mistakes are revealed. The student thus instructs himself.

The author asserts that while this method does not make it easy for even the talented to become artists, it does enable object drawing to be studied profitably by grammar school pupils. "In time," he adds, "this will mean a general appreciation of art that has never before been known. It will not increase the number of poor artists, for when all are able to master drawing as readily as writing or arithmetic, those of average ability will not

study art as a profession." The book includes graded lessons by Evelyn F. Cross, supervisor of art in Stoneham, Massachusetts. Mr. Cross himself long has been instructor in the School of Fine Arts in Boston.

*SKETCHING AND RENDERING IN PENCIL, by Arthur L. Guphill. The Pencil Points Press, Inc.*

ARCHITECTURE, always in theory and at times in practice, is the greatest of arts. That being true, it is unfortunate that so few architectural draughtsmen can really draw. In the rush to turn out men who can capably handle a T-square and triangle, many of the schools have neglected free hand drawing, the foundation on which all other training should rest.

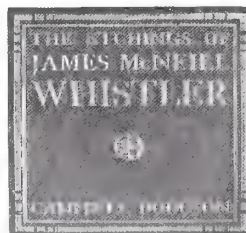
Mr. Guphill's book is by no means the first to deal with the problems of the pictorial pencil, but, unlike most of its predecessors, it is designed for the man who has had little training in drawing or who never has realized the adaptability of that instrument. Little space is devoted to a consideration of style or technique, the author rightly leaving that development to the individual. The book, however, is illustrated copiously with excellent reproductions of drawings by the author, by Jules Guerin, Chester B. Price, Hugh Ferriss and others. No one could recognize more clearly than does Mr. Guphill the impossibility of forcing a man to become an artist, but he has indicated the great value of freehand drawing to the architect and a way by which he may more completely express his latent artistic abilities.

The Pencil Points Library

SKETCHING AND  
RENDERING IN PENCIL  
ARTHUR L. GUPHILL

*THE ETCHINGS OF JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER, by Campbell Dodgson. The Studio, London*

ALTHOUGH Whistler and his work are still subjects that prompt experts to write books, the fact that little new can be said about the man, the artist and his art is shown in this volume by the Keeper of the Prints and Drawings at the British Museum. The book is made up of twenty-one pages of text concerning Whistler's career as an etcher, Mr. Dodgson having drawn liberally on E. G. Kennedy's famous work and Joseph Pennell's *Life* for even this scanty text; there is a complete list of etchings, reprinted from Mr. Kennedy's *The Etched Work of Whistler*, and



the remainder of the volume is devoted to reproductions of ninety-six etchings, the states of some of which are extremely rare. Among such rare states, in this form of reproduction, are the "Old Putney Bridge," between the third and fourth states, and the "Fish-Shop, Venice," between the second and third states. In view of the superb

public collections of Whistler in this country, a possession grudgingly acknowledged by Mr. Dodgson, and the fact that we have Mr. Kennedy's great work here, this volume will be of more value to English students of Whistler than to those in the United States.

BY way of respite from this business of blowing our own horn, we shall quote from a letter that came recently to INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

George Mortimer Brush, of Boulder, Colorado, writes: "For many months I have wanted to write some words of appreciation about your superb magazine; and if rhapsodical effusion is indulged in, remember this letter is the result of accrued enthusiasm—none the less fervent and spontaneous, however, because tempered by knowledge and mature reflection. When INTERNATIONAL STUDIO arrives each month, or when looking over past issues, I always experience the 'esthetic moment,' which Mr. Bernard Berenson has defined as 'that peculiar condition of ecstasy which art should aim to produce.'

"My fourth year as a subscriber has been completed. I have always loved and treasured the magazine, but what a metamorphosis took place with the March number, 1922! Especially in the matter of format! It is a delight to touch the ivory-like finish of the paper. The compact appearance and clean cut outline of the magazine are satisfying; and the superb cover illustrations as well as the reproductions within are a 'joy forever.' I have eight magazines on my list. Each one of them has a place in my affections; but should reverses of fortune compel me to give up all but one, INTERNATIONAL STUDIO would remain my indispensable comfort. When life becomes just a little prosaic, I get out some old copies and am soon transported to my 'Ivory Tower'—my 'Palace of Art!'"

It is an inspiration to know that thousands of loyal friends are watching the growth of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. All of them will take pleasure in knowing that the circulation of the March number will be approximately three times that of one year ago, which was the first under the present management.

The March number will have a tremendous cover—a reproduction in colors, with gold and silver, of Bakst's "Echo Abandonnée." Within the covers will be six color reproductions of other works by Bakst and an article, "Bakst—Student of the Archaic," written by that eminent French writer, Louis Thomas, who is the American representative of *Le Figaro*. The fact that this article is written with a frankly journalistic lilt makes it all the better. It will be relished by INTERNATIONAL STUDIO's readers.

Under the title "Spencer—and Romance" F. Newlin Price will present in March another of his characteristic studies of American artists—this time Robert Spencer, of New Hope, Pa., who sees more beauty in tenements and mills than he does in castles. There will be a splendid color reproduction of a typical work by this painter.

An article on Albert André by Mme. Muriel Ciolkowska which will lead the March number will be a sort of sequel to the same writer's story of Claude Monet in the present issue. Monet is still living at four score and three, but he has laid aside his palette, while André, at the height of his power, carries on the Impressionist tradition at its best. When certain friends last summer prevailed on Monet to permit his portrait to be painted, the aged master chose his favorite pupil, André, for the work. "Work" it turned out to be, for Monet was a most merciless critic and André had to paint and paint again. This portrait is now in

America, and INTERNATIONAL STUDIO is privileged to present a remarkable color reproduction of it as a frontispiece to Mme. Ciolkowska's article on André. It depicts Monet leaning against a railing and smoking a cigarette, his verdant garden behind him. The master was much pleased with it, and so will you be.

"Too much Bolshevism in INTERNATIONAL STUDIO" is a criticism, wholly unjust, that has been brought to the editor more than once. It comes from those who hate Modernism, as they are privileged to do, and who are impatient that this magazine, now and then, in the spirit of journalism, feels called upon, as truly *international*, to present certain things which whole nations have come to regard as art. Now, in the March number, in this spirit of journalism, INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will present some simon-pure "Bolshevist art"—nothing less than an article on "Art Under the Soviet Rule," written by Ivan Narodny and illustrated with photographs supplied by the Soviet government at Moscow. It will be an *interesting* feature.

Last March INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, in the first issue under its present management, presented an article on "Persian Painting—Its Age of Glory," with a color reproduction of a Mirak miniature—something that still is talked about. It is fitting that this March the magazine should publish "The Glorious Art of Rakka Pottery" by Fahim Kouchakji, with two color plates that will prove an inspiration to lovers of beauty.

Features wholly pictorial in the March number will be a section devoted to reproductions of works in the seventh annual exhibition of the Independent Society of Artists in New York and the annual display of the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia. There will be twenty-three reproductions of works by the "Independents," including a representation of the specially invited Mexican group of artists.

The story of the South Seas has not yet been fully told. Stevenson, Gauguin, O'Brien and others have given us glimpses of the islands and their people from various angles, spinning a silvery web of romance that has caught our minds and fancies. Captain Traprock has made us laugh. But the true romance of the islanders has lain hidden in the ethnological files of the museums. Museum men are strange beings who work for the love of it and are shy of coming before a public which they fear will prove to be unappreciative. It is therefore a great compliment to INTERNATIONAL STUDIO and its readers that this magazine has been chosen by Willowdean Chatterson Handy, of the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, as a medium for the presentation of the highly developed and strongly racial art of tattooing as practised among the Marquesans. This is one of the most beautiful expressions of native art, and the numerous illustrations that accompany the article are full of suggestion.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO is indebted to the Ralston Galleries for permission to reproduce "The Lantern" by Murray Bewley on the cover of this number.

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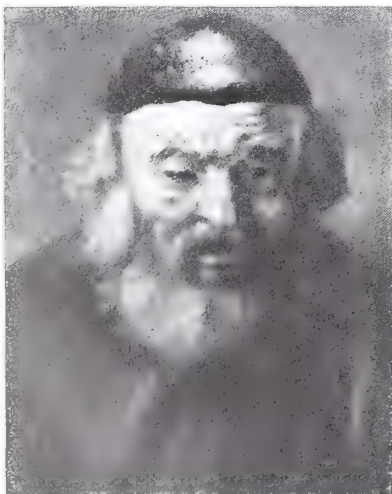
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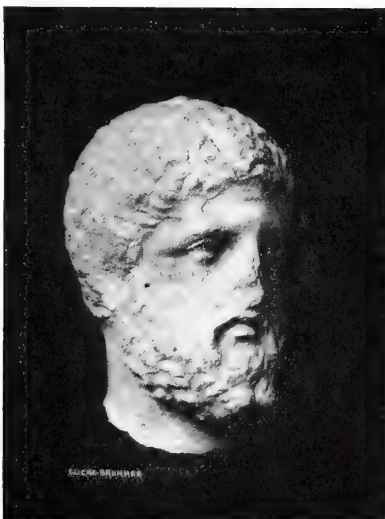
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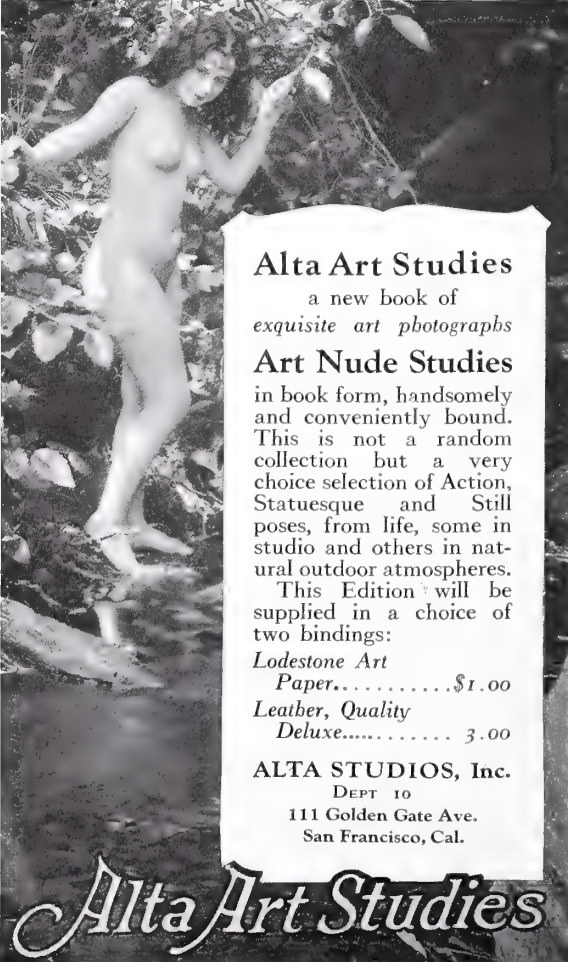
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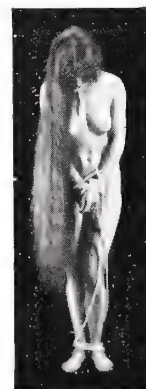
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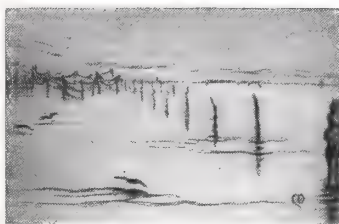
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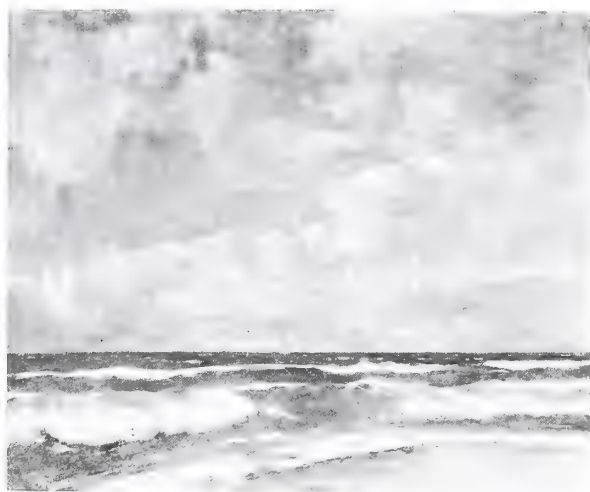
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*PORTRAIT OF CLAUDE MONET*

*by*

*Albert André*

*Courtesy of Durand-Ruel*



# The Art of ANDRÉ • Impressionist

LYONS, third in importance among the cities of France, has given birth to many eminent men. Tracing its history back to the Roman occupation, spaci-ously and symmetrically laid out and in the vicinity of Geneva, ever a pivot of spiritual activity, it always has been hospitable to culture. The see of an archbishop, primate of the Gauls, it has, moreover, a university and academies of science and letters, and in the Middle Ages it was a highly reputed meeting-place for intellectual intercourse between French, Germans and Italians.

But Lyons is not picturesque, and most of the painters who were born there, paramount among whom was Puvis de Chavannes, left the city for more propitious environments, especially if they happened to be interested in landscape. This was the case with Albert André, whose birth was in 1870 but who did not take up painting as a career until 1892, when he had settled in Paris.

That awkward term "Impressionist," although it must, failing another, be applied to M. André, becomes particularly embarrassing in his

*Pupil of Renoir and Monet, he revels in the colorful life of France and its brilliant sunshine . . . . . by*

Muriel CIOLKOWSKA

connection. Yet I feel sure that M. André himself, far from repudiating it, glories in it, since it links him to the two celebrated leaders of the Impressionist school who are his avowed mas-

ters: Renoir and Claude Monet. A more representative continuator of their methods we have not, indeed, among us to-day. But, although a faithful and more than worthy disciple, he is not in any sense a slavish imitator of these men. His technique, palette, subjects even, are all his own, and subject must not be considered a trifling

matter. Characteristics of scenery, atmosphere, vegetation, contribute largely to the making of an artist's personality. There is no need to mention so flagrant a case as Gauguin as exemplifying determination of genius by environment; or Whistler, than whom no one chose his sites with more care; or Cézanne who, had he not been a Provençal painting in Provence, might not have revolutionized the art of landscape painting; even masters of lesser reputation, and perhaps particularly these, like Sisley, owe their best work to



"SELF PORTRAIT"

BY ALBERT ANDRÉ

A striking example of the artist's gift for portraiture



"LES AUTOBUS"

BY ALBERT ANDRÉ

their selection of subjects. And surely Venice threw across Turner's eyes a flame of gold through which he was ever after to see the world. Yet the greatest painters are not indefatigable travellers. They visit the far arcs of the globe for the *milieu* they need, but none can be named who was a constant wanderer. The attractions of Italy for the Romantics, of the Forest of Fontainebleau for the "Nature" school of the mid-Nineteenth Century, of Provence for contemporary French landscapists—these affinities between painter and certain types of scenery afford opportunity for a new study in the psychology of art.

It happens that the field of the Impressionists is particularly large and varied. North and South, town and country, land and sea are their estate. To them, the features of the earth are but subjects of the supreme lord, the sun, "which determines forms and creates the infinite play of color," as Gustave Geffroy has written. Nevertheless, as a rule the French Impressionists have been true to their own country, although each has had partialities for certain horizons within its frontiers: Monet, for the fields and cliffs of Nor-

mandy; Sisley, for the environs of Paris; Maufray and Moret, for the rocks and sands of Brittany; Guillaumin, for volcanic, crimson Creuze, heart of France, while André has marked fondnesses for the roofs of Montmartre with the domes of its basilica glowing in the distance, for the populous Place Pigalle, and for the sun-steeped South. He does not concentrate on striking architectural peculiarities, groups of masonry that form a complex of harmonious lines sufficing to please him. In the summer his home at Laudun, in the extreme south of the Department of Gard, affords sunlit interiors, views of gardens with baked walls and green shutters, the hot hush of which is enlivened by the feminine figure incidental to the scene, like a book left open on a table. A cool terrace facing the burning slopes of a vine-grown hillside; a hard, white country road along which toils a cart under a burning sky; men busy at the wine-press; still life, large bunches of roses, dahlias or azaleas in monumental vases with the bric-a-brac of home life scattered around with no appearance of arrangement but much care for the composition in



the frame of the picture—these are his favorite themes. To them he has added a few portraits, notably two fine ones of M. Monet, several of Renoir and one of himself, all expressive of that harmony and fusion which govern his work.

To say that without the sun, things have no meaning for the Impressionist, does not imply that form is sacrificed to color and light. Far from this being the case, especially in the hands of a painter like M. André, light emphasizes and defines form, gives it new emphasis and new definitions. A second pattern comes into being, transient in reality but made permanent by the painter, thus justifying his case. Perhaps it is not so superfluous as it may seem to be to reiterate here what has been said often but which is prone to be obscured by the several theories advocated since, considering that the Impressionistic doctrine still flourishes in Monet, Guillaumin, André and others. It will be remembered that one of the most important articles of Impressionistic faith is that there are no fixed colors in nature. Prior to the Impressionists, a tree was green; a lemon, yellow; a rose, red, and their shadows were compositions resulting in neutral

and darker tints of the fundamental colors as seen in the light. The Impressionists discovered that the trunk of a tree, theoretically brown, may, according to the light and the environment, quite well appear purple. They held as their principle of art:

"In Nature there are no independent colors. These vary according to the intensity of light, no object having a color peculiar to itself, there only being the more or less rapid vibration of light on a surface, which rapidity depends, as optics show, upon the more or less inclination of rays which color it differently according to whether the rays be vertical or oblique. Form and color are, therefore, two delusions, coexisting, one by the side of the other; two words implying the two elementary processes owing



"FEMME LISANTE"

BY ALBERT ANDRÉ



"POIRES"

BY ALBERT ANDRÉ



"LA SEINE À GRENELLE"

BY ALBERT ANDRÉ

to which our mind perceives the infinite mystery of life. Form creates color; color, form."

So wrote Camille Mauclair in his *History and Aesthetics of Impressionism*. He also defined the Impressionistic opinions as to shadows, which opinions were consequent upon the analysis of light. He wrote:

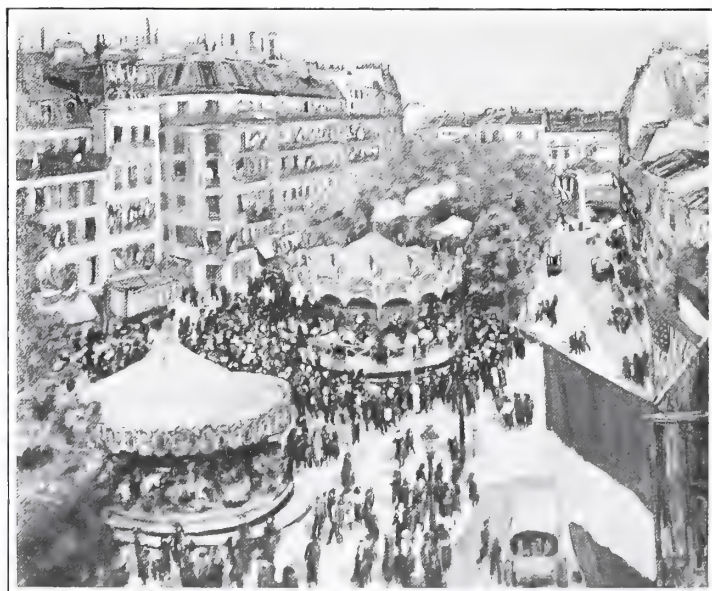
"Shadow is not the absence of light, but light of another quality and value. Shadow is not a part of the scenery where light comes to an end, but where it is subordinated to intenser light. The rays of the spectrum vibrate at a different speed in the shade. In a painting, shadow must not be composed of ready-made tones, derived from bitumen and black, but must take into account, just as in the lighter parts, the play of atoms in the solar light."

The sun, not as an incident, as we find it already in a few fore-runners, but as a positive and creative element, recasting forms into new shapes and patterns but not at all destructive of form and substance (as is, as a matter of fact, the chiaroscuroist view of shadow), was the Im-



"FEMME AU CHAPEAU MARRON"

BY ALBERT ANDRÉ



"PLACE PIGALLE"

BY ALBERT ANDRÉ

pressionists' discovery. This sounds a commonplace to those to whom it is obvious and familiar, but in view of the fact that in course of time doctrines become distorted it is necessary to define it once more to preserve clarity.

The case of the Impressionists is, therefore, of a most complex character. The typical Impressionist is one in whose pictures the different physical principles are harmoniously and rationally balanced. Of this order is M. André. In many respects he owes this successful issue to tendencies which, at the outset of his career, were less defined and to the guidance which he sought from M. Monet and Renoir. Exclusive admiration and emulation of M. Monet, great as is that

painter, would not have been conducive to a balance of qualities such as is manifest in M. André's work. There is in Renoir's painting something which lacking a better word, we will call "vulgar"—taking it for granted that a touch of the right vulgarity is a quality in art—something sensuous and tactile which keeps the mind positive, and there are in M. Monet's work refinement and poetry which have made it at times almost marvelous and ethereal. A combination of these two influences could



not but be happy and beneficial to any artist.

"How difficult it is," M. André makes Renoir say in his admirable little essay on that artist, for he is also a writer at times, "to find exactly the point in a picture where the imitation of Nature must stop. A painting should never 'reek' with the subject, yet Nature must be felt through it. A picture is not a statement. I like pictures which make me want to have a walk there when it is landscape, to stroke it when it is a figure. \* \* \* And don't ask me whether paintings should be objective or subjective for, to tell you the truth, I don't care a d—."

Renoir's disciple's success is in a triumph over that difficulty and also over another with which the master confessed to be always battling: the binding of the figures with the background. The master's aim, he said, was to make "pictures for walls and pleasant to look at; full, complete, the canvas well coated with rich,



"BAIGNEUSES PRÈS D'UN PONT"

BY ALBERT ANDRÉ

unctuous impasto." His disciple's purpose is identical. His colors are never harsh or crude. That reflected gray from the sky, that softened, mellow color distinguishing natural shades from chemical dyes, are conveyed in all M. André's work, giving it depth and music. In Nature nothing is abrupt. Shades and forms are connected by overlapping transitions. These the artist must be careful not to confuse, and these M. André skilfully reproduces with a direct, rounded, muffled touch, seldom transgressing and seldom inadequate in his expression of form. There are no asperities in his surfaces to the eye or to the touch of the spectator.

Notwithstanding that M. André once was associated with the neo-Impressionist movement under Paul Signac—since which time he has been connected with the Salon d'Automne although his work reaches the public more through M. Durand-Ruel's exhibitions—his style is free from mannerism. The principle advocated by Whistler that the making of a picture should be as little apparent as possible is observed by M. André, whose originality is manifest in the choice of his subjects and in their presentation, in his color schemes and in the peculiarly padded quality of his touch, all of which are features unmistakably endorsed by his signature. As authors show idiosyncracies in the repeated use of certain terms, so painters show idiosyncracies in the



"FLEURS SUR UN BUREAU"

BY ALBERT ANDRÉ





"LES CATALANS, MARSEILLE"

BY ALBERT ANDRÉ

repetition of colors. In M. André's pictures a charming note of pink recurs so frequently that it becomes almost a signature, for his treatment of this charming color is distinctly his own. It is never forced but fits consistently into his compositions. He delights in painting roses, introducing them again and again, in his more restricted and more glorified still lifes, and where the canvas may be filled by a garden view, a glimpse of terrace or a room wrapped in a torpor and in which the sun, creeping fur-

tively among the silent foliage or stealing triumphantly through an open window, surprises the shy shadow with a conquering embrace. Little mannerisms, little characteristics like this make the work of the artist in any medium, be it in words or oils or marble, more individual, more recognizable, and establish more readily a bond of intimacy between him and his admirers, for it is by their features that we distinguish our friends and those whom we would admit to the charmed circle.



"FEMME À LA TOILETTE"  
BY ALBERT ANDRÉ

Photographs by courtesy of  
Durand-Ruel





"FRIENDSHIP"

BY BORIS GRIGORIEFF

## ART *Under the* SOVIET RULE

THE outside world, and especially America, has had so far only fragmentary accounts of the actual state of Russian art during the Bolshevik revolution and the four years of

the soviet regime, greatly due to the fact that it has been practically impossible to obtain more or less unbiased data of such a vast country. In addition to that, the artists and critics living under the soviet rule have been intimidated by the inquisitional methods of the Cheka, or communistic secret service, against telling the truth about conditions; while on the other hand critics like Alexandre Benois and S. Makovsky, living abroad, have been actuated by their emotional bias to condemn summarily everything that has any kinship with communism. The critic's aim should not be politics but a philosophic review of facts. I have taken special care to separate social-political bias from artistic merit and to present to the readers of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO an authentic and comprehensive review of the subject, uncolored even by the author him-

*Although based on the extremism of the West it never ceases to be thoroughly racial . . . by*  
IVAN NARODNY

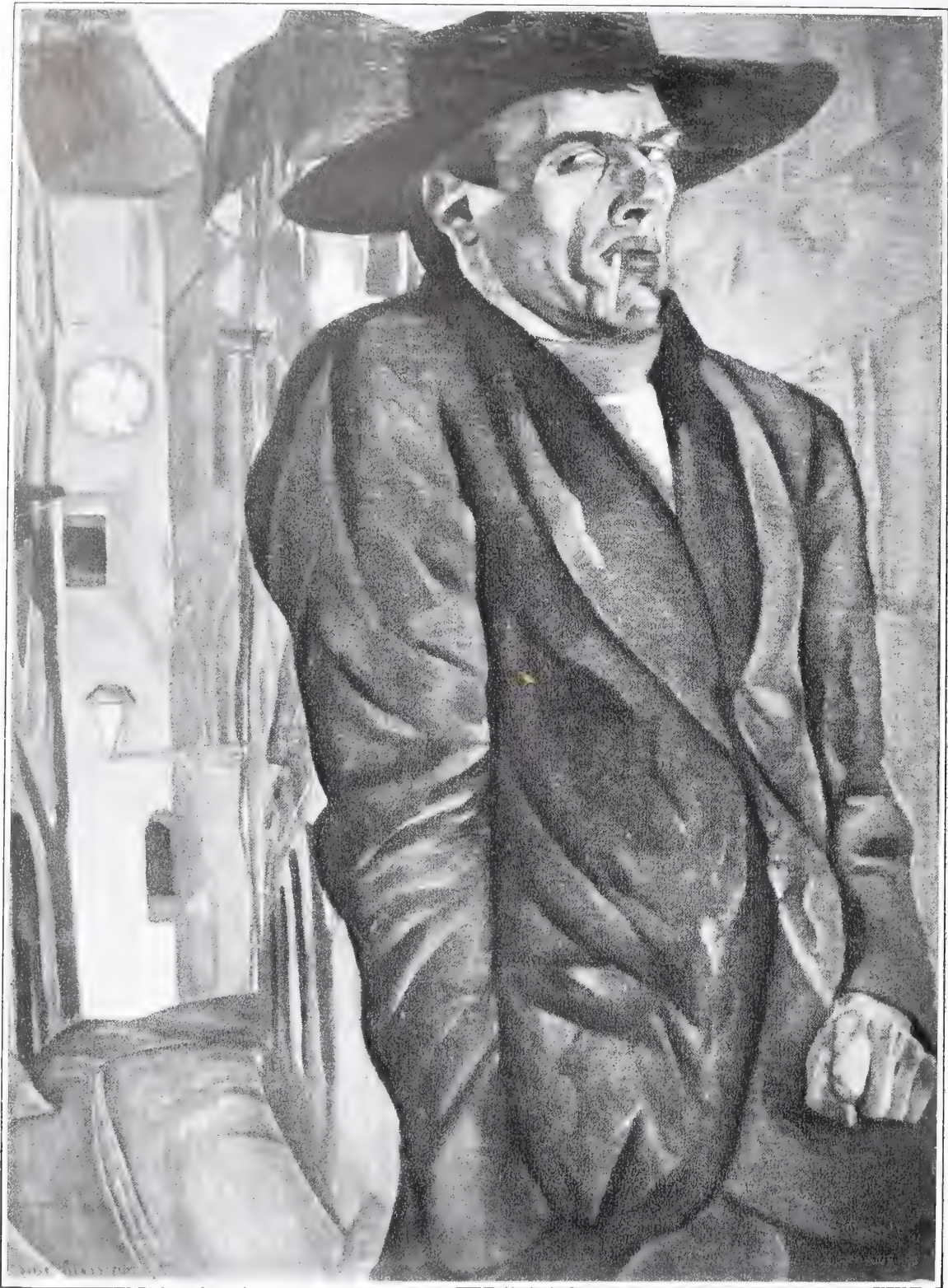
self. Generally speaking, Russian art before the revolution could be classified into three basically different schools, each with its strong adherents: (1) The eclectic Moscow school, (2) the na-

tionalistic Petrograd school and (3) the ultra modern cubo-futurist school with its claims of internationalism and revolutionary passion. It seems as if the Russian artists followed unconsciously the footsteps of the composers of music, but almost half a century later. However, strange to say, it was not the nationalistic Moscow, but the cosmopolitan Petrograd that struck the deep nationalistic note among composers as well as painters. Like Balakireff, Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff in music, Riabushkin, Wrubel and Golovin in painting can be considered as the founders of Russian esthetic nationalism. On the other hand, Tschaikowsky in music and Levitan in art are somewhat similar exponents of the Moscow eclectic school. Soviet art, however, is a phenomenon that belongs to no place or crystallized system and seems to spring from everywhere.

Before I take up the subject of soviet period art, I wish to emphasize the fact that no Russian museum was wantonly destroyed or looted by

EDITOR'S NOTE—"Bolshevik art" has been used as a term of opprobrium in America. Mr. Narodny's article is the first presentation from authoritative sources of genuine "Bolshevik art." The photographs were supplied by the commissar-in-chief of art of the soviet government.





*"THE NEW RULER of RUSSIA"*

*by*

*Boris Grigorieff*





"THE LAST BATTLE"

BY DAVID BURLIUK

the "reds." Such stories were circulated through biased press bureaus. The museums are pretty nearly in the same state as they were during the rule of the czars. In fact, the Hermitage and the Museum of Alexander the Third have been enriched by many new acquisitions, and the former is being extended into the adjoining Winter Palace. In the same way the Tretyakoff Gallery and the Rumiantseff Museum in Moscow are considerably enlarged by the addition of valuable nationalized specimens from the palaces of the grand dukes and the czars. However, it is true that many valuable private collections of Oriental art and the old art generally have been looted or destroyed by the mob. On the other hand, numerous "proletarian" museums have been opened in the deserted houses of the former wealthy *bourgeoisie* and the nobility.

In Moscow alone four new proletarian museums have been established under the soviet rule, which are now packed with all kinds of art objects and are attended by thousands of working people during the holidays and evenings. These proletarian museums were founded in the districts inhabited more by the working people and further away

from the centre, with the idea that they could be used as free schools of art for the poor, where courses of lectures and instruction could take place all the time. Their founders were not the soviets but the *bourgeois* owners of rare collections of art works, which they gathered together, fearing that otherwise they might be stolen or lost, and arranged in the houses whose owners had died or fled the country. To these the citizens began to add single pieces, all by voluntary donations, until the palatial mansions were packed and no space was left for new objects. In contradistinction to the conventional national or municipal art museums, the "proletarian museums" are fitted in a very much more utilitarian domestic style and are

made up of objects of more practical every day use: there are pictures, porcelains, glass, furniture, sculpture, rugs, tapestries, some that have an appropriate character for the dining room, others for the parlor, etc. The attendance of the various art museums under the soviet rule has doubled, as it seems that deprivations and sorrows have driven the people to find solace in art. Music and art have become new religions, dim stars of hope, to help the masses to overcome their troubles and the agonies of the day.



"DAUGHTERS OF THE  
TERROR"  
BY GRIGORIEFF



"THINKING OF THEIR ROSY PAST"

BY BORIS GRIGORIEFF

It seems like an irony of fate that, while the Russian revolution was founded and led by writers, artists and musicians—the so-called *intelligentsia*—yet these men are the very ones whom the revolution has hurt most severely and whom the soviet regime most strongly suspects as its new enemies and keeps under the careful surveillance of its beloved Cheka. Not only have the Russian artists lost their clientele, their markets and their normal livelihood, but also the possibility of freedom to express themselves in their art.

It is really a terrible story that the Russian artists and geniuses are fate-determined martyrs: once jailed and persecuted by the bureaucratic *chinovniks* of the czar, they now dodge the bullets of the communistic commissars or Cheka agents. Artists who fail to sing hymns to the ruling proletarian potentates are looked at as the enemies of the people and blacklisted.

All the well known pre-revolutionary artists of Russia are now

famished paupers at home, have died of misery, or have left the country. In actuality they are dead, in so far as their normal creative faculties are concerned. Saharoff, Krymoff, Borisoff, Lentuloff, Goncharoff and Falck are dragging on a miserable existence in their cold and bare studios; Benois, Golovin, Bilibin, Bakst, Roerich, Remisof, Anisfeldt, Yakovleff, Tchernoff and Koiransky are abroad, some in Germany and France and some in America. Although the Mir Iskustva and the Soiuze organized exhibitions for

their members during the last season and are planning others for the next, the sales have been so insignificant that they hardly paid the expenses, which is only natural since art is dependent on the wealthy intellectual class, persons able to appreciate and purchase works of genius. Those who in the past understood and purchased art are, under the prevailing conditions, un-



"A FORMER CELEBRITY"  
BY BORIS GRIGORIEFF





"YOUNG RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN"

BY BORIS GRIGORIEFF

able to obtain even sufficient daily food and fuel to meet their needs. That Russian artists have survived the terror and still continue to produce is a fine tribute to their idealism and spiritual potentiality and their intuitive faith in a better future for their suffering country.

When in 1917 and 1918 the first violent waves of Bolshevik victories swept Russia, the fury of the leaders was directed against everything *bourgeois* and everything aristocratic or monarchic. Executions, searches of houses, expropriations and all forms of violence, carried out under the red flag of communism, made the country socially a perfect inferno. Because the artists were classified as belonging to the *bourgeois* class, they were called the enemies of the proletariat. The soviet leaders demanded that they should come to their commissars and swear allegiance to communism on pain of being outlawed. The *intelligentsia*, as a whole, ignored the new dictatorial rules. But there was a class of unsuccessful and eccentric artists, most of

them amateurs or Utopian bohemians who called themselves cubists, futurists or expressionists, and spoke with disdain of their successful academic colleagues as the "black hundred" of conventionalism. They rushed immediately to the offices of the new functionaries and offered their services. For them the Bolshevik political program was a counterpart of their esthetic dogma: condemning everything indiscriminately that had any standards of the past. This flattered the rabid leaders of communism, and they received the converts with open arms, appointed them to powerful positions as art commissars, heads of museums, etc., which at once gave them unlimited power. They became feared functionaries of the revolutionary government, and had means for food and markets for their products.

The only way the soviet government could use the work of the cubo-futurists in those early days of its insecure power was for propaganda purposes, by commissioning them to paint posters and draw illustrations for proclamations. This afforded

an excellent opportunity for the official proletarian artists to display their talents. The more eccentric a composition was, the better it was suited for the soviet. This was called "international" or "proletarian" art. The artists painted all kinds of allegoric posters of the most vital events of the day—the revolution, the victories of the red guards and the rout of the white guards—by depicting the enemies of the soviet as hideous monsters. However, when the rabid futurist came to execute his "people's art" for street corner comprehension, he found that he had to change his geometrical sophistications to make them intelligible to the crowd. His "abstract" lines and colors were meaningless. He learned that primitive peasant symbolism and the ancient ikonistic style were imperative factors which he had to reconcile somehow with his cubistic, futuristic and expressionistic principles. Thus out of bizarre Occidental ultra-modernism there evolved a typically Russian pictorial Bolshevism. Out of the pure geometrical sophistry of western Europe

sprang a nationalistic poster symbolism for revolutionary Russia. Eccentrically modern, yet primitively racial in its spirit, the Bolshevik art echoes both the wild aspirations of the Terror and the unbalanced passions of the semi-barbarous moujik.

In the beginning the soviet artists worked on their posters in offices or studios, and, when finished, sent them to be put up by the red guards. But soon the leaders decided this method was too exclusive, so it was decided that the artists should execute their works in public—on the street corners, open squares, or directly on the walls of public buildings. These were natural places of production for “the people’s art,” as public approval or disapproval guided the artist’s brush and imagination. He painted the news of the revolution in allegoric posters, ridiculing the enemy and idolizing the red guard. Thus poster painting took the place of news bulletins, and crowds gathered at fixed hours where the news was being printed before their eyes. Pictorial news became an art, and art became a vital factor of everyday life; or, in other words, art became a part of life and life became a part of art. We may not agree with the aims of this art and with its crudities; nevertheless, it played a vital propaganda role and created an idiom which will have a lasting effect on the future course of the Russian esthetic development and character.

The imagination and humor of the people tends to exaggerate all new abnormal phases of life and invest them with nicknames. On the soviet artist was bestowed the name of “street artist”—ulichny hudojnik. Ulichny Hudojnik became a modern pet, a kind of troubadour, of the popular imagination. The nickname rather pleased the average soviet artist, and he considered it as an extra title to his conventional “Comrade.” The period of the bloom of the street art was during the years of 1918 and 1919, when the soviet was struggling desperately against both internal and external enemies. Lenine admitted to “Comrade” Lunachersky, the commissar-in-chief of art, that the street artist was a far greater factor in helping to spread the



“THE COMING CIVILIZATION”

BY BORIS GRIGORIEFF

red propaganda than the official orators. The Bolshevik posters of the cubo-futurists were a kind of allegoric pictorial language of the Terror, which encouraged and enthused the ignorant proletariat. The cheers or hoots of hysteric onlookers frequently forced the artists to change their compositions and made or unmade their reputations. It also happened that when an artist was too much teased by voices in the onlooking crowd, they were asked to demonstrate their remarks. In case one or another of these public critics proved more satisfactory to the audience, he was asked to take the artist’s place. This started his career. Many practically illiterate moujiks became favored art stars and overshadowed the “professionals” in the role of ulichny hudojnik.

As Utopian as was the soviet effort to enforce a poster art upon the country, yet this actual *sturm und drang* period advanced many unusual and original ideas as to the role of art in everyday life. The following fragment is taken from an official bulletin of one of the early art commissars of Pskoff, which was addressed to the academic artists and art students of the province:

“Colleagues! Flee from your artificial studios, which inspired only a hot-house art, intricate,



clever, sophisticated, but dead. The *bourgeois* art was a luxury of the rich—a piece of dead curio furniture—or a ‘you praise me and I praise you’ idea for making money and putting on artificial airs. *Bourgeois* society looks at art as a trivial sport, a sport of effeminate minds. It has done nothing for art except to help to bring about its divorce from life. The *bourgeois* word for art is an adjective to designate things of ornamental order, like tinsel or beads. It is in works of art rather than in those of science that the human soul is made most potent. The genius of an artist creates, through certain arrangements of dead materials—colors and designs—a language by which soul speaks to soul, heart to heart. Art is the eye of humanity and should be treated accordingly.”

Upon the doors of a newly founded “proletarian museum” the following lines of Stevenson, in Russian, appear:

“The world is so full of a  
number of things,  
I am sure we should all be  
as happy as kings.”

The most conspicuous figures of the revolutionary period are David Burliuk, V. Arsoff and Leonid Lomakin. There are a number of others of importance of whose works the author has been unable to obtain any example. However, the most talented forerunners of the whole school were Mihail Larionow, and his wife, Natalia Goncharova, both living in Paris. Though neither of them worked for the revolutionary government their modernism reflects the “street art.” Larionow’s “Social Cricket” and “Modern Man” and Goncharova’s “Rayonnistic Fantasies” are fitting types of the tendency, while Burliuk’s “Last Battle,” “Traitor” and “Minor,” and V. Arsoff’s “Intervention” are symbolic posters of the day.\*

To a somewhat different category of the

\*Since this article was written Burliuk has arrived in America.

—AUTHOR

revolutionary art can be counted the hauntingly gloomy or emaciated types of the terror by Boris Grigorieff, of which we will speak later.

As soon as the soviet regime was firmly established, its chiefs immediately withdrew all their generously given support from the “street artists” and left them to their fate. The futuristic pictorial fashion had done its work and was

now ready to become a part of the past and be forgotten. However, it had left its marks on the minds of the masses, and the only way of continuing their work and earning food for the “street artists” was to go back to the people. A new class of art troubadours was created by the circumstances, who began to travel from town to town and village to village, offering their services as modern ikon and portrait painters and decorators—briefly, as jacks of all pictorial trades. Although the villagers had no money to pay for their art, yet there were food and all the primary supplies for existence, which meant more than all the depreciated riches of the city.

It follows that the same poster-symbolist, who mercilessly ridiculed the *bourgeoisie*

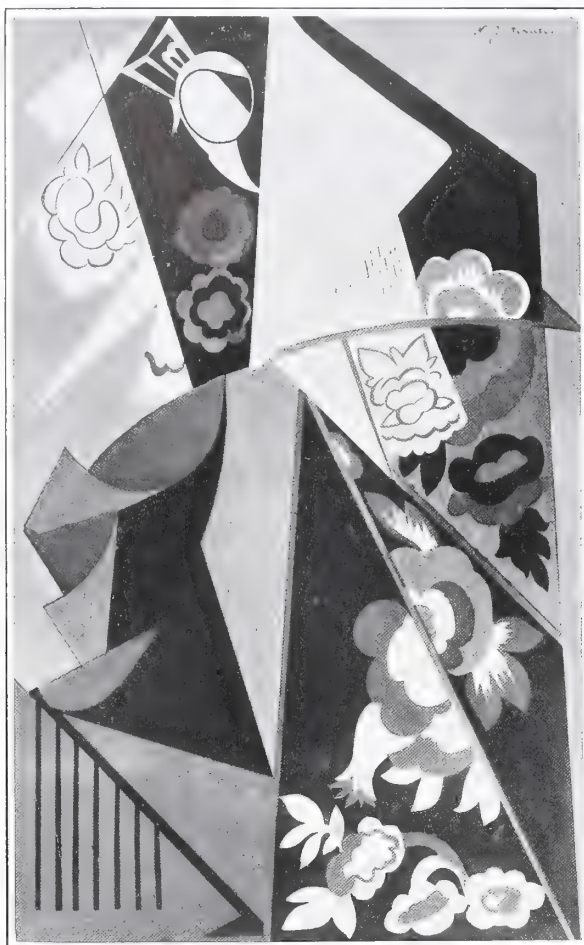
yesterday in his allegories, is to-day more inclined to ridicule his former superiors. He is now actually painting portraits of the people, or coloring various handicraft pieces and dolls, or applying his talents to painting ikons, saints and other ecclesiastic objects. It appears that the Eighteenth Century peasant art guilds are again becoming active, because the industrial factories and mills have practically ceased to operate. The soviet posters trained the village population to think in modernistic terms, and now they are less shocked by bizarre cubism and grotesque expressionism than are the educated epicureans of the towns. The moujiks of many villages are replacing their Byzantine saints and Biblical allegories with modernistic creations. The ikon painter of the soviet era is more a



“MOUJIK LIFE UNDER THE TERROR” BY BORIS GRIGORIEFF

pictorial naturalist than a pious believer in Byzantine mysticism, and he paints accordingly new allegories of life and nature. His saints are no longer patriarchal prophets, but symbolic fantasies of the universe. Many old-fashioned congregational members of the churches of the provinces of Pskoff, Kotroma and Yaroslav have been complaining that the newer ikons often represent either pretty nudes or positively obscene figures.

Russian cubo-futurism differs from that of the Occidental school by its use of extremely bright elementary colors, a characteristic which Russian painters of the academic school already had exploited extensively. Russian artists have always believed in the use of luminous primary colors in painting. The street artists and their contemporaries intensified these colors to a state which was called "Rayonnism" — an abstract



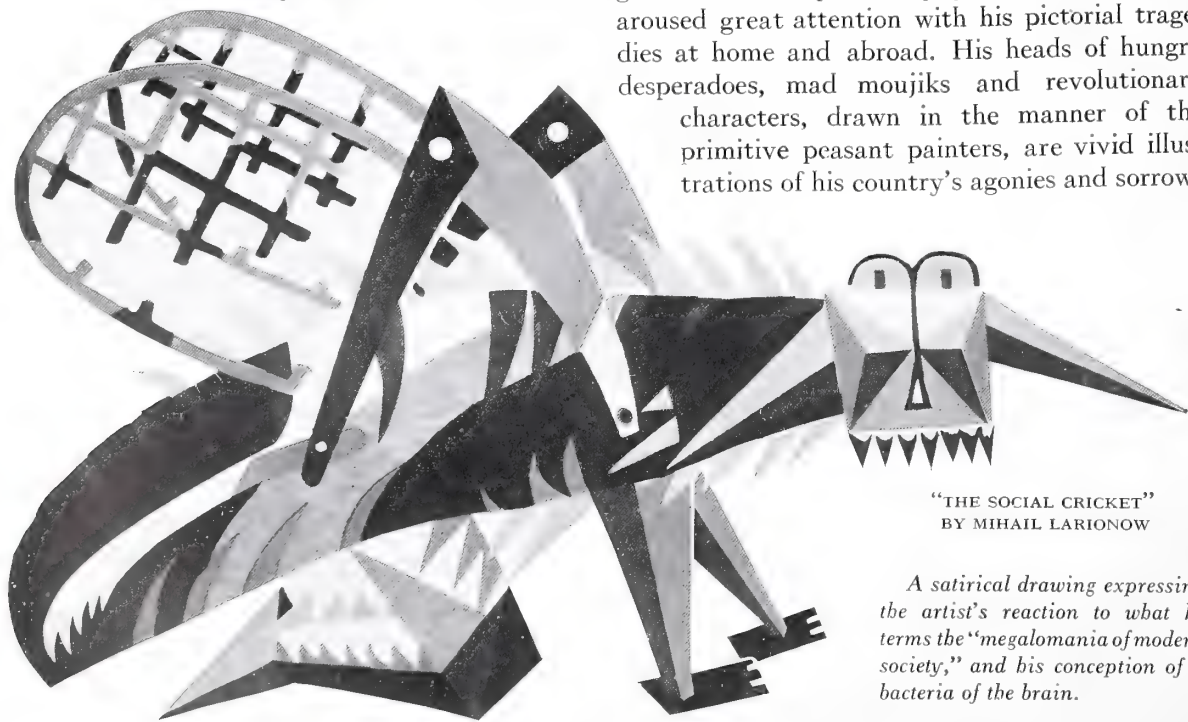
"RAYONNISTIC FANTASY"

BY NATALIA GONCHAROVA

or drawings, by Boris Grigorieff, manifest an elemental pathos and can be considered as the most striking examples of the period. Boris Grigorieff is a comparatively young man and has aroused great attention with his pictorial tragedies at home and abroad. His heads of hungry desperadoes, mad moujiks and revolutionary characters, drawn in the manner of the primitive peasant painters, are vivid illustrations of his country's agonies and sorrows

display with color fantasies. Larionow and Goncharova, examples of whose work in this style are illustrated on this page, can be considered as especially successful exponents of Russian "Rayonnism." In stage decoration, it is very effective, as has been demonstrated in the scenery and costumes of Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Cog d'Or* and Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*, both known in New York.

The horrors and miseries of the revolution have evoked another type of modern Russian art, which expresses itself more in new primitive portrait and figure paintings than in any geometrical symbolism of the futurist order. The gripping portraits and figures, mostly in water colors



"THE SOCIAL CRICKET"  
BY MIHAIL LARIONOW

A satirical drawing expressing the artist's reaction to what he terms the "megomania of modern society," and his conception of a bacteria of the brain.



and tell without words of the effects of a great upheaval and recall in the minds of the onlookers the abnormal characters of Dostoievsky's and Gorky's stories. Grigorieff's art is naive, primitive and brutal, yet from it emanates a spirit that speaks the truth of the time. He can be called the illustrator of the famished race of nihilists and the pictorial story-teller of the Russian terror. Borgis Grigorieff is a true type of the rest of his colleague-compatriots, for whom art expression has been not only an abstract esthetic object in itself, but a medium of conveying some message of a vital social truth of the time. In such a case art becomes a part of life. Nearly all the great masterpieces of Russian art betray a mystic vital note, similar to the great novels of Dostoievsky, Turgenieff, Tolstoy, Gorky, Mereshkowsky and Korolenko. It is a striving after the spiritual ideals of life and expresses the profoundly emotional and religious soul of that race essentially spiritual.

Taken as a whole, the Russian revolution is a proof of the far reaching, invisible, yet invincible social power that lies in a nation's art. The fanaticism and madness of a revolution may work havoc with the normal esthetic development of a nation or age, yet ultimately they will have to yield to the nobler instincts and the influences that emanate from the principles of beauty. There is a great percentage of necessary life-spirit in the brutal forces of a revolution, much

more so than we acknowledge under the influence of our individual sentiments. Russian art suffered a set back in the prevailing cataclysm, yet it has sustained an ennobling and a stimulating shock. Numerous symptoms already indicate that the solution of the nation's great political problem is coming more

from its esthetic credo and potentiality than from economics with its one sidedness.

And the present day soviet leaders have forgotten that it was the *intelligentsia*, the dreamy artist and the romantic writer, that enabled them to achieve power, and that, in the same way, the same potent element

may accelerate their downfall. No nation is stronger than its intellectual life. When the artistic expression of a people becomes decadent or is choked by unsympathetic or opposing governmental policies, the rapid decline of that people is assured. Art is an extremely sensitive indicator of the true state of national life. Given a sturdy race imbued with a mighty spirit, and, even amidst war, famine or revolution, great art will be found, but lacking that, or in a state where selfishness and narrow mindedness prevail, and except for some lone giant that may

rise superior to time or place, the nation and its art will die together. It

applies to the soviet policy toward the *intelligentsia* what Cicero said of certain people in his days: *Parvum parva decent!* It requires only a look back through the pages of history to establish this as a truism.



"THE MODERN MAN"  
BY LARIONOW

# TAPESTRIES of Five Centuries

## VII. The Tapestry of the Baroque Period

RUBENS sprawls like one of his own fat figures over all the tapestry designing of the Seventeenth Century. This is not because he painted so many cartoons himself. He

was directly responsible for only two series, "Triumphs of the Eucharist" and "History of Achilles," twenty-three pieces in all. His form, nevertheless, lay heavy over the whole century and no designer could shake himself quite free from it, or even wished to do so.

This does not mean, however, that all of the tapestries of the period followed one single type. The enormous output of Rubens' highly organized and commercialized workshop was sufficiently varied to set the models for several different classes of designs, and these several types were really clearly contrasted in spite of their underlying common character. There were, first of all, scenes most unmistakably by Rubens: turbulent, crowded, excited, the figures big and bloated, the draperies *bouffante* and fluttering in thick folds, the accessories grandiose and elaborate. The subject mattered little, although it was usually classical, legendary or historical. The treatment was always the same, but in the hands of different followers the tricks were more or less skilfully done, and for the essential degeneracy there was more or less compensation in the richness of decorative effect. Even the borders for these pieces were usually truly Rubenesque, following the type that he himself designed for the "Eucharist" series and following also the bastard architecture of the time. Thick, twisted columns like giant sticks of candy, heavily ornate, were placed at either side, and across the top from column to column swung fat swags of fruit and flowers. Everything was abundant. Everything was oversized.

This was the standard Rubens manner that is found over and over in such famous pictures as the "Conversion of Paul" or the "Consul Decius" set, and in many others as well. In the hands of any but his most skilled imitators it inevitably became coarse and exaggerated, and even Rubens himself never could restrain this monumental style sufficiently to convey with it more delicate qualities or more sensitive personalities. When

*Style of designs epitomized in Rubens, a complete expression of the character of the age in Europe . . . by*  
PHYLLIS ACKERMAN

manipulated by the best of his pupils its very excesses made it forceful for the depiction of violence. Chaotic battles or hard fought hunts could be represented in this technique with striking dramatic

force. Wherever contest and heavy physical effort could properly be introduced, these Rubens cartoons were preeminently successful.

For the gentler emotions, there was another Rubens style, less noted and less frequently repeated, but productive of a few followers in tapestry. In this type, of which only a few rare examples are known, delicate, miniature scenes in a very gracious style are set in frames of fresh flower garlands. Jan Breughel and his son and followers developed this manner, supplementing it with competent, realistic flower painting, and it is quite possible that the tapestry panels in this manner that now are known were designed by members of this group, the weaving having been done in Antwerp.

The most familiar tapestries of the Seventeenth Century, the verdures, also are related to one aspect of Rubens' work. They parallel his landscapes in which a thick patterning of trees fills the greater part of the composition and a few tiny figures give a touch of life. In the tapestries, the landscape is conventionalized. Luxuriant foliage makes a solid design in shades of green, with breaks in the thick leafage at one or two points to give glimpses of meadow, garden or castle, and in the foreground there are perhaps, although not necessarily, a few, small bright figures. These romantic but substantial scenes came to be the stock in trade of the industry and were produced in tremendous quantities for two hundred years. At their best, they are rich and satisfying decorations. At their worst—and there were more degenerate renditions of this class of cartoons than any other in the history of tapestry—they are distorted in drawing, decayed in color, coarse and pulled in weave and without conceivable excuse for existence.

These three classes of design, of which the first and the third are by far the most important in quantity, constituted practically the whole output in tapestry of Flanders in the Seventeenth Century. But Rubens' influence was by no means



limited to Flanders. It spread into France, and France was again fast becoming a power to be reckoned with in tapestry, for both the Gobelins and the Beauvais works were gathering impetus. Henry IV took the first step toward the Gobelins

were working in L'Hopital de la Trinité, where Henry II had installed them. From these sources, supplemented by additional workers and organized by a government overseer, Louis XIV, or rather his minister, Colbert, created the Gobelins



"AMERICA"

BRUSSELS, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

*The abundant wealth of the new world symbolized in this tapestry was giving Europe those characteristics of the nouveau riche revealed in the art of the time*

*Courtesy of P. W. French & Co.*

when he made a contract with two Flemish workers, Marc Comans and François de la Planche, to establish themselves in Paris. At the same time he set up other weavers in the Great Gallery of the Louvre. Still others already

as one link in the great industrial system that was to perfect France's resources as an independent power. A lesser link in the same chain was the Beauvais works, founded in 1630 by Louis Hinart, a citizen of Beauvais by birth who, how-



ever, long had been a successful tapestry merchant in Flanders. While the Gobelins was a state manufactory, planned to execute royal orders, the Beauvais works was a private enterprise with governmental encouragement whose function was to be the weaving of private commissions and of a general commercial output. Both these factories at first followed a style essentially the same as that of Rubens, but with this difference, that the French, as always, subtly modified the common type to their own national quality. Although the French painters indulged in the same physical largeness and there was in their compositions the same surplus of emotion and of activity, their work escaped the grossness into which the Flemish always found it easy to fall. Decoratively, at least, there was refinement and some restraint, and for the most part much more beauty of organization, while in the best pieces there was an exquisite nicety of detail. At times there even remained some of the classical reserve that had been so completely forgotten in the North.

Rubens had received the official cachet in France when Marie de Medici ordered him to decorate the Luxembourg with two series, one of scenes of her own life and one of scenes in that of Henry IV. Although the second set never was actually rendered, owing to political vicissitudes, the life of Marie herself was dashed off pictorially with such vigorous grandeur and was such an imposing accomplishment, a vast undertaking in twenty-three scenes and three additional portraits, that Rubens' prestige was completely confirmed. Later the Gobelins wove reproductions of another of Rubens' great series of paintings, "The History of Constantine." The lead of Rubens having been thus royally established, the French designers employed by the tapestry factories followed suit; not, to be sure, that they were all directly his disciples, but the work of all was Rubenesque in the sense that it was in the style of which he was the most famous and the most typical perpetrator. Among these designers for French factories were Toussaint Debreuil, who could not have had Rubens in mind, for he died just as Rubens was coming to his productive period; Simon Vouet and his pupil, Le Sueur, who were exactly Rubens' contemporaries; Poussin and Philip de Champagne. Of these, Vouet and, through him, Le Sueur were taking their style from Veronese and Corregio, and Poussin was assimilating Raphael and Giulio Romano as they had been strained through the etchings of Marc Antonio, together with some of the original antique. Only Champagne, who did spend a

short time in Flanders, might have got his style directly from Rubens. Their work, therefore, was Rubenesque because they devoted themselves to the same Italian models that had shaped Rubens' style and especially because they were working in and for the same general taste. It is really this basic character of the current preferences that made the style, and Rubens is only its supreme incident. He was the dominant figure of the period because he so completely expressed its character and so fully satisfied it. He was the child of his time, focusing in his own personality and experience all the essential characteristics of his age without any disturbing deviations, and setting them all forth directly and unmistakably. It was as if the hypothetical world-mind had decided at this stage to play painter and had fashioned Peter Paul Rubens for its purposes. How could the world fail to respond when it met, embodied in his paintings, the very essence of itself, formulated and exalted?

The Seventeenth Century was the first, thoroughly secular age that the modern world had known. There was an enormous and increasing influx of wealth. The Orient, from the one side, and the New World, from the other, were yielding up both their hoarded and their potential treasure. Hundreds of carpets came from the Near East. England, Holland, Spain and France, all had companies to pillage India. Shiploads of porcelains were taken out of China. From the other direction, the inexhaustible Americas, came gold in immeasurable quantities. So great was the increase in wealth that the economic standard of all Europe was conspicuously raised. The change was reflected both in the establishment of an exceedingly wealthy class of individuals and in the development of greater economic power by the leading nations. The commercial middle class that in the late Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries had emerged from the guilds was now strongly entrenched as a permanent factor of society, and the great nations, impelled by their expanding economic opportunities, were coalescing into strong, centralized powers. The world, the dominant personalities and the controlling peoples were all *nouveau riches*. True to this character, they wished to lavish their resources in blatant ostentation. The abundant forms and obvious elaborateness of the baroque were the result, and Rubens had just the fulness and richness to take his place at the head of the movement. Great wealth was, moreover, still being created, and to its making, strong personalities were contributing tremendous energy and gallant enterprise. There was nothing of the effete. The



explorations of the Sixteenth Century had taken intellectual faith and persistent courage. The commercial exploitation of their discoveries, into which the Seventeenth Century rushed with boisterous enthusiasm, took headlong dash and brutal

or able students of the law and secular sciences, but really unaware of the essential problems of spiritual leadership. It was the century of Hobbes, of Locke and the growing trend of empiricism in England; of Leibnitz and Descartes on



"FIRST EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF CORIOLANUS"

PARIS, EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

*This series, probably by Lerambert, though monumental and dramatic like all the tapestry of the time, shows some of the classical reserve that the French retained*

*Collection of the late Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst*

intrepidity. This uncontrolled physical strength and outbursting energy were there in Rubens, too, satisfying the rich lusts of his time.

Nor was there any leaven of spirituality or any restraint of mystical asceticism in the new development. The intellectual devotion that for hundreds of years had been focused on problems of the soul was now sharpened into scientific acumen intent on method and fact. The Jesuits were prominent in the church, subtle politicians

the continent—men who dealt with philosophy, not through the illumination of religion but who, for the most part, attempted to treat it with the abstract exactness of mathematics. Objective, worldly, factual, the mind of the time could be well content with the fleshly and realistic Rubens.

By the same token, neither the period nor Rubens ever slipped into a lyric mood. A world hustling greedily after commerce has no leisure for introspective dalliance with the finer shades of





"THE PANTHER HUNT"

BRUSSELS, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

*The style of Rubens is most successful in the depiction of hunts and battles where there is forceful action and great physical energy*

*Collection of Mrs. E. Henry Harriman*

emotion and no respect for the few eccentrics who retreat from business into themselves. The century exalted as the great masterpieces the formal bombast of Corneille and Racine. Rubens was as hustling a trader in his own line as was any hearty East India merchant. Even in his most personal pictures, the portraits of Helena Fourment, and the landscapes of his later years, he was too robust for any evanescent emotions. Moreover, the one standard in art on which a commercial age could insist, Rubens possessed to the utmost degree—competency. The successful merchant can respect the job well done, the display of technical proficiency carried out to a nice finish. If, at the same time, the trick can be turned quickly and easily, so much the greater is the honor. The cleverness, the easy perfection, the celerity of Rubens' performance qualified him for the unbounded admiration which was accorded to him by his time.

Rubens' own life had equipped him perfectly to express the character of his age because it was such an exact epitome of the general experience

that was shaping his character. Like the world and the nations, he grew up, lived and worked in wealth, a solid fortune founded in commerce, to which he added much by his own efforts. Like his period, too, he was untroubled by spiritual complexities. While the Seventeenth Century was bloody with religious wars, as a whole it knew nothing of the real religious struggle that tears the soul within. Rubens' father had been a Calvinist, which might have tempted trouble, but, being prudent, he had restrained his religious convictions to the outward observance of the law, a perfect reflection of the prevailing spirit of compromise which produced such a document as the "Edict of Nantes" which has been celebrated as an instrument of toleration, but was really a device of opportunism. In every other respect, too, Peter Paul was a model of a middle class epoch. He was

strong, healthy and normal in every way, and he put that bouyant normalcy into his painting. He was domestically content to the point of complacency, working too hard and too systematically for any erratic intrusions of temperament; too completely cushioned in his ample luxury and too internationally acclaimed to question, to doubt or to strive. He was, in short, the superb *bourgeois* working in the supreme age of trade.

The complete subordination of all branches of tapestry designing to Rubens' style carried still further the tendency to treat tapestry as a minor branch of painting, a tendency that had been introduced by the Renaissance. With a painter as the overshadowing figure, there was small chance that tapestry could break away and work out its own problems independently and in accordance with the needs of its own medium. This hope was even further diminished at this time because the spirit of all the arts was controlled by the conceptions of painting. Even so fundamental an art as architecture lost its integrity and fell into conventions that were essentially those



of the painter and quite opposed to the principles of construction. What chance, then, for tapestry to regain any self reliance? Furthermore, the fact that baroque architecture did attempt painting in stone, reacted especially on the tapestry

stantly sought new areas for its ornate ingenuities and found them in the wall hangings, smothering them with the same kind of incongruous excesses. All the arts were rushing over the limitations of their materials, substituting technical *tours*



"SCENES FROM THE CHILDHOOD OF CHRIST"

ANTWERP, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

*Woven on the looms of Baltasar Bosmanns, after a cartoon by one of the school of Jan Breughel, this tapestry reflects a less familiar style of Rubens*

*Collection of Mrs. William H. Crocker*

because tapestry is part of the architecture of an interior, made to cooperate with the fabric of the building in a total effect to which it contributes just as integrally as walls or columns. The creative imagination that embroidered the structure itself so irrelevantly that the prow of a ship could be used as a pediment on a dwelling, con-

de force for that strict realization of their own possibilities which is the real aim of the crafts.

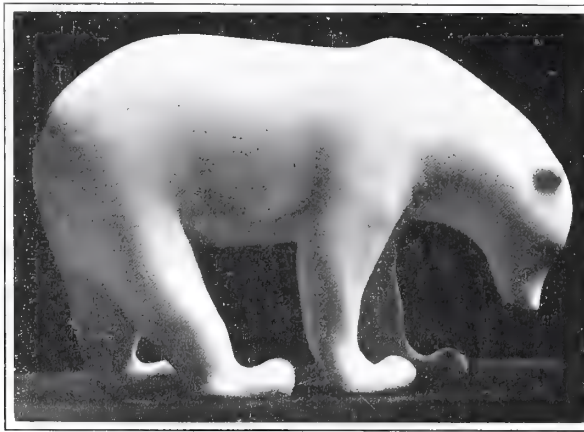
The degeneration exemplified in the tapestries produced under Rubens' influence is the artistic price that the Seventeenth Century paid for its commercial expansion. Creation in art and creation in trade seem not to go easily hand in hand.

# POMPON—ANIMAL SCULPTOR

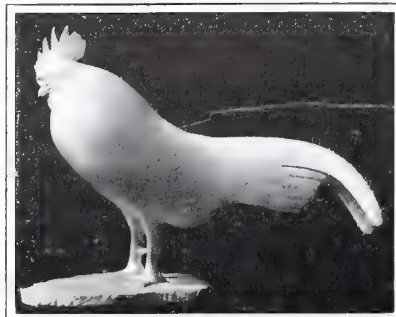


POLAR BEARS IN BRONZE AND MARBLE

BY FRANÇOIS POMPON



*At three score and six in the matter of years, François Pompon, the French animal sculptor, is the first lion that the art-world in Paris has had since Rodin. The latter was past fifty when worldwide fame laid hands on him. M. Pompon's name has been so inconspicuous until now that it often is thought to be that of a newcomer. Suddenly success rains upon him. A couple of hundred admirers attend a banquet given in his honor on the occasion of the display of his remarkable polar bears at the Salon d'Automne; visitors crowd to his little studio, motorcars line up against the footpath in front of the house at 3 rue Campagne Première. Is it not far better that the close of an artist's career be thus crowned than that he should witness the decline of his popularity as is so often the pitiful case with those who have come to the fore prematurely? Now, his sun is sure to set in glory, and no one more deserves an apotheosis than this modest, retiring, gifted man. As for his life, he spends half of the year in the capital, studying beast and bird of the wilds at the Jardin des Plantes; the other half, in the country with the domesticated inhabitants of field and farmyard. He has a secret of taming these animals. For a full fortnight he talks to them.*





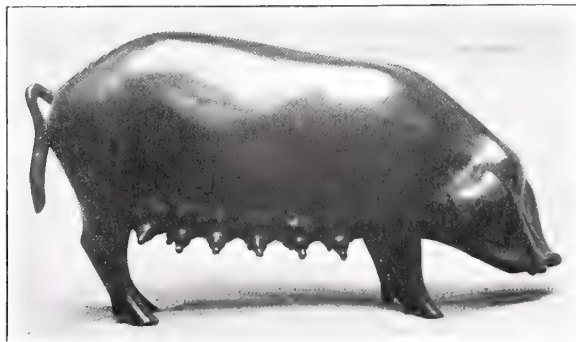
M. Pompon is peculiarly happy  
in his interpretation of the  
feathered denizens of  
the barnyard



"HIPPOPOTAMUS"  
BY FRANÇOIS POMPON

No less felicitous is  
the sculptor with  
creatures of such  
cumbersome mold  
as the river horse  
and the domestic  
pig

After this period of initiation they seem to guess the attitude in which he prefers to see them and assume it naturally and apparently with intention to please. He positively charms them into keeping the "pose." See how their eager little heads appear to be listening to his word, as if struck motionless with fascinated attention. M. Pompon is sure animals understand us, but we do not understand them. They are, in his opinion, all equally and similarly endowed with fundamental qualities and gifts. Contact with humanity and superior species will bring these out. Thus he has found the reputedly ferocious polar bear to be as playful as a child; the hyena, as gentle as a doe; the wolf, the most intelligent of creatures, and the simple duck, the worthy companion of the dog. M. Pompon likes portraying animals that do not usually appeal to the sculptor, and he has a quaint fancy for making small, almost miniature, representations of important quadrupeds like dromedaries, bears and hippopotami and, conversely, heroic moles.—MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA.



"SOW" BY  
FRANÇOIS POMPON

Photographs by  
Bernes, Marouteau & Cie.  
Paris

# GOROT—In Terpsichorean Mood



*"RONDE DE NYMPHES"*

*by J. B. G. GOROT*

*T*RACES of the classic strain pervading painting in Corot's young manhood are found in the marble temples which he introduced in several of his compositions and in the neo-pagan female figures dancing to the pipe of a faun. Corot painted several of these landscapes with such figures. They generally bore the title "Danse des Nymphes," but to three of them the name "Ronde de Nymphes" was given by Robaut, the great authority on this master, to emphasize the "round dance" movement of these particular groups. It is one of these canvases which is reproduced here, a painting recently sold to a collector in New York by the Howard Young Galleries.



# BAKST—Student of the Archaic

AT the time of the first exhibition in Paris of the group of Russian artists which introduced Serge Diaghileff with his ballets—it was in 1906—I was what Dostoievski called

with such exactitude “cab horse” in a Parisian newspaper of great prominence; that is to say, I furnished articles on the most diverse subjects, at times even inventing the subjects, as my director was of an admirable and universal ignorance in everything. Thirty years previously, Alfred Capus had started on the same newspaper by writing an article on Charles Darwin. Darwin had just died, and it must be said that until that day, the editors of this great newspaper had completely ignored not only the works but even the name of Darwin. I forced the door of that same house by a similar procedure; at the time of the death of Jean Moréas, I proposed a necrologic article on the author of *Stances*. They accepted my proposition after asking me to give my word of honor that Moréas was a poet and possessed of talent.

One afternoon I saw the managing editor and announced that several prominent Russian artists, Khorovine, Golovin, Roerich, Bakst and Alexandre Benois, had entered Paris for the first time and that we could not let the event go by in silence and without recognition.

“There are Russian artists?” he asked with astonishment, not simulated.

“Yes, and of a truly incontestable originality

*Russian colorist holds simplicity to be great principle of art and seeks its secret in the primitive . . . by*

LOUIS THOMAS

and charm,” I made answer.

“Well then, speak about them, since we are allies of Russia,” answered that amiable man, to whom politics was of more importance than art in world affairs.

I wrote my article as best I could, searching all about Paris to get information about this new Russian school of artistic thought and expression.

I then did not foresee that one day I should

know Bakst, and that to meet one another we both should have to journey to the banks of the Hudson. Nor did I realize that New York was becoming one of the foremost artistic centers of the world. Nevertheless, here we are on Christmas Eve, 1922—he, the great Russian artist, and I, the French writer. We are in the home of Caro-Delvalle, the French painter, five steps from Fifth avenue and hard by the Metropolitan Museum. It is nearly twelve o'clock. Young men in groups are going down the avenue, laughing and singing, holding in their hands red lanterns; they are going to the Christmas mass. Caro-Delvalle asks that Spanish dances be played, and Bakst and myself, we discuss the principles of art, just as if we were walking under the olive trees of Athens, or in a garden



PORTRAIT OF IDA RUBINSTEIN BY LÉON BAKST

in Rome, or back upon the banks of the Seine.

But who is he, this Russian artist whose third exhibition of works New York has just come to admire? How is it that he takes part in an abstract conversation, when the art loving public of Europe

and of this country knows him only as a theatre decorator and portrait painter. To understand him, one must read his life, just published by his understanding compatriot, André Levinson.

Bakst was born in Petrograd (at that time St. Petersburg) on April 17, 1868, in a street which the readers of Dostoievski know well, the Sadovaia. He came from the little well-to-do people, and in his veins flows a mixture of Spanish and Jewish blood. His grandfather was an old fashioned Parisian of the Second Empire and from him Bakst inherited exquisite courtesy and his taste for art. He has known all the phases of the artistic life of his country since 1888. He has witnessed the combats of the academics, the realists, the symbolists, the collectors of the past and the painters for the fashionable. He has been played upon by many influences. He has read extensively, he has seen much, he has lived widely. Gifted with an unbelievable fecundity, he produced some thousand works before that artistic group of which Diaghileff was the animator was formed, which the Russian ballets made celebrated and which had as a critic that charming painter, Alexandre Benois, who to-day is still in Russia with the gentleman of the Soviets. This group saw the light in 1900. A few years later, they left Russia, and immediately Paris—that is to say, the greatest group of critical minds of the modern world—adopted the artists presented by Diaghileff and made each one of them famous and his work triumphant. The names of Nijinski, Pavlova, Fokine, Ida Rubinstein, Karsavina, Chaliapin, Bolm, Massine, Petrenko, Tcherkaskaia were mingled in the imagination of the enthusiastic Parisians with those of Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodine, Stravinsky, Bakst, Roerich, Golovin, Benois. One speaks only of *L' Oiseau de Feu*, *Cleopatra*, *The Spectre of the Rose*, *Scheherezade*, *Sadko*, *Petrouchka*, *L' Après-midi d' un Faune*.

Representations of *Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien*, by Gabriel d'Annunzio and Claude Debussy, and of *Hélène de Sparte*, by Verhaeren, were to come later to crown all this, and the entire world, because Paris had decided, was to do the same, sooner or later, with a comprehension more or less direct. The group, of which Bakst is the most celebrated because he is the more fecund and one

of the most intelligent and most cultivated, exercises a deep influence on the theatre, on music, on painting and on the dance. This influence was interrupted only slightly by the war. And here is Bakst in the ripeness of his creative faculties, secure in the consciousness of his means and of his aims, which characterizes the artist when he has passed his fiftieth year. With the greatest simplicity, accepting the hazards of a conversation without gravity, he lets me see the principles, the intellectual basis, of his art.

"I am like the common people," said I. "The work that I prefer in your exhibition is the portrait of Ida Rubinstein. This scale of blacks was a task of prodigious realization. You have here one of those accomplishments in which the artist seems almost to surpass himself, to build better than he really knows."

"But what a model!" replied Bakst. "It is the fifth portrait that I painted of her. One has to catch her flying. One of these portraits was made after a rehearsal. Wary, fatigued, she just came home and sank down into an arm-chair, her arms hanging limp and relaxed. I just had to beg of her not to move. It was a natural position that none

could invent. She is beautiful, always!"

"And her eyes," said I. "The strange feminine mystery of this wanderer in a world of beauty who seems almost to have come to bring to men a message of poetry ignored until her! One need not be a prophet to foresee that before this picture countless thousands will feel in their hearts the



"LE SULTAN SAMARCANDE"  
BY LÉON BAKST



thrill of ecstasy, even after centuries, when the strange creature will be asleep in the windowless abode of rest. Ah, how much good a work like this does after seeing the poor horrors of the crazy painters and of the snobs who want novelty at any price! It is most refreshing."

"One must not speak too harshly about them," said Bakst softly. "They are searching, and it may

active curiosity, was he not more interesting when he was himself—an amiable little poet of salons and of the court, a charming abbé of the Eighteenth Century transplanted into the Nineteenth—than when he vainly searches to give us the illusion of genius in himself?"

"Oh, yes," I was forced to admit in reply.

"Well, today, too many painters, too many



"UN NOTABLE MÉSOPOTAMIEN"

BY LÉON BAKST

be that some day they will bring forth something. I always fear, for my part, that one may hurt a future genius when he is at the stuttering period."

"Indeed," said I, "but the stuttering must not be eternal, as it is with many of them."

"Well," said Bakst, "we live in an unfortunate period. It is the same in literature. For example, a French poet whom you know as well as I do and whom I love for his original character and his

artists want to be geniuses, even if they have no talent and if they ignore the A B C of their trade. That is the reason why the exhibitions of paintings are often so frightful. Our group of Russian artists, who created the modern Russian ballet and the movement of art which resulted from it, worked on principles opposed to those of false geniuses. We did not create the Russian ballets with painters who did not know how to draw, nor did we use

dancers who did not know how to dance. We did not ignore the technique, although we are no slaves to the technical. The technique never has been to us an end in itself, but always a means to an end. We are not Meissonniers. They have called

what I prefer in art is not the capability of the school, nor the virtuosity. What I search for, on the contrary, is the green freshness of the primitive, of the archaic when it was just born and when it had not yet developed to be a museum exhibit."



"L'OISEAU DE FEU"

BY LÉON BAKST

us revolutionary, as if that were a quality unpardonable in art and destructive of it."

"That is the term applied to the men who do not think as our grandfathers thought. Like all insults, the word ends by meaning nothing. At any rate, it never frightened the creators."

"Notice that when I speak of technique," Bakst started again, "I want to say precisely that

"Unfortunately, there are stupid persons who will accept literally your ideas and will not see the delicate culture that such disregard of virtuosity requires from a man capable, without effort, of exemplifying all the virtuositities in himself."

"One must not fear weakness," said Bakst. "One must simply see clearly, in himself and in his surroundings, and the problem of artistic culture



can be solved, or at least studied with enough precision for us to see the result of our own ideas. I, for example, believe that when we know the technique, the grammar, of our art, it is to our interest to study the archaic art, to attempt to

sum of what was known in his day. He was not hedged in by virtuosity or technique. And the secret that we must search for in him is precisely this liberation from the technical, which is the true freshness of art and its finest inspiration."



"PRINCE ET ESCLAVE REVANT"

BY LÉON BAKST

find the freshness of that deliciously naive artistic period when the eye and the imagination were, so to speak, virgin; before they were sophisticated."

"Are you not afraid, in that case, that some artists without genius will create a kind of new convention in copying primitive art as the academists have done? The *pompieri* of the school thought they were making classic studies when, as a matter of fact, they were simply copying."

"I know," said Bakst. "But there is such plenitude and something so definitive in the archaic art. The primitive artist gave the maxi-

"This is what I find," said I, "in one of your decorations for *Hélène de Sparte*, a vision of Greece singularly fresh and primitive in which one feels nothing technical and which takes one back to the vigorous epoch of the primitive Greek art."

We were interrupted by a tango. Caro-Delvaile was dancing it with a deep sense of the terrible nostalgia of that music made of complaints and regrets for love. One applauds the Basque painter, who, in dances of this character is the best dancer who can be found.

"You see," Bakst resumed when the noise

had ceased, "happy are the simple peoples which can express themselves completely in a rhythm, as the Spanish in this tango, so different from the weaknesses of our civilization. For us artists of the Twentieth Century, the problems are harder of solution. Rhythm alone is not sufficient."

"The importance of the epoch in which we live is something that one will never exaggerate. The

as you may have remarked it, it is what I sought in *Hélène de Sparte*, where I wanted to have both Greece and the archaic freshness of early art."

"You did it, but it is by a classic equilibrium. You remind me, more than I can say, of young Sophocles, rough and simple, great and natural, cautious and rude," I ventured to remark.

"The charming Sophocles," said Bakst, with a



"UNE ESCLAVE DANSANTE"

BY LÉON BAKST

pressure exercised on the artists is tremendous, especially since artists are more susceptible to the influences and impressions of the exterior world than are those of more phlegmatic temperament."

"It is a fact," said Bakst, "and I have often said so, although it may seem paradoxical—it was easier to become Michelangelo at the time of Michelangelo. But we, today, are living in an ungrateful period. When Picasso assures me that one must be naïve and simple and that he wants to try to make his design naïve and simple, when he knows so many things, so many tricks—when I see the tortures to which this man puts himself, I can see in many of his works only a grimacing thing, tortured in spite of his undeniable gifts. He can not be simple. That is the only true aim, and,

modulated and tender voice, as if he spoke of a delicate but never-to-be-forgotten love. And I saw the expression of a man who has been charmed by classical beauty and will never again change his sentiments. In his exhibition at Knoedler's, one "Echo Abandonnée," a symphony of violets and mauves, showed us that side of Bakst's personality. I do not know why, but I seemed to find in that painting some accents of the divine Gluck, so pure, so classical even when he expresses the strongest passions.

The lovers of Greek tragedy will understand this; and Bakst again thinks like me. The world saw one day perfect beauty, and the most innovating can reach a perfect balance only if inspired by the divine youth of the Greek miracle.



# SPENCER—And ROMANCE

STOP with us a moment on the train from Boston. Joseph De Camp has just turned to Robert Spencer and jokingly said: "Why do you paint back-houses? That stuff has fine

color and design and altogether goodness, but why paint back-houses? Why not castles?" Whereat the late J. Francis Murphy spoke up: "He does paint castles. Those factories and gray houses, they are his castles. Stick to your back-houses, Spencer." So let us introduce Robert Spencer, who has idealized the clumsy barges of the Lehigh Canal and converted dark silk factories into dream castles, just as an artist must make things better than they seem to the layman to be; must show their finer and most elusive parts.

It may be that the real artist paints in a little personal village called Romance, a village self-constructed from glorious mental timber left by youth. He fancies this to be his home and paints as he would love to have it. Fancy Dickens enamored of the slums of London; Zola or Eugene Sue, of the catacombs of Paris. One may easily know each devastating fact of death and illness and distortion; still, in the hands of these great masters, romance and sentiment and fine observation bring to us common folk the golden thread of life. It is he, the master, who knows where sentiment ends and sentimentality begins; the cheap, vain sympathy of a prolonged relationship that is false, against the sweeter, true, thrilling charm of pure esthetic emotion. So we might call this painter of back-yards, a great romancer, who built around some gray and gloomy corner of the land a sort of hallowed romance of places better than the real. Certainly he interprets

*Seeing beauty in the commonplace and the humble, he paints back-yards and tenements . . . by*

F. NEWLIN PRICE

beauty that to most was quite invisible. To carry to the world one's dreams—what a glorious destiny!

To Howard, Nebraska, came Robert Spencer in 1879 to bring joy to his par-

ents. His father, a Swedenborgian clergyman who later edited essays by George Inness on that faith, had been sent to answer a call from that small western community. Spencer likens Swedenborgianism to the movement of modern art—new recipes for the search for old truths. From

Howard, very young, the boy was taken to Kansas, to Missouri, to Virginia, to Yonkers, New York, where he was graduated from high school in 1899. His record as a student calls to my mind the stern indictment of a teacher whom I knew: "If I had a child like you, I'd pray for it to die." As I also recall, the woman was unmarried. In any event, Spencer's instructors gave him up. "Impossible!" they said. There was the high school at Ithaca, New York, and then the Chase School in the greater city. It was here that some encouragement came, for that finder of men, William M. Chase, on looking at one of his



ROBERT SPENCER

pictures, said: "You will make a painter, sir." Young Spencer swelled right up and painted another picture, but the criticism was exhaustive and devastatingly uncomplimentary. Such is youth; such is its spirit, and such, its reward.

In 1909, Spencer moved to New Hope, Pennsylvania, after studying with F. V. Du Mond, and took up work with Daniel Garber, for whom he cherishes a very high regard. The old Hufnagle mansion was then a frayed and discolored ruin. It had been a castle, home of an ambassador to Spain. Now the plaster had fallen in spots, the



"A DAY IN MARCH"

BY ROBERT SPENCER

grounds were a riot of licentious weeds, the giant trees about it had been shattered by storms. Into this gaunt and beautiful place Spencer moved, obligating himself for two dollars a month as rent. The ballroom was to be his studio, and here he varnished, puttied holes and cleaned and painted until it was a studio indeed. The rental may seem small, but his income none the less was insufficient. Something had to be done. An idea came to him. He would paint panels that must sell and sign them by another name—panels of sunsets and rainbows, of forest edges and moonlight, of the river at twilight; potboilers. Potboilers? Yes, potboilers; he must have potboilers. So, having manufactured some dozens of hand-painted oils, he signed them "John St. John" and wrote a letter to a department store in Philadelphia, recommending John St. John to the buyer, and signed it "Robert Spencer." Then, fortifying himself by carrying his Sesnan gold medal in his pocket, he journeyed to that city and with shaking knees asked for the buyer. The paintings would not be seen. Then he produced the letter. The buyer called him in,

saying he knew Spencer very well, and did Mr. St. John know him? Naturally Spencer admitted that Spencer was his "closest friend." But the buyer bought none of the sketches—called them "too advanced." Over the city the painter went; no one would buy, although each spoke very nicely of Robert Spencer. Home came John St. John, to disappear for ever because a good sale was made in a few days and not long afterward the Metropolitan Museum of Art bought his painting "Building the Bridge."

In 1914 Spencer married Margaret Fulton, herself an artist of no little ability, and they started housekeeping over the fire-engine house in Lambertville, across the Delaware river from New Hope. Soon they built their own home and studio, and there two little girls were born to them, Tinker and Ann, golden haired and delightful.

Spencer is tall and spare. I often have laughed at the story of him in swimming and coming out of the water to find his aunt crying on the bank; and he asked "what was up," and she moaned, "Oh Bob, you are so thin." And so he is. He is



"THE BATHERS"

by  
Robert Spencer



*Courtesy of the Fennell Collection*







"VILLAGE LANE"

BY ROBERT SPENCER

interesting in his thinness, and interesting in his late nervous breakdown that for the time stopped his painting. As one who was ill, this is his point of view: "Cézanne was sick and did not know it; I am sick and I know I'm sick. I could do quite some odd stuff now if I painted—probably create a sensation in a cheap way."

There are definite theories on art in Spencer's creed, and, although I feel that art is not an oratorical profession and that sometimes there is too much talk about it, nevertheless you will be interested in his theories. Art can not be made scientific or mathematic. Folk owe so much to life and to nature and to the God of Things as They Are that I feel that art must be an extraordinary gift to life; spontaneous, generous, whole hearted; a beautifully intangible presentation made for the good that there is in it; not cheapened by the hothouses of the city or by imitation flowers elaborated in the sweat-shops of our East Side, but clear as the mountain brook, pure and innocent as childhood, made in inspiration and laid on the altar of our supreme adventure.

"I don't care whether the building is a factory or a mill; whether it makes automobile tires or silk shirts," says Spencer. "It is the romantic mass of the building, its placing relative to the landscape and the life in and about it that count. People ask me what is made in my mills. Damned if I know." He might have added: "and if I care."

Often only a touch, a change of a few lines, and evening glow will turn a factory into a mass of masonry as grand as a castle in Spain, and not being a castle, the factory has the advantage in suggestion, in unleashing imagination.

Although catalogued as a landscapist, Spencer really is a *genre* painter. It is in the intimate, daily, romantic life of the people that he is interested; never in the political life, or in the fashion of the day. Automobile, flying machine, railroad train means no more to him artistically than does horse, wagon or ox cart, except that he finds his own car a romantic, fantastic assemblage of little pieces of art and, once involved in their intricacies, he immediately becomes a mechanic and dreams of making better automobiles.





"THREE HOUSES"

BY ROBERT SPENCER



"DERELICTS"

He longs to design, to build real automobiles—until the next day. Art, for him, has no period. It is daily life. Being up to the minute or out of date does not interest him, but beauty does. It comes to his mind in the robe of romance. So long as man exists, so long will beauty call out the finer sentiment. Man and romance are co-existent. Romance did not die with the trunk hose. It has no facts. It is a state of mind, an appetite, a zest for the full enjoyment of life. It is not necessarily tradition or story. When knights were bold at the court of King Arthur, that was society's romantic day. Today a canal boat is as romantic as a war horse; a tenement, as magical as a medieval castle in artistic potentialities.

Back-yards—well, a back yard may mean the

fine, full naked arms of a woman washing clothes near a gray wall and a glorious elm tree. It may mean the place when men and women and children put off the clothes of pride and put on their own transparently healthy, courageous kind and are spontaneous. It is the intimate side of life, the half dressed side, where beings are themselves. Back-yards are genuine, unpretentious. To Spencer castles are not half so romantic as are factories or mills or tenements. Every brick, every angle, every opening in a mill means something, has its history, especially if the mill be old. The stains on the walls, the broken places are landmarks of battles with storm and sunshine, with man-made machines, with time. Every workman, every year leaves some impression of himself or itself, and

BY ROBERT SPENCER



how rich in this sort of thing is an old tenement, each succeeding family leaving its mark, until the very structure becomes human and fits into the moods of the town. A massed building against the sky with a river or a canal at its foot, early morning or evening, men and women and children moving about form the red letter day. What matter what the century be? It is the mood of the moment. Who cares for the facts? Does it matter to the painter what the building is; whether a factory, a tenement or a palace? It might be any of them. Yet the key is the same, and that key unlocks the door





"GRAY DAY IN SPRING"

BY ROBERT SPENCER



"THE CANAL"

of romance. Facts are important to a painter, but the use and the subordination of them in his personal interpretations are more important.

There is one mysterious thing that makes life worth while to man, and that is the power to sense things, to apprehend relative values, to react spiritually, to taste of the finer things. Romance is just that: the tasting of things, the good taste of life. A knowledge of this taste is a knowledge of art. All art is founded on it. The photograph has none of it. All truly artistic impulses are caused by the desire for it. A study of a tree, of a man's head, of a building, that gives nothing beyond the facts is dead. The artist has not "tasted," and unless the artist idealize, the public does not worship. The world has no use for dead senses. To make a living picture, more must be given than the fact. The study of the tree must have something which will start the mind of the observer moving back over his life to the wooded hills. Great God! Trees are human; they live and are magnificent. So art must always lead back to humanity and to sensations that are human.

Designs, harmony, color, tone, all the technic of art are of no value whatsoever without the human note, the human reaction. The failure of Cubism is the failure of mathematics in painting, the failure of Socialism. It leaves out the sensuous, the human, equation. Any art, any literature,

any music built on a theory or on metaphysics is doomed. Health and sanity are great factors in art.

As to technic, it is necessary—the ability to create on a flat surface the appearance of natural objects, their distances from one another, their texture and so on. Technic is the language, the grammar, the connection between the mind of the painter and that of the public. If the tongue does not function, if the language is not clear, if the grammar halts, the painter speaks vaguely, and much modern art fails because of this faulting.

This is Spencer and his romance to whom and to which you have listened—the intellectual spiritual rock on which he builds. To me he is real, of human quality and American, full of convictions, of dreams that cluster around a life that is good.

"THE EVANGELIST"

BY ROBERT SPENCER



# A Famous ARRAY of BRONZES

THE Heseltine collection of Italian Renaissance bronzes recently acquired by Alfred Spero, of London, enables the latter day collector to visualize with feelings of envy those days of the Nineteenth Century when enthusiasts who added to research and to student-ship a natural flair for the antique were in a position, when prosecuting their quests, to restrict their attentions to examples of premier quality, leaving for those who should follow them, the specimens of secondary merit. Those were times when many a field was still comparatively unexplored and encouraged the advent of collectors of such calibre, for instance, as Salting. But even Salting, although his collection of bronzes is, in number and character, of a more ambitious nature than that brought together by John Postle Heseltine, did not acquire so large a proportion of rare models or of examples of so much interest to

*Collection of Italian Renaissance works now owned by Alfred Spero, of London, is a collector's triumph . . . by*

Mrs. Gordon-Stables

students of Renaissance art as did the latter. In importance and scope, the Heseltine collection is comparable with only two others in private ownership in England, namely: that

of Sir Otto Beit and that formed by the late Sir Julius Wernher. The Salting collection has passed into the possession of the British nation.

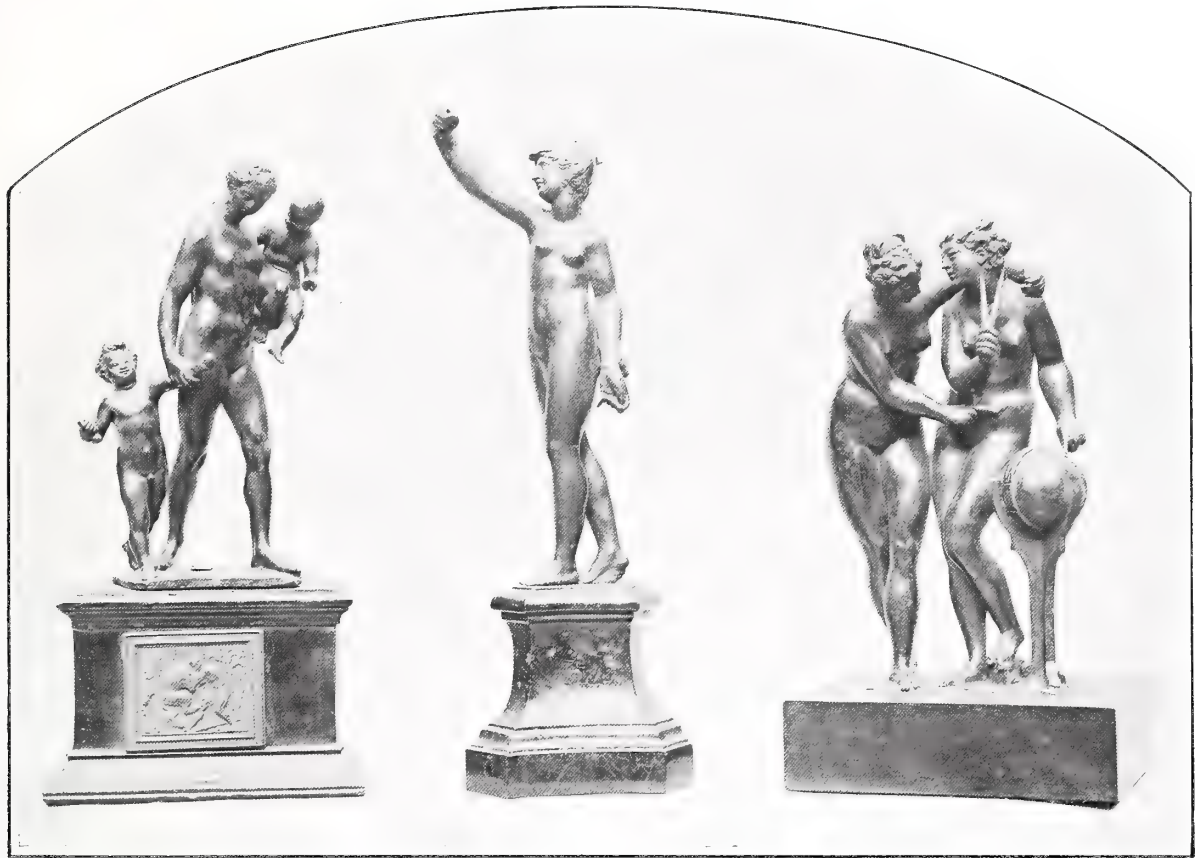
The majority of the bronzes now owned by Mr. Spero are both illustrated and described in detail in the authoritative work, *Italian Bronze Statuettes of the Renaissance*, by Dr. Wilhelm Bode, of the Imperial Museum in Berlin, a critic who stands alone in the profundity of his knowledge of the bronzes of the Renaissance period. In regard to the models of animals in which the collection is especially rich, he has much to offer of criticism and appreciation. Of the large figure of a rhinoceros, a beast which in the Quattrocento was scarcely known to Europe and certainly never

"THE WITCH"

ATTRIBUTED TO BELLANO







"EVE WITH THE INFANTS  
CAIN AND ABEL"

"MINERVA" BY  
BENVENUTO CELLINI

"GEOGRAPHY," AN  
ALLEGORICAL GROUP

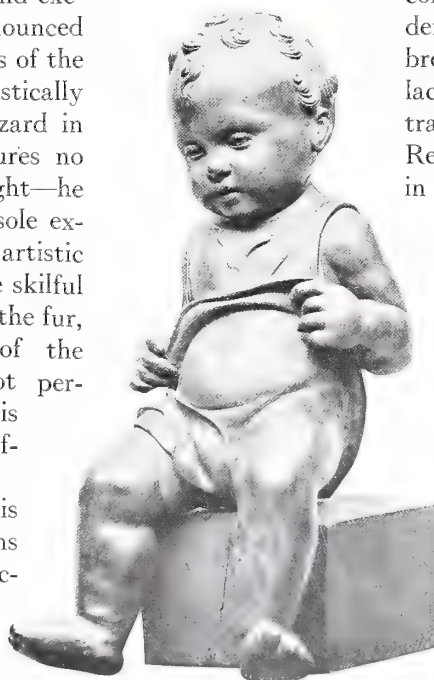
before, had been a subject for sculpture, he writes: "The rhinoceros in the possession of Mr. Heseltine exhibits a more accurate study of nature (i.e. than any other animal bronze mentioned previously) and generally in conception and execution may confidently be pronounced one of the best animal bronzes of the Renaissance." To the realistically treated cat seated with a lizard in its mouth—this figure measures no more than five inches in height—he refers as "of interest as the sole example known to us of a really artistic representation of a cat." The skilful suggestion of the markings of the fur, worked into the surface of the bronze, is unfortunately not perceptible in reproduction. This is a Paduan work of the Fifteenth Century.

From the hand of Riccio is the goat with the short horns and the curiously vigorous ac-

tion of the hind leg stretched out as the animal bleats. Likewise to the Quattrocento belongs the gracefully modelled greyhound, whose rich brown patina is of unusual beauty and whose general

conception shows unmistakable evidence of Gothic influence. Another bronze from the same model but lacking its period pedestal is illustrated in Dr. Bode's book. The Renaissance horse that steps forth in so spirited a manner and in the modeling of which there is such remarkable nobility as well as power, is obviously derived from the famous horses taken from Alexandria to San Marco at Venice.

A bronze of special importance is the large Florentine figure of a seated boy, belonging to the late Fifteenth or early Sixteenth Century, which was exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1879, and again in 1912, and at Burlington House in 1888. The



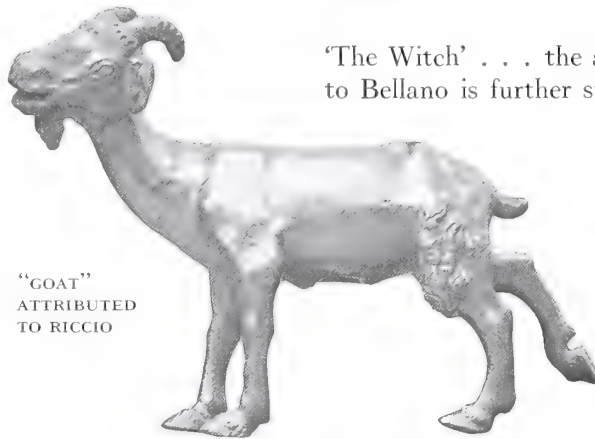
AN EXAMPLE OF THE  
FLORENTINE SCHOOL OF  
LUCCA DELLA ROBBIA



"CAT WITH LIZARD IN ITS MOUTH"—PADUAN, FIFTEENTH CENTURY

unusually delicate treatment of so big a bronze—it measures eighteen inches in height—the manner in which the hair is represented, the sweetness of the expression and the modeling of the childish limbs, all suggest the inspiration of Luca della Robbia, although this master, save in his baptistery doors in Florence, did practically no known work in this medium. The figure is covered with a patina of exceeding fineness.

From the controversial point of view, the prone figure that is severally described as "The Witch" and as one or other of the Deadly Sins, is of particular interest, since while, on the one hand, its elaboration of treatment and detail would proclaim it as belonging to the baroque period, it has from internal evidence been conclusively established by Dr. Bode as by Bellano. "The solid casting at once indicates the earlier period," Dr. Bode asserts, and then he proceeds to cite a certain undisputed Bellano in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, "The Camping Shepherd Boy and His Dog," which "from its disposition and naturalistic treatment of the ground is closely related to



"GOAT" ATTRIBUTED TO RICCIO



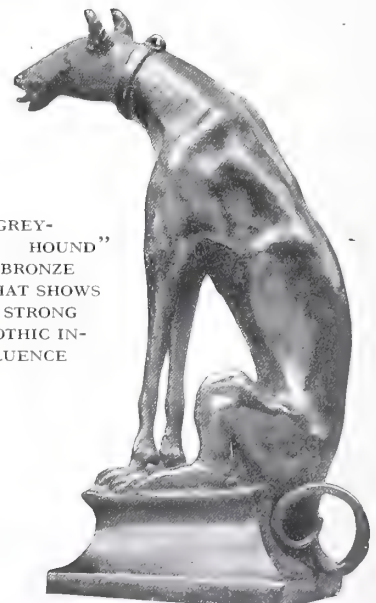
"HORSE"

FIFTEENTH CENTURY

'The Witch' . . . the attribution of 'The Witch' to Bellano is further supported by a pair of the most characteristic compositions of the Fifteenth Century. These are the Tartarean Rocks in the Figdor collection at Vienna. . . . The Furies here correspond absolutely with 'The Witch,' as well as with one of the faces of the Hecate."

The figure of Minerva by Benvenuto Cellini is one of the few small bronzes executed by the

"RHINOCEROS" A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF THE RENAISSANCE



"GREY-HOUND"  
A BRONZE THAT SHOWS A STRONG GOTHIC INFLUENCE



astute master goldsmith who found his silverwork too lucrative to be deserted over-frequently for the less remunerative task of casting small statuettes in bronze. While dismissing as later copies the majority of small versions of the famous Perseus of the Loggia dei Lanzi, Dr. Bode remarks: "Only the elegant little figure of Minerva that Mr. John P. Heseltine has in London, from its broad treatment and numerous divergencies from the statuette on the base, looks like a model for this figure," namely: that of Juno on the pedestal of the Perseus. This work was exhibited at Burlington House in 1904 and at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1912.



"THE BOY HERMES"  
SCHOOL OF DONATELLO

tortoise. The whole is set upon a square wooden base adorned with bronze plaquettes, twice repeated, of a Bacchic scene with an architectural background and with a combat of Centaurs and Lapithæ by Caradosso. This was seen at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in an exhibition held ten years ago.

Among many other items of interest collected by Mr. Heseltine, who for thirty years has acted as trustee to the National Gallery of London, must be mentioned a large figure of Marsyas attributed to Pollaiuolo, an interesting figure of a bearded man, intentionally cast with one arm missing in imitation of the classical—only one other such

To the School of Donatello belongs the small allegorical figure of the boy Hermes, designated in Dr. Bode's work as "especially naturalistic and charming." As a single representation of a child, it is comparable among bronzes of this period with "The Boy and the Bowl" in the Victoria and Albert Museum and "The Boy and the Vase" in the Bargello. The winged figure grasps a serpent in either hand and his left foot rests upon a

model is known—and a graceful allegorical group, "Geography," of which Dr. Bode writes of "the mobile lines, the soft, vague treatment of form, the picturesque grouping." In all, this collection which is one of the most complete and is uniformly excellent, comprises nearly seventy pieces. Mr. Heseltine's experience at the National Gallery was of inestimable value in the formation of his collection; posterity will benefit.



ABOVE: "VENUS AND CUPID"  
ATTRIBUTED TO  
VINCENZO DANTE



ABOVE: SMALL BRONZE  
FIGURE OF THE EARLY  
RENAISSANCE



AT RIGHT: "KNEELING VENUS"  
A BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED  
EXAMPLE OF THE RENAISSANCE

*Photographs reproduced  
by courtesy of Alfred Spero*

# Decorative Panels from Old Madrid



*"The BLESSING  
of the SITE"*



*"The BUILDING  
of the  
CATHEDRAL"*

THESE early Spanish panels, dating from the latter part of the Fifteenth Century, are said to be portions cut from the decoration of the choir stalls in an old church, and are very suggestive of the power exercised by foreign talent from the North and North-east which did so much to shape and inspire the promptings of earlier Spanish and Portuguese art. While "The Blessing of the Site" is more purely Iberian in type, the companion fragment is steeped in Florentine influences.

*Owned by A. L. Nicholson, London, England*



# The 1923 INDEPENDENTS' Show

THE Independent is a show where anything at all may happen. And it usually does. Sometimes it is the impossible. There will not be wanting critics to say that only the impossible happens in the Independent show. But in spite of unfriendly critics and uncritical friends the Independent show has won a permanent place in the American art world. It has become one of the most popular and best attended art shows in America. The exhibition which the Independents present this year is their seventh annual affair.

The pictures displayed in the beaver board labyrinths of the Waldorf-Astoria roof galleries range all the way from ineptitude to genius and back again. The casual visitor will find daubs a-plenty to rouse his anger or his admiration as the case may be. The art lover will seek out in these teeming galleries the works that are touched by genius, knowing that such a great, democratic conclave of the arts is like a mine, and runs many tons of slag to a ton of ore. The Independent may

run heavily to slag, but the true ore is never lacking. There is no esthetic pallor about the Independent. It is robust and lusty, like the country which it represents, and in its democratic completeness it is a true representative of America in the year 1923 from the viewpoint of art.

The feature of this year's show is the fine Mexican exhibit, sent by the newly formed Society of Independent Artists of the City of Mexico. There is quite a number of other newcomers also. Introducing newcomers is one of the privileges of the Independent. Scarcely a year has passed that it has not turned up some quite interesting talent, and this year is no exception. Of course the old timers are there, the men who have been the backbone of the Independent movement, and their work is always worth looking at no matter in what company it is shown. It is seen particularly in this display.

The Independent show runs at the Waldorf-Astoria from February 24th to March 18th.

"THE PONY BALLET"

BY GLENN O. COLEMAN





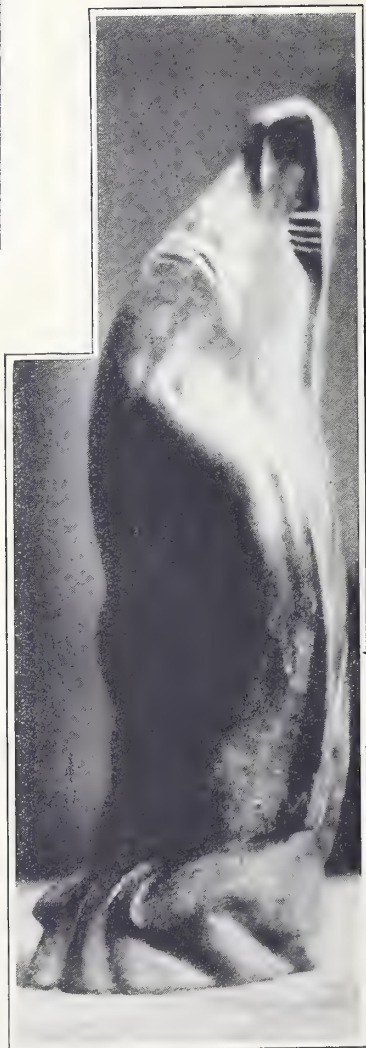
# FEATURES of the 1923 INDEPENDENTS' SHOW



"PORTRAIT OF A BLONDE  
WOMAN"  
BY MORRIS KANTER



"SELF PORTRAIT"  
BY GEORGE HART



"LADY MACBETH"  
SCULPTURE BY  
ALICE MORGAN  
WRIGHT



# FEATURES of the 1923 INDEPENDENTS' SHOW

"GROUP OF DANCERS" WOOD CARVING  
BY TEXIE MYERS



"HIGH PEAK"

BY WINTHROP TURNEY



"GRAMERCY PARK"

BY GEORGE BELLOWS

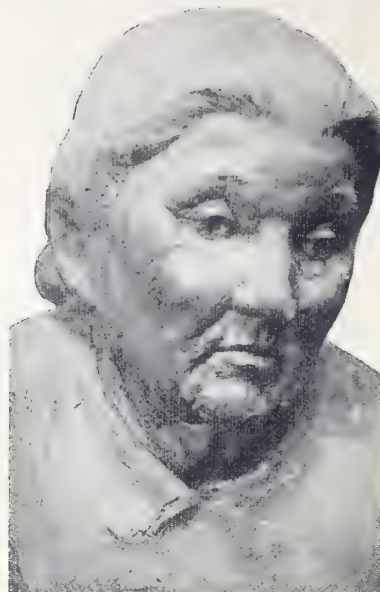


## FEATURES of the 1923 INDEPENDENTS' SHOW



"A STREET CORNER IN CLAMART"

BY MARY J. BRISON



"MME. BRESHKOFKY" SCULPTURE  
BY ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT



"EL GALLO, SANTO DOMINGO PUEBLO"

BY JOHN SLOAN



## FEATURES of the 1923 INDEPENDENTS' SHOW



"A LIFT ON THE LONG CAR"

BY JACK B. YEATS



"AUNT ELLA" SCULPTURE  
BY EARL GROETZLINGER



"MAPLE TREES IN AUTUMN"

BY STARR

FEATURES of the 1923 INDEPENDENTS' SHOW

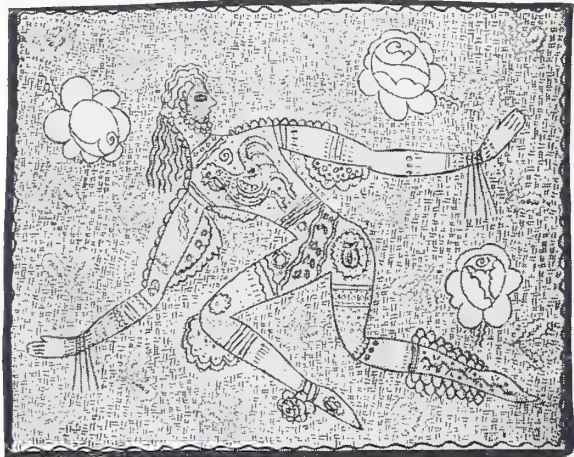


"GARDEN"

BY DIEGO M. RIVERA



"PORTRAIT OF FLORINE STETTHEIMER"  
BY BEST MAUGARD



ABOVE AND AT RIGHT: DRAWINGS  
BY MEXICAN SCHOOL CHILDREN,  
PUPILS OF BEST MAUGARD

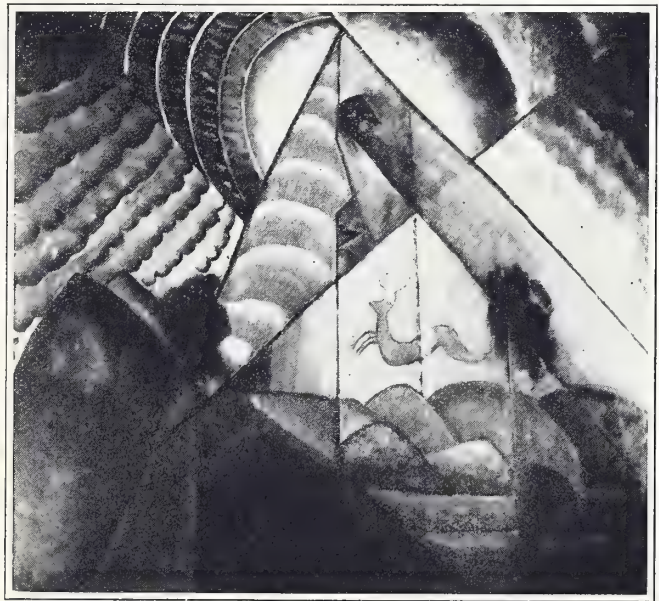




# FEATURES of the 1923 INDEPENDENTS' SHOW



"YOUNG GIRL" WOOD CARVING  
BY TEXIE MYERS



"VISION"

BY MORRIS KANTER



"JADE"  
BY AMY LONDONER



# FEATURES of the 1923 INDEPENDENTS' SHOW

"RHIZOMES" BY  
HELEN BALDWIN  
GLEASON



"RHYTHM" SCULPTURE  
BY NESSA COHEN



"WHEN THE SUN SETS"  
BY AFROYIM



# PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY

IN the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia for the 118th annual exhibition of that institution were assembled works representative of the best modern American painting, whether in landscape, figure or portraiture.

For the best painting in oil regardless of subject, the Temple gold medal was awarded to Walter Ufer for his colorful, strong Indian theme "Sleep." The Jennie Sesan gold medal for the best landscape was given to Aldro T. Hibbard for a brook in winter in a faint rose light called "Down Stream." Chief of the figure pieces, with its imaginative background of green seas and brown trees and the brilliant crimson of the central figure, was "American Motherhood" by Charles W. Hawthorne, which won the Walter Lippincott prize. A new prize, the gold medal and purchase fund of the Locust Club, went to Daniel Garber for "Lowry's Hill," a winter landscape of soft

brown tones and grays infiltrated by a moist golden air. Among the prize winners were three women also. Lilian Westcott Hale with her "Miss Margaret Williams" won the Beck medal for the best portrait. The Mary Smith prize, awarded for the forty-fifth time for the best painting by a woman, went to Isabella Branson Cartwright for her "Portrait of H. B. Snell," and the George Widener Memorial medal for sculpture went to Brenda Putnam for the bronze "Sun Dial," a winged child astride a sea horse treated as a hobby horse, reproduced in December in *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*, a delightful, sprightly thing among many fine pieces by Albin Polasek, Harriet W. Frishmuth, Sherry Fry, Anna V. Hyatt, Gleb W. Derunjinsky and other widely known artists.

The nude appeared frequently but never better than in the bold figure before a gold screen by George Gibbs, although Frederick C. Frieseke had a "Nude: Seated" in delicate rose tones.

"SLEEP" BY WALTER UFER

AWARDED THE TEMPLE GOLD MEDAL

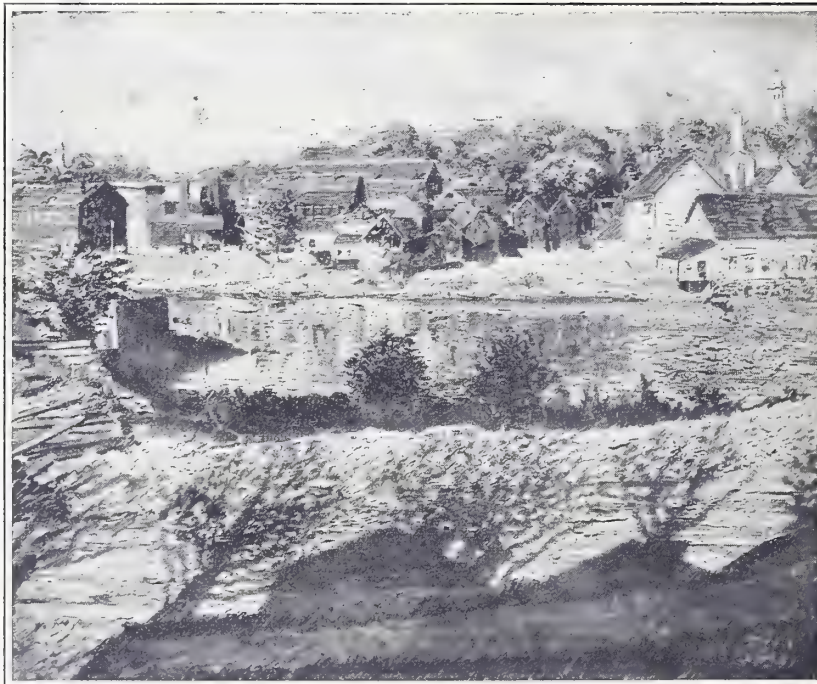


# FEATURES of the PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY SHOW



"AMERICAN MOTHERHOOD"  
BY CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE

WALTER LIPPINCOTT  
PRIZE



BELOW: "ELLSWORTH"  
BY CARROLL TYSON, JR.

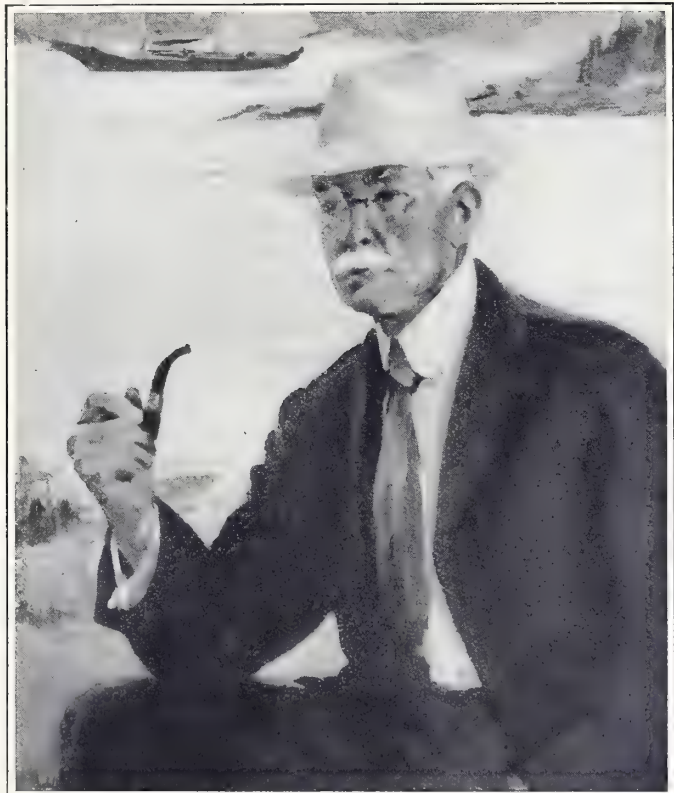


## FEATURES of the PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY SHOW



"LOWRY'S HILL" BY DANIEL GARBER

LOCUST CLUB MEDAL



PORTRAIT OF HENRY B. SNELL  
BY ISABELLA BRONSON CARTWRIGHT

MARY SMITH PRIZE



# FEATURES of the PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY SHOW



AT LEFT: PORTRAIT OF MISS MARGARET WILLIAMS BY LILIAN WESTCOTT HALE

BECK GOLD MEDAL

BELOW: "PAN"  
BY ALBIN POLASEK



"TWILIGHT"

BY CARL LAWLESS



BUST OF ENRICO CARUSO  
BY FRANCESCO VESCE





MRS. GRIMKE  
BY EDWARD GREEN MALBONE



JAMES W. LOWNDES, BY MALBONE



MRS. MARY B. HARRIS  
BY EDWARD GREEN MALBONE

# The MINIATURE in AMERICA

MINIATURE portraits were once carried about on the lids of snuff containers and pomade boxes by gallants who found comfort in gazing upon loved features when war or

business enforced an absence. It was their sentimental glamor that gave to the art of miniature painting its first great impetus. Especially was this true in the Eighteenth Century, "the golden age of miniature painting." Large portraits in oil were usually public or family property. A small portrait was an intimate jewel, a personal token for the inspiration of the possessor.

Miniature painting—outside of Persia—had its origin when the early illuminators of ecclesiastical manuscripts employed small designs in borders. Throughout the Middle Ages pictures depicting religious ceremonies were painted so small as to "appear like miniatures." Even then they had their romantic significance, for did not Jean Fouquet paint his Agnes Sorel so small as to conceal her portrait between the clasps of a missal? Then there is the story of the knight who, when dying, reached for the picture of his beloved which he had hidden under his cuirass, kissed it fervently and died with a smile on his lips. Another tale is that of the unfaithful swain who wagered his sweetheart's portrait on a game of dice. Her discovery of his misdeed led to their

*Reaching its zenith with Malbone, then killed by the camera, it has been born again . . . by*

✓ LULA MERRICK ✓

estrangement and his suicide. It was a portrait of Busot found in the refuse of a grocery store that disclosed the romance of Madame Roland to the world. And it is not forgotten that

Voltaire presented a ring containing his portrait to Madame Chabalet. At her death, when Voltaire lifted the cold hand and removed the ring, he found that his picture had disappeared and given place to that of his rival, Saint-Lambert.

One explanation of the word "miniature" is that it comes from "minium," the vermilion used so much by the early illustrators of manuscripts, but Diderot has said: "Miniature comes from 'mignard,' meaning delicate, flattered." And since everything that is reduced in size has the effect of diminishing

imperfections, and since only fine brushwork and softened colors are best in miniature painting, the latter definition seems aptly applied.

Perhaps it is the tenderness with which the best miniatures must be treated that has always attracted women painters more than men to this mode of art expression. The fineness of line required, the exceeding delicacy of tone and the inherent patience necessary, seem better to harmonize with the feminine temperament. While great painters like Giulio Clovio, the most



SOPHINISBA PEALE  
BY ANNA CLAYPOOLE PEALE



MISS CAROLINE DUGAN  
BY BRIDPORT



PORTRAIT OF A LADY  
BY JOHN RAMAGE



MRS. WALTER LIVINGSTON  
BY BENJAMIN TROTT



GABRIEL MANIGAULT  
BY GILBERT STUART



MISS CALLABAN  
BY JAMES PEALE



MRS. GABRIEL MANIGAULT  
BY GILBERT STUART



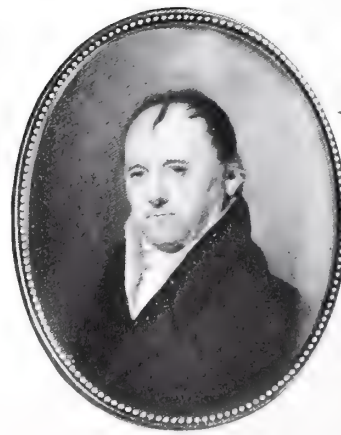
PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN  
BY REMBRANDT PEALE



WILLIAM LOVERING  
BY G. H. WILLIAMS



BLANCHE SULLY  
BY THOMAS SULLY



MR. STRONG OF NEW YORK  
BY CHARLES FRASER



famous of the Renaissance miniaturists; Holbein, Clouet, Nicholas Hilliard, Sir Isaac Oliver, Benjamin West and Gilbert Stuart painted miniatures, there have been few men painters who devoted all their artistic capacities and their time to it. One of the earliest miniaturists was a woman, Rosalba Carriera, a Venetian, who, in the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, was officially invited to go to Paris to paint "little portraits" of kings, princesses and ladies of fashion. Here she founded a school,

which became the corner stone of the "golden age of miniature painting." She revolutionized the art in France; as against the hard outline and metallically polished surfaces that had hitherto characterized miniatures there, she used the broad touch "with the side of the brush."

She introduced the use of ivory in place of the parchment and vellum of the earlier painters, and ivory has ever since been used, for its fine grain and beautiful tone lend themselves admirably to the modeling of flesh tints and delicate fabrics. It must be remembered, however, that ivory requires far greater care than any other surface upon which miniatures have been painted. To preserve it throughout the years it must be treated like a precious jewel. It is as sensitive to changes of atmosphere as a tender plant. It must not be placed near heat, else it will warp and split; bright light affects the



"ISABEL" BY  
W. SHERMAN POTTS



"CATHERINE" BY  
CLARA F. HOWARD

colors, and for long preservation of the delicate qualities glass should be placed at the back as well as in front of the picture.

On March 1, 1791, the first public exhibition of art ever held in New York was opened at the old City Hall, then located at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets. The collection was made up chiefly of works by foreign artists. It was such an important event that ladies of fashion and men prominent in the city's affairs drove up in their fine equipages daily. They studied the paintings and, more significant still, they purchased them, a fact which proves that even in those early days the people of



WILLIAM EDWARD, ESQ.  
BY MARGARET FOOTE HAWLEY

the young republic showed keen art appreciation and that Europe recognized it. But long before the Revolutionary War we had our own artists. Benjamin West was in England teaching Britons and Americans and aiding in the founding of the Royal Academy. In recognition of his talents he was elected, after the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the second president of the

"THE BLUE KIMONO" BY  
LYDIA LONGACRE



CHARLES HOPKINS CLARK  
BY MARGARET F. HAWLEY

Academy. Among those who had journeyed to London to study under West were Charles Fraser, James Peale, Charles Willson Peale, Gilbert Stuart, Edward Green Malbone, John Singleton Copley, Washington Allston, John Trumbull, Mather Brown and Henry Inman. All of these early Americans painted miniatures as well as large oils, and their careers are inseparably connected with the country's progress in the fine arts.

Miniature painting in America received its first impetus in the decoration of jewelry boxes and snuff boxes, but later straight portraits became the fad. So popular did the art become that it was almost impossible for artists of renown to keep up with the commissions offered them. The fashion drew painters from Europe. A few of the early American miniaturists had been grounded in their craft in Europe and were recognized as capable painters in oil, but the majority of those who attained success either received their edu-

"PHOEBE"  
BY WM. J. BAER



"PROFILE"  
BY MARY J. STREAN



cation here or were self-taught in the painting of "little pictures," after having been equipped for the production of larger works. The fame of several of these has endured. Among the greatest were Edward Green Malbone, Benjamin Trott and Charles Fraser, who were American-born and taught. Trott was a native of Boston, born in 1770, and he was a friend and contemporary of Gilbert Stuart and Thomas Sully. The amount of work he left is not great but it is of so high a quality as to rank him among the best miniaturists of his day, whether in America or abroad.

Malbone was born in Newport, R. I., in 1777. From his earliest boyhood he drew "heads and faces" and while still a lad earned considerable money as a painter of stage scenery. His chief bent, however, was portraiture, and after spending some time in copying heads of famous men

and women from old engravings, he achieved such facility that he was ready to embrace the art as a profession. Miniatures were always his ambition, and when at sixteen years of age he completed a successful portrait of Nicholas Power, he considered his start well made and began to travel to various cities to execute orders. His great friend was Washington Allston, "the American Titian." Malbone received some instruction from Allston and also from Samuel Cooper, of Newport. His art had long prospered before he went to London in 1801 to study under West. He returned to America in 1803 and continued to be successful until his death in 1806 at the age of twenty-nine. His work has been compared with that of Holbein.

By command of his guardians, for he had early been bereaved of his parents, Charles Fraser was compelled to enter Charleston College and, much to his chagrin, was instructed in the law and graduated as a lawyer. He practised his profession for some years, devoting all of his spare time, however, to drawing and painting. In 1798 he met Malbone, who so encouraged him that he renounced the law and presently became a leading painter of oils and miniatures. During La Fayette's visit to Charleston, in 1825, Fraser was chosen to paint



his portrait, and the French general highly praised his talents. One of the earliest American women miniaturists was Miss Mary Wrench, of Philadelphia, who, despite the fact that she never could bring herself to accept gentlemen sitters, nevertheless became so successful that she was able to support herself and her family in comfort.

The history of miniature painting shows that its recurring popularity came in waves, lasting from twenty-five to fifty years, sometimes longer. It was thus with the art in the early 1800's. About 1830 it began to decline. The great painters were dying off and no new talent appeared. It was this condition that made the advent of the daguerreotype so welcome, and when in the early forties the camera made its appearance, miniature painting went out of fashion. With the exception of a few artists like Charles Fraser, John Carlin, Henry Inman, John O'Brien and George Caleb Bingham, who strove unsuccessfully to keep the profession alive, it practically passed away in America, even though the National Academy exhibited miniatures in 1841 in the hope of encouraging new recruits. Mrs. H. B. Washburn, Caroline Munger and Rembrandt Peale painted miniatures until 1860, and Thomas Sully continued to produce them until the late sixties.

It was not until about 1890 that a revival in the art again took place. Alice Beckington was in Paris studying oil painting when she suddenly decided that she would like to paint miniatures. When she returned to America she found to her surprise that William J. Baer, Isaac Josephi and Lucia Fairchild Fuller were already engaged in reviving the art. Mrs. Fuller saw Miss Beckington's work and was charmed. Together they solved important problems, and when, in 1905, a portrait exhibition was held at the National Academy, then at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-



ABOVE: MRS. J. F. STAUB  
BY MABEL R. WELCH



LEFT: "GRAY AND GOLD"  
BY MABEL R. WELCH



third Street, a collection of "miniatures old and new" was displayed and about a half dozen of the "modern American miniature painters" were invited to send specimens. So much encouragement did they get in the way both of admiration and profitable commissions that they decided to organize the American Society of Miniature Painters. In the following year they held an exhibition at Knoedler's old galleries, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. Ladies drove up in imposing carriages to view the display and to order portraits. The affair became annual and has continued regularly ever since. Isaac Josephi was the first president. William J. Baer, by reason of his sincerity as an artist and his unusual tech-



CAROLINE LACY GOODWIN  
BY MAY FAIRCHILD



EDWARD JAMISON  
BY MAY FAIRCHILD



"THE LITTLE GIRL IN YELLOW"  
BY ALICE BECKINGTON

nical skill, from the first became a leader in the newly revived art, and was the society's second president. Alice Beckington served as president for several years. Margaret Foote Hawley now heads the society. Among its earliest members was the much esteemed Theodora Thayer, whose portrait of Parke Godwin was the first miniature purchased by the Metropolitan Museum. The Museum has since acquired examples of the work of Alice Beckington, Laura Coombs Hills, Lucia Fairchild Fuller, Margaret Foote Hawley and Helen M. Turner. As the years passed the society included among its members William J. Whittemore, Maria Streat, John A. MacDougall, Virginia Reynolds, Elsie Dodge Pattee, Lydia Longacre, Mabel Welch, Helen Durkee, Lydia Field Emmet, Clara Howard and Mrs. Alfred Becker. The membership is still small, numbering less than seventy-five. This slow growth, however, is due to the high standards the founders decided upon at the inception of the society. The Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters, started three years after the foundation of the American Society, is

"BOY WITH BIRD"  
BY ANNIE H. JACKSON



the only other organization of the kind in the United States.

To become a good miniaturist, a painter must spend years in study and in executing larger works before he can master proportions, color and atmosphere for the smaller work. A miniature, to be authentic, must be drawn and painted upon the surface, no matter whether it be ivory, cardboard, vellum or parchment. The numerous so-called miniature painters who have photographs of their subjects made on ivory, with lines rubbed down to "the finest grain," then colored, are merely photographers. They have done genuine harm to the sincere, honest artist. A miniature of this sort is worthless as a work of art and should be paid for accordingly.

Will the present popularity of the miniature survive or will it vanish again? Present indications are not entirely encouraging. The older miniaturists are painting better than ever, but there appears to be no new talent developing. The movement now on foot to "internationalize" the American Society, the Pennsylvania Society and the Royal Society of Miniature Painters of England may have a vitalizing effect on this branch of art.



# Glories of ER RAKKA POTTERY

No examples of pottery have attracted so much attention from lovers and collectors of pottery and from students of archeology in the last few years as have the pottery vases of the Syrian village of Er Rakka, situated on the Euphrates and not far from Aleppo. The earliest fragments arrived in Europe in 1895, but it was a decade later when the first entire specimens were found. The only sources so far uncovered have been the palace of Harun al-Rashid and a few jars, known as the Great Find, which contained some sixty unbroken articles.

Gaston Migeon, of the Louvre Museum, was the first man to discuss this pottery in a scientific and artistic manner, and in *Manual d'Art Musulman* (1907) and *La Ceramique l'Art Musulman* (1913), he has given it its full due. Pézard, Noldeke, Sarre, A. F. Butler and others also have discussed it. All agree upon its wonderful qualities, but Migeon has placed its period as the Ninth Century, whereas the others have attributed it to subsequent centuries up to the Twelfth, which in our opinion is too late.

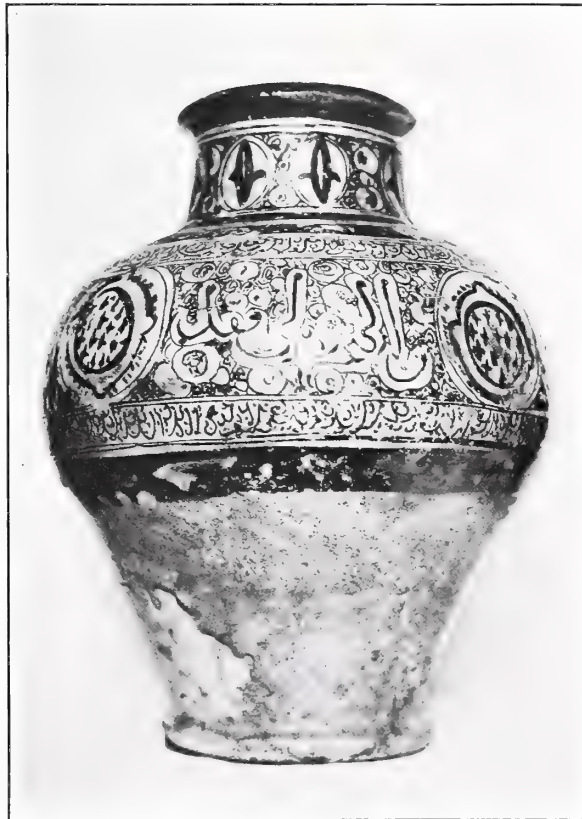
Er Rakka was founded by Alexander the Great and named Nicephorium. It was so mentioned by Isidorus and Pliny, but Strabo called it the city of the Mygdonians. Julian the Apostate (361-363) changed its name to Constantinopolis, and Emperor Leo (457-474) called it after himself, Leontopolis. Justinian named it Callinicum. The designation Er Rakka probably was given to it by the Arabs when they took it from the Sassanians in the Seventh Century. It now contains about three thousand

*Relics of Harun al-Rashid and his successors unsurpassed by ceramic artists of later centuries . . . by*  
FAHIM KOUGHAKJI

inhabitants, and its modern growth dates only from the end of the last century. For centuries it had been a waste, inhabited only by a few families of peasants, herders and cultivators of the adjacent flood-lands. The ancient city is mentioned seldom in history and then always as a fortified place, to which characteristic the remains of walls and towers still bear testimony. Founded by Alexander, it prospered under him and his followers, the Seleucides. It was captured by the Romans but lost to the Sassanians in the Sixth Century. In the Seventh Century it was taken by the Abbasids, and in the Eighth, Harun al-Rashid built a palace there. In 803, he moved his government and treasury thither, and it appears that the palace was in use as a summer residence for fifty years, or until it was pillaged by the Turks at the middle of the Ninth Century. The Carmathians, a Mohammedan sect, destroyed the city in 890. The Crusaders captured it but soon lost it to the Arabs.

It was ravaged by Djingis Khan in 1221, by Khulagu Khan in 1259, and finally by Tamerlane in the Fourteenth Century, from which time it seems to have remained deserted until the middle of the Nineteenth Century, when the Turkish government located there about a hundred colonists from Aleppo and other points.

Until within the last fifteen years all excavation of the ruins was in the western part of the city, or in the neighborhood of the dwellings of the present colony. Here in 1903 work was done for the Turkish Museum in Constantinople under Hamid Bey. Here, too, under thirty feet of soil, the palace



VASE JAR FROM PALACE OF MAMUM AND WATHIK

*Lustre ware in brown, with blue dirhem shields. Naskhi inscriptions. Ninth Century*



TABOURET FROM PALACE OF HARUN AL-RASHID  
*Green glazed open work, post-Sassanian type, from Er Rakka,  
Eighth to Ninth Century*

of Harun was rediscovered and in the same district the Great Find of superb potteries was made.

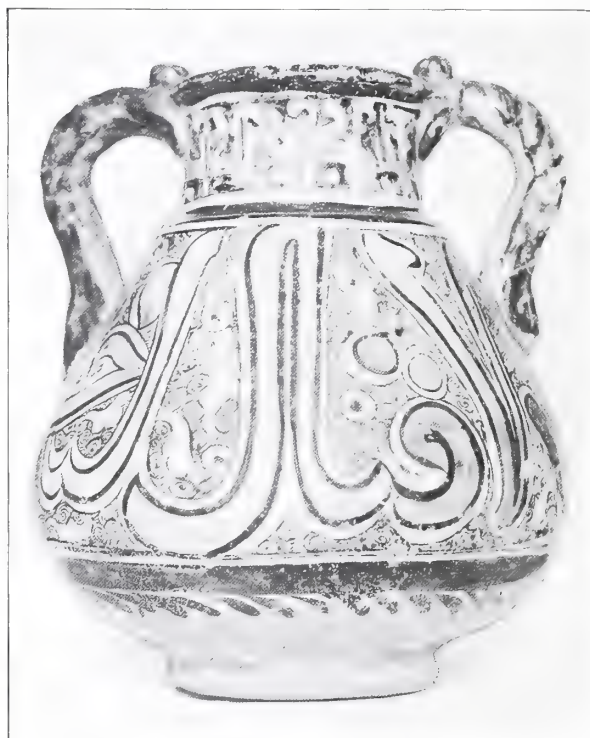
Among the decorative details of the Er Rakka pottery we find some of distinctly Sassanian origin, such as the circular or dirhem shields. This design consists of a ring containing a crescent or a sun disk, or six-pointed star. Other designs are the Sassanian bowknot or swastica, the Sassanian dragon with lion's head, peacock's wings and compact, jeweled tail—designs found also in the

PLATE WITH WINGED HORSE CHIMERA  
*Marginal incantation formula and dirhem decorations.  
Ninth Century*



Seventh Century decorations of Taq i Bostan—and the Sassanian lotus, a pointed leaf with inner petals. The lettering, an important part of the decoration, consist of two distinct writings: the older Kufic alphabet of angular letters, and the later Nashki system of curved symbols, often furnished with dots and commas indicative of vowels. The still later Arabic, or Maghrebian, alphabet is not found on the older vases, a circumstance useful in determining their date.

Much of the color of the Er Rakka pottery is green, the sacred color of all countries with rainless summers. There also is the lustre ware, painted with designs in lustre brown. The polychromes of the Harunian period contain dull red, bright blue, bright green, deep black and sometimes ochre yellow. The technic consisted in applying the colors directly to the pottery, drying the decora-



JAR OF ER RAKKA LUSTRE WARE  
*Great Find type, white, brown and blue, Nashki lettering and  
Kufic inscription. Ninth Century*

tions, then covering the surface with a turquoise green glaze and baking the piece in an oven. The lustre ware, however, was glazed first and, the lustre paint having been applied to the glazed surface, reheated. It is believed the art of lustreing was invented in Sassanian times, soon after the Hegira, as none of the ware antedates that period. The floreate designs known as arabesques seem to have been originated by the Sassanians and developed by the Arabs.

As has been stated, Migeon dated the Er





*ER RAKKA VASE OF THE NINTH CENTURY*

*On account of its absolutely unique form, size, decoration and color this vase has been called the Royal Vase of Er Rakka, superior to any other vase known. Its turquoise blue-green color can not be obtained by modern potters, for the art of producing this color is now lost. It is about forty-nine centimeters high.*



Small jar, Sassanian type, from Er Rakka, Ninth Century

discovered and in the same district of superb potteries was made. The decorative details of the Er Rakka ware are of distinctly Sassanian origin. The designs include the crescent and star, the dirhem or dirhem shields. This design is a ring containing a crescent or a pointed star. Other designs are the knot or swastika, the Sassanian king's head, peacock's wings and cornucopia—designs found also in the

WITH WINGED HORSE CHIMERA  
The Er Rakka ware is decorated with the Sassanian formula and dirhem decorations. Ninth Century



ER RAKKA VASE OF THE NINTH CENTURY

The Er Rakka ware is decorated with the Sassanian formula and dirhem decorations. Ninth Century

Ninth Century decorations. The Er Rakka ware is decorated with the Sassanian formula and dirhem decorations. Ninth Century

Most of the color of the Er Rakka ware is white, the ground color of all countries with white less sunburnt. The designs are in lustre brown. The polychromes of the Harunian period contain dull red, bright blue, bright green, deep black and sometimes ochre yellow. The technique consisted in applying the colors directly to the pottery, drying the decora-



JAR OF ER RAKKA LUSTRE WARE

Great Find type, white, brown and blue, Nabkhi lettering and Kufic inscription. Ninth Century

tions, then covering the surface with a turquoise green glaze and baking the piece in an oven. The lustre ware, however, was glazed first and, the lustre paint having been applied to the glazed surface, reheated. It is believed the art of lustreing was invented in Sassanian times, soon after the Hegira, as none of the ware antedates that period.

The Er Rakka ware is decorated with the Sassanian formula and dirhem decorations. Ninth Century











### *ER RAKKA PLATES OF THE NINTH GENTURY*

*The margin of each contains the Pebelevi-Koufic formula of invocation in a stereotyped design. In the large plate is a peacock and mimosa sprays; in the small one in the center, is a singing bird and in that at the left a mythological Pegasus-Lion, the conveyor of the soul of the king to paradise.*











Rakka pottery as of the Ninth Century. Sarre, Pézard, Noldeke and others placed it two, three or even four hundred years later. However, before 1907, when the theories of these men were advocated, no excavations had been made on the site of the palace, which alone could prove the true date. They held that the quality of the lustre indicated artificers of the Twelfth Century and supposed that the site had been inhabited continually since ancient times, and that, as no excavation had been done at great depth, the objects must be of later date than Harun. Since 1907, however, the palace has been discovered and partly excavated, the Great Find has been made on the same level, yielding lustre ware excelling that of the Twelfth Century, and other excavation has revealed no upper cities. One reason for accepting Migeon's date is that the Er Rakka



ER RAKKA POLYCHROME VASE  
*Incantation formula around the edge; broad band of nightingales and mimosa. Ninth Century*

ware contains decorative motifs used by the Sassanians but not in the later Raghes and other potteries, and that in the Great Find were specimens similar to Samarra ware, and Samarra was made the Abbasid capital in the first third of the Ninth Century and was destroyed in 870. Many coins of the Abbasid followers of Harun have been found at Er Rakka, and Giafar, his grand vizier, possessed near the city a superb palace which he could not have built and occupied unless his master had lived in the immediate neighborhood, and which he could not have used after 803, since in that year he was murdered. It is



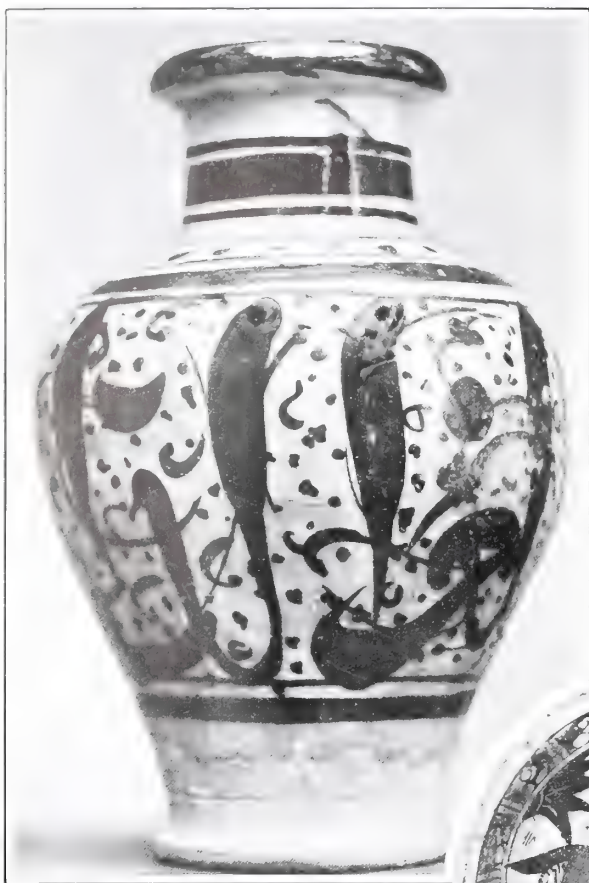
JAR FROM PALACE OF HARUN AL-RASHID  
*Relief decoration, olive green glazed. From Er Rakka, Eighth to Ninth Century*

admitted that Harun occupied his palace only occasionally after that same year and that his real residence there must have been in the Eighth Century. The importance of these facts is evident since excavations at Giafar's palace brought to light not only lustre ware like that of the Great Find but also Arabic enameled glass identified as of the Eighth and Ninth Centuries. The earlier

POLYCHROME PLATE FROM ER RAKKA  
*Incantation formula in the border, central motif shows courtiers bunting*







ER RAKKA GREAT FIND VASE JAR  
*Turquoise green glaze, black decorations*  
RIGHT: ER RAKKA POLYCHROME PLATE  
*Both date from the Ninth Century*

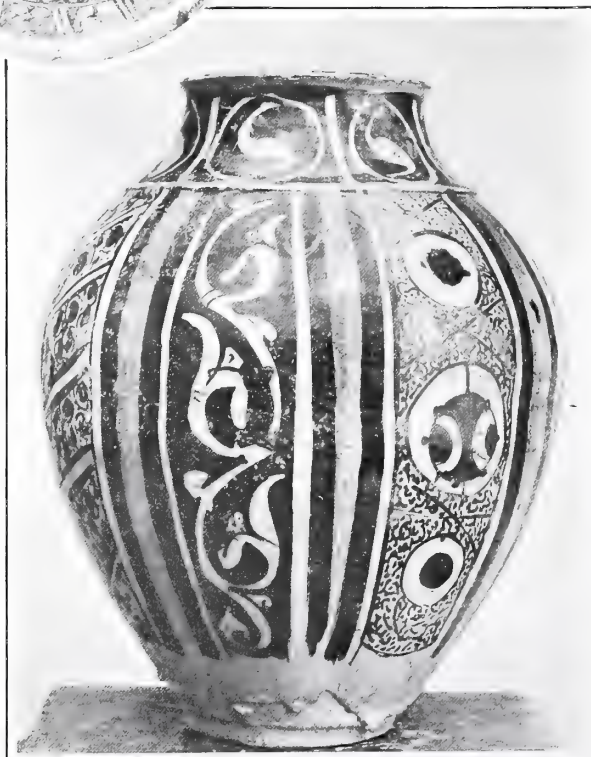
vases that were discovered at Er Rakka, include specimens from the Sassanian period, from the Second to the Seventh Centuries. These are, so to speak, archaic and undatable, but from the Second Century onward we possess vases whose decorations and forms indicate their chronological position without a doubt. Until now these vessels have been confounded with the Harunian art and, like the latter, called Er Rakka ware. Once identified, however, they are recognized as belonging to a special class. This pre-Harunian pottery comprises principally large jars decorated with small circular shields, all datable to the Second Century. Next come the lustre ware with birds and other animals as decorations and certain types of large plates and smaller bowls of white glaze and with wonderful polychrome decorations of sunken lines. The few fragments of these are preserved as most precious in the large museums of Europe. The Sassanian artists possessed the knowledge and skill to produce a green glaze, distinct from the Er Rakka green glaze, and they also used lettering as a part of their decorative scheme.

We come now to the pottery of Harun and his

immediate successors. In reviewing these objects of an art and a conception inimitable and irrecoverably lost, we may imagine ourselves as passing through the halls of the great palace. The floors are tiled and lustred. In passages between the rooms are niches, beautifully decorated, and in each niche is a wonderful water jar. On the tiled floors lie costly carpets, and on these stand tabourets of open pottery work inscribed with quotations from poets, kings and heroes. Beneath the tabourets are lamps with subdued lights or braziers with glowing coals to keep warm the liquids in the jars, flasks or bowls that repose on their flat tops. The walls are covered with stucco relief resplendent in polychrome, harmonizing with multicolored, woven curtains that shield the doors. In a corner a cloth is spread on the tiled floor. On the cloth are superb green dishes with black reliefs. The dishes are filled with viands, and flasks of similar ware contain liquids for guests to

come. There is a sudden commotion. Arriving guests turn, and they and servants flee. Messages have been received that the enemy is near the city's gates. The gates outside the

JAR FROM PALACE OF HARUN  
AL-RASHID AND WATHIK  
*Lustre ware in brown and  
white with blue stripes*  
*Ninth Century*





palace, the shops in the market are closed as if by magic and those who have foreseen such a fate scurry to hide the most valuable parts of their stocks in trade. In this manner were specimens saved, to be revealed to the excavators of our day.

The period from 786 to 870, which includes the caliphs Harun, Mamun, Wathik and Mohtadis is also, as we have stated, the age of the finest Rakka Moslem types. In this short time there seems to have been a development of the art of pottery so rapid that a chronological distinction of the types becomes difficult. It seems probable, however, that the palace jars with low and broad reliefs and the tabourets with reliefs and decorations in open work, or *à jour*, are earlier than the lustre ware. We can, however, readily distinguish certain types, each of which has two or three sub-types. We may consider first, as regards time, the palace objects including vases and tabourets with decorations in low relief.

These palace jars and vases with reliefs are large. Some are plain and glazed green, some are emphasized with lustre brown, some have blue base designs. The sub-types are: jars with low and wide reliefs, glazed ivory white, greenish white, pale olive green or blue; large jars with low reliefs emphasized with brown lustre or with blue or black paint; jars without reliefs, glazed plain with greenish white overlaid with lustre brown decorations of circular or hexagonal shields or lily scrolls. The main characteristic of these jars is their low, wide necks shaped like an inverted funnel. The tabourets are decorated with low, narrow reliefs with central designs in open work. The glaze is the same as on the jars. In form, the

LUSTRE WARE CUP FROM ER RAKKA IN THE GREAT FIND  
*Kufic lettering, brown and blue, Ninth Century*



ER RAKKA POLYCHROME PLATE

*The divine cup bearer dancing with his shield before him. Marginal incantation formula and dirhem decoration*

tabourets are rectangular or hexagonal. They are related to the tabourets and incense stands excavated at Susa by De Morgan, which Pézard has dated as of the Seventh Century but which Noldeke has credited to the Twelfth or Thirteenth.

Oil lamps and incense burners we may separate into two classes which may be differentiated chronologically. One goes with the tabourets on which they were placed; the other, with the plain lustre ware. The most significant types are: round lamp for incense, modeled like a temple with

dome-like cupola, side window in trefoil style, decorations of raised, narrow, braided or twisted cords like net work, green glaze; large, flat, star shaped lamp, green glaze, grandiose in design, to go with green tabourets; plain, flat oil lamp with pinched marginal lip, also to go with green tabouret; combined oil lamp and incense burner with spouts for two wicks and funnel shaped opening for filling, air holes in the form of square crosses in the cupola dome, decorated with lustre brown, Nashki and Kufic writing and blue disks; late mosque type lamp, blue-green glaze, *à jour*, broad and flat reliefs. These give interesting variety.

We come now to the Great Find. It was made

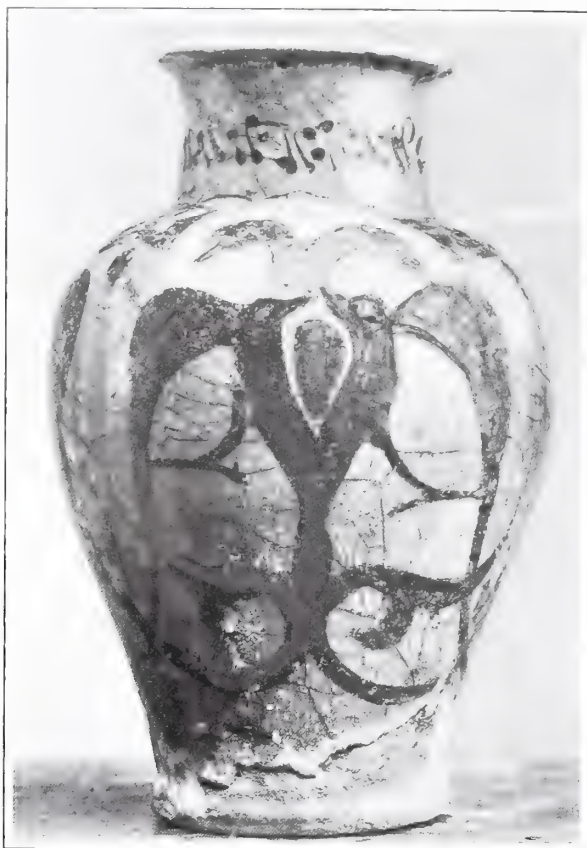
by a Circassian, one of a colony transported from its original home to Er Rakka. To construct houses, bricks and other material were necessary. These, the colonists could not buy, so the Turkish government authorized one of them to dig among the ruins for his supplies. He started a trench at what he considered to be the lowest practicable level and in the vicinity of the old palace of Harun al-Rashid. This trench led him to the market place, and there in a shop opening on the ancient scene of trade he came upon a series of huge jars, each of which contained perfectly preserved specimens of the finest Er Rakka pottery. We may consider these pieces as a little later than the palace ware since the Great Find probably was buried just before the destruction of the city and its final desertion.

One recognized class of Er Rakka pottery is white glazed ware with few decorations. It consists of large plates with rings of cobalt blue around the flanges and thin wheel spokes or stars covering the centres. The bichrome ware is another class and one of the rarest. It is distinguished by a slightly bluish white glaze over blue and black decorations. Some of the pieces resemble in form the vase jars with green glaze and black designs in the Great Find; their lettering

connects them with the white and blue ware, while the flaked heron design connects them with the turquoise green ware. Dolphins and birds are included in the designs. Another class of vases is

distinguished by an unequalled green-blue glaze. Its designs include thin arabesques, straight lines or bars, large stars, dirhem shields, cross hatched, plain or filled with dots, commas or crosses; the so-called Pehlevi-Kufic margined formula of invocation, and heart-shaped petals. Among the animal designs are dolphins, once common in the Euphrates; flaked herons, or Phoenix birds, symbolic of resurrection; entwined serpents, gorgeous pheasants incorrectly described as birds of paradise, and peacocks with enormous tails. Jars of the Great Find have necks more cylindrical, higher and narrower than those of the palace jars. Their glaze is deeper, a more intense green and more uniform. Their decorative designs are more delicate, finer lined, more geometrical than those of the ware of the reign of Harun. The Great Find contained but one large jar, now in the Freer collection in the National Museum in Washington. It had neither palace jars nor tabourets.

Although there were no polychromes in the Great Find, they certainly preceded Er Rakka's destruction.



BICHROME VASE JAR FROM ER RAKKA WITH WHITE GLAZE  
*Blue and black designs, herons or Phoenix. Ninth Century*



ER RAKKA PLATE OF THE GREAT FIND TYPE  
*Green glazed with black design, incantation formula in the margin. Ninth Century*





A MURAL PAINTING IN GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BOMBAY, INDIA, PAINTED IN 1921

## Ancient MURALS of India's Caves

THE art of mural decoration is very old in India. You read in those ancient Indian epics, *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, written about three thousand years ago, of the walls

*Habitations of Hindu monks decorated 2000 years ago with paintings of charm and spirit . . . . . by*

V. B. METTA

of palaces and temples glowing with pictures so full of life that they made nature ill with envy of them; but time, the climate and that most destructive of all forces—man—have played havoc with these paintings and few survive. These few are to be found in the Sirguja, the Ajanta and the Bagh caves, and of these, those in the Sirguja caves, painted about two centuries before the Christian era, are the oldest. This ancient Hindu art should not be pre-judged as similar in any way to the cave paintings of the Cro-Magnons of the Pyrenees. The latter were the work of men who lived in caves for want of better quarters and who were uncivilized in most respects. The caves in India, on the contrary, were excavated by monks for purposes of devotion and thought far from the noisy life of the cities from about four hundred years before the birth of Christ to a thousand years after it. In one part of these caves, called the "vihara," the monks lived; the other part, called the "chaitya," was used as an assembly hall. From the architectural point of view, these caves are of great interest. They contain beauti-

fully carved pillars and statues, and the pointed and the horseshoe arches, introduced into Europe in the Eighth or Ninth Century by the Arabs, were used in them for both deco-

orative and structural purposes.

The paintings in the Sirguja and the Bagh caves have been so damaged that it is difficult to copy or even to photograph them. Those in the Ajanta caves, however, are in a better state of preservation. These caves, twenty-nine in number, are about two hundred and fifty miles southeast of Bombay. There is reason for believing that the ceilings and walls of all of them were covered with paintings at one time, but only twelve of them now show decoration. It is probable that the paintings were true frescoes, although on several of them tempera paintings were placed at a later period. The Indian fresco is different from the Italian *fresco buono*, although somewhat like the Egyptian. The fresco painters of India applied first to the wall a layer of coarse mortar, from half an inch to an inch in thickness, and roughened the surface. Next day, they overlaid this with fine, white mortar, smoothed with a trowel. On the third day, while the surface was still damp—Indian lime remains damp much longer than the European—the artist made a



"BODHISATTVA"

FROM A PAINTING IN THE AJANTA CAVES

bold red line drawing on it, following this with a thinnish, terra verde monochrome. Then came the local color, and then a strengthening of the outlines with blacks and browns. All these paintings were done in a flat style. There was no attempt at modeling. The artists obtained definiteness by contrasting local color and by emphasizing the blacks and whites. They used red, white, brown, green and blue principally. Sulphate of lime was their white, and some silicate, their green. They got their browns and reds from compounds of iron, and their blues from lapis lazuli. The colors were ground with rice and coarse molasses and afterward mixed with water. Sometimes clay and rice husks were added. The surface of the wall was kept damp while the work was going on, and the trowel was used frequently, with the result that the frescoes acquired a shining surface and were enabled to withstand washing.

These Ajanta paintings were done between the First and the Seventh Centuries of the Christian era. Some of them are twenty feet in diameter. As all were not painted at the same time, they

differ appreciably from one another in style, and Chinese, Persian and Greek influences can be traced in some of them. On the whole, however, they are very Indian in feeling, composition and technic. Although the Hindus are considered to be dominated by religion and the decorations were painted by monks, the subjects are not all religious. There are, of course, scenes from the "Jatakas" and the life of Buddha, but there also are scenes of dancing, drinking and love, of battle and of an embassy. Animals, birds, fruits and flowers also were painted, showing the Hindus to have been fond of nature. These paintings show, too, that the art had reached a high stage of development. The hands and feet of the human figures, the variety and grace of pose, the expression in some of the faces, all go to prove that the painters were, in some cases, more advanced than the pre-Raphaelite artists of Italy. This art was not a formal art like the Byzantine. It is full of life and of the intensity of pleasure and pain and without a touch of neuroticism. It spread throughout Asia in the wake of Buddhism. Recent exca-





"KINNARAS, GANDHARVAS AND OTHER GODS"

FROM A PAINTING IN THE AJANTA CAVES

ventions in Khotan and in central Turkestan have brought to light frescoes painted in the Indian manner. It passed also into China and Korea and thence into Japan, where frescoes in the Horiuji temple show the Indian influence.

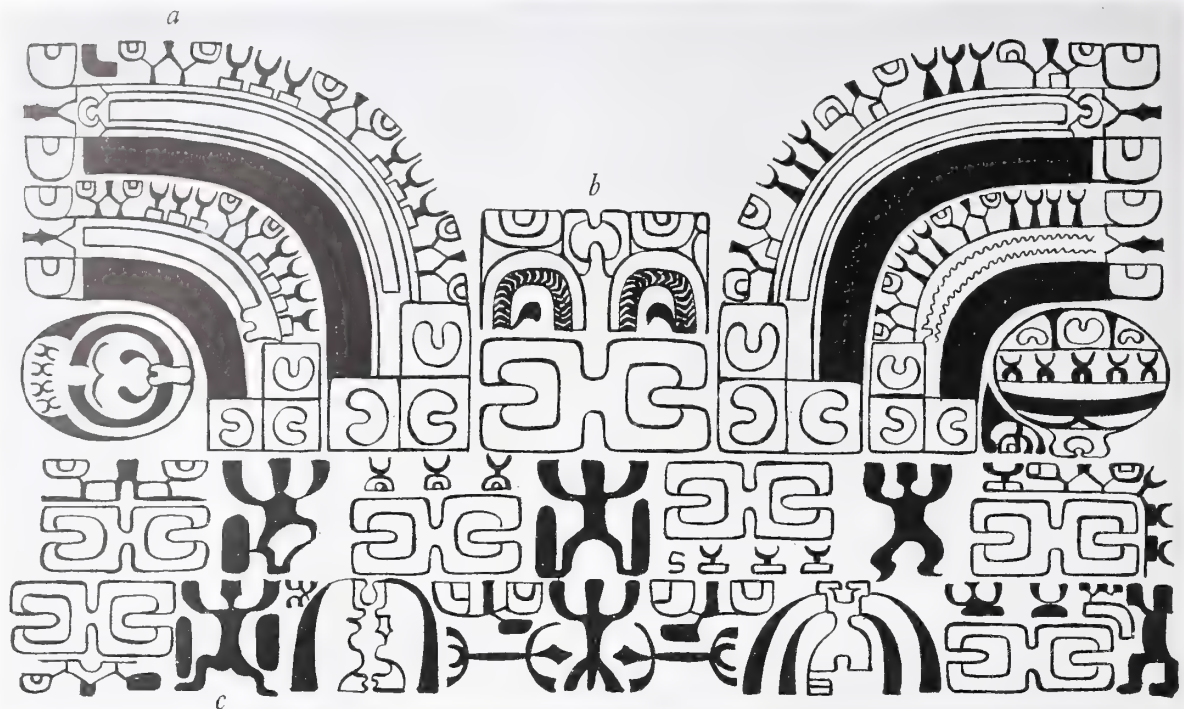
There is a great gap in the history of Indian painting, few examples of mural decoration surviving from the period between the Seventh and the Sixteenth Centuries, at which latter time another great period of Indian art began.

When the British became masters of India, they established art schools in which nothing but European methods of drawing and painting were taught, and mural decoration was totally neglected. Indians educated in these schools began to imitate western artists, although their temperaments and instincts were wholly eastern, so that they always were trying to express alien feelings and not their own. In the last few years, however, India has be-



gun to become Indian again, and her ancient arts have begun to revive, including mural decoration. About two years ago, Gladstone Solomon, an enthusiastic British artist, was made principal of the Bombay School of Art. He at once started a mural class and gave students the widest possible scope for expression of their inherited instincts. The result has been most encouraging. Artists trained under him have executed already on the walls of the school and in Government House, Bombay, decorative paintings that have elicited praise from leading European artists. It can not be denied that they show European influence and are not wholly Indian in composition, technic and feeling, but it can be shown that this influence is becoming less and less, so that we can expect confidently that in about a decade this art will again be wholly Indian.

"MOTHER AND CHILD" FROM A  
PAINTING IN THE AJANTA CAVES



DRAWING FROM LIFE OF A GIRDLE ON THE BACK OF A NUKU HIVA CHIEFESS

## WHERE BEAUTY *is* SKIN DEEP

WHEN Beauty stamps her own designs upon the wings of butterflies, the shells of beetles or the scales of fish, she builds no monuments of art; she creates her exquisite patterns for the hour, for the individual, for the fugitive life that they adorn. It was in something of this spirit that the natives of the Marquesas Islands lavished the flower of their artistic conceptions upon the living bodies—so soon perishing—of their youths and maidens. Indelible as were the tracteries of the tattooing bones, each pattern could live but a negligible time beyond its owner. Tenacious as were the memories of the artists trained in the school of Marquesan convention, still the innovations of each practitioner slowly changed the great body of design from naturalistic to geometric to conventional conceptions, and the former modes have passed, so that there is scarcely a stir of memory at the mention of them. So far as native expression goes, this greatest of their arts will

*Tattooing of the Marquesans, an indigenous development now fading under influences of civilization* . . . by  
Willowdean G. HANDY

have gone entirely with the passing of less than a hundred very old men and women, for no designs have been executed in nearly forty years—save surreptitiously, increasingly rarely, and finally not at all—because of the French prohibition of the practice in the islands.

However, the patterns and motives that exist today have been recorded. As a member of the Bayard Dominick Ethnologic and Archaeologic Expedition sent to the Marquesas Islands in 1921-22 by the Bishop Museum of Honolulu, the author had the opportunity of photographing or drawing practically all the extant examples of the art, so that at least the latest development of what is recognized to be the finest expression of tattooing in the world, is being preserved in



Tafa of Hiva Oa, the most fully tattooed man in the Marquesas Islands

*The patterns had to be gone over with black paint before they would photograph, and are duplicated on the left side*



the form of a museum publication in *Bulletin I, Publication Number Three*, of the Bayard Dominick Expedition, so the record is official.

An old woman, on whose ankles a delicate banding of dull, blue-black lines is perceived; draws her long mother-hubbard more closely about her feet when begged for a glimpse of the hidden patterns on her legs, remarking caustically: "They are ugly." This is the opinion of missionaries, taught catechetically to the natives. Will it be the judgment of the world at large as well?

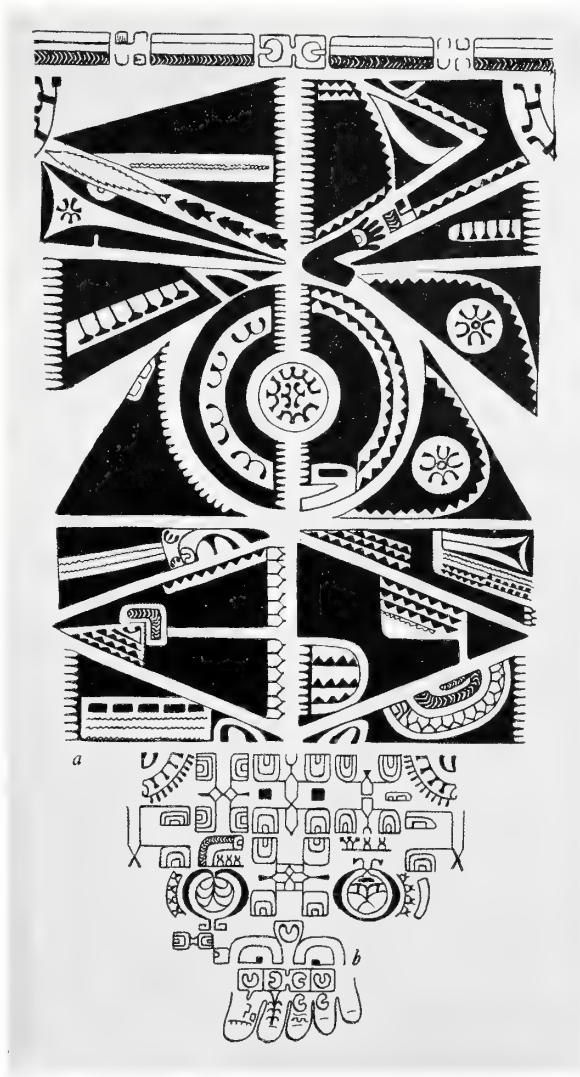
If we recoil from the very word "tattooing," we must forget the crude and stupid use to which the needles have been put in our culture, as well as the puritanical prejudice against bodily decoration as necessarily of the devil, in order to contemplate with an open mind these interesting patterns so beautifully fitted to the contours of the body with the intention of enhancing nature's attractions. Anyone can appreciate the beauty of these motives as design or the faultless skill of their execution; anyone can see innumerable possibilities for modern adaptations and applications, but only the

unprejudiced can appreciate Marquesan body design as an art of personal adornment, springing from the worship of the generative force of the universe, put on—in degree—as unconsciously, certainly as naturally, as the patterns appear on butterflies' wings or beetles' shells or fishes' scales.

In one of the loneliest parts of the Pacific, miles from the nearest continent, on six small mountain islands, this remarkable artistic expression has bloomed for centuries, comparatively unseen. The findings of the Dominick expedition suggest the probability that these islands were peopled as

early as the Tenth Century by persons of Caucasian and Malay blood. About six centuries later, in the first recorded discovery of the Marquesas by white men, when Mendana's expedition gave them their Spanish name, Quiros observed that the natives painted themselves with fish and other patterns. From that time on, early voyagers to those seas mentioned the art. By the time that

Captain Cook and his able observers, the two Forsters, were adding their discoveries to the world's meager knowledge of this Pacific people, the naturalistic motives observed by Quiros seem to have been almost superseded by geometric figures—circles and ovals and bars and crossed lines. Judging from the few careful and detailed drawings that Langsdorff, a Russian, made in 1803, it is plain that the art had changed its mode again and had entered upon the final period of bold, curvilinear and conventional design which was in vogue at the time of its discontinuance in 1884. Whatever heritage of design the original settlers of the Marquesas Islands may have taken with them, it is certain that the art as it stands today was developed



DETAIL OF LEG PATTERN OF A NUKU HIVA WOMAN

on the spot. It is individual, indigenous.

As design, it is the expression of an island people in an isolated and restricted environment, seemingly unrelated to any other development in the world, but as an artistic practice, it is purely Polynesian in spirit, springing from the source that animates the activities of all Polynesian peoples and typically Polynesian in standard, being executed with consecration not only to finished technique, but also to the principles of devoted labor. Purification by bathing at the inception of the work, abstinence from worldly pleasures and

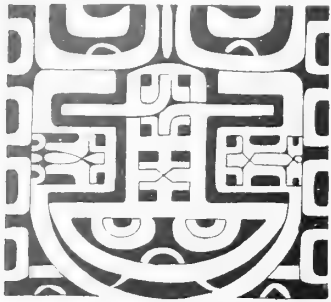
all contaminating influences during its continuance: such pure devotion was required not only of those being adorned, but of practitioners and of all their assistants as well.

As with all other Marquesan institutions, this art was social in its practice and democratic in its application. The tattooing of the first born son of a family was an occasion for tribal participation. The youth of the valley not only built the conse-

to sex, although the patterns for women and the placing of them on the body differed from those for men. It must be admitted that the Marquesans were not free from human pride in the possession of beautiful tattooing, and certain privileges came in time to be extended to the tattooed. Women began not only to prefer decorated men as mates, but to scorn those who had neglected so to adorn themselves. It became

etiquette for only a tattooed hand to be considered worthy of making *popoi*, a food staple, or of dipping food from the same bowl with other patterned fingers, or of performing the sacred task of rubbing the cherished bodies of the dead as a ceremonial.

In the choice of practitioners, the spirit of the profession was democratic. The practice was open to anyone who proved his ability of execution and knowledge of the traditional patterns. It was no mean ability. The absolute accuracy of line on pliable skin is almost unbelievable. Training was gained through apprenticeship to accredited artists and practice was often obtained by hiring models to

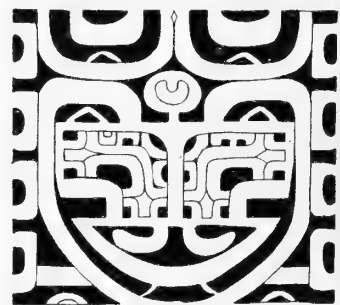


WOMAN'S THIGH DECORATION

crated house in which the operation was performed and cooked the food for all taking part, but also lived in the *tabu* structure during the whole period, subject to all the restrictions of such consecrated labor; received gratis the services of the artists during those rest periods called "days of blood," when the chief client was recuperating from the shock and pain of the operation, and took a prominent part in the feast given to show the finished designs. Although the eldest sons had preference inasmuch as the tattooing festivals were in their honor, there was no discrimination against younger sons in the actual decoration of their bodies. Chiefs' sons had small, distinguishing marks on their ankles, it is true, and the first-borns were supposed to have their patterns put on from the feet up, the order being reversed for others; but possession of a fine suit of tattooing was in no wise confined by class or rank or age—although it stands to reason that, since the artists were paid in hogs or other valuables and were fed and housed during the operation, the sons of the wealthy had more opportunity to be wholly covered. Nor was there discrimination as



LEG DECORATION OF A WOMAN  
OF UA POU, A VERY RARE STYLE



WOMAN'S THIGH DECORATION

be decorated. A thorough acquaintance with the traditional motives of the art was considered essential, but the conventionality of the school seems never to have been so rigid as to forbid originality on the part of the individual workers or borrowing from other arts, such as wood adzing or carving. Polynesians are always open to the acceptance of those who prove themselves competent—but they are accurate judges of competency. In true Polynesian fashion, it was



customary for artists to challenge each other's ability and to hold contests for delicacy of design and accuracy and speed of execution. Woe betide the man who pretended to know and to do what he did not know or could not accomplish! Ostracism from the profession—often death—was the price that he paid for failure.

The whole reason for this Marquesan school of art was superbly natural. It was at the time of adolescence that the first decorations were put upon boys and girls, and these three or four weeks of intensive work were in preparation for a kind of debut of youth, designed to exhibit the charms of their possessors and attract mates. This feast honoring the first born came about the time of harvest and so in more than one way was a celebration of the arrival of maturity. The characteristic lavishness of such entertainment, in accord with the generosity of the semi-tropical harvest, found its counterpart in the variety and elaborateness of the dark blue patterns that gleamed beneath the annointed skins of the youths and girls as they marched or danced around the paved area of the place of feasting. It was such a joyful trying of wings as that in which butterflies must delight when they emerge from the drab cocoon and flutter off to equally beautiful, just unfolded flowers, to perform their part in the ever-blooming processes of nature.

The patterns collected for the Bishop Museum, some of which are reproduced herewith, include practically all the Marquesan design which exists today. Successful photographs are almost impossible to obtain, the design lying, as it does, beneath the reflecting surface of the skin, but drawings were made from life by the author and photographs of one fully tattooed man and woman were obtained by painting over the designs. An idea of the intricacy and quantity of motives decorating a body may be gained by the knowledge that the author and a helper were engaged seven hours simply in paint-

ing over the designs on one half of the man's body, the other half of which was similarly tattooed. Such a suit of tattooing was not completed at the time of adolescence, but additions to it were made from time to time during the remainder of the man's life. There are instances reported, however,

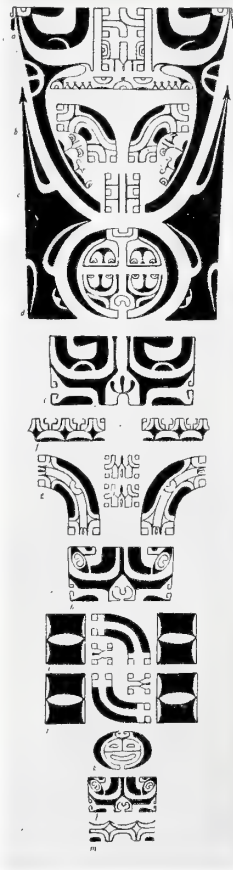
of remarkable speed of execution: a man of Nuku Hiva was completely covered in three days; the legs and back of a man of Hanamenu were covered in seven days. As a rule, a man's legs from knees to ankles, or perhaps his thighs and buttocks, would be the work of a single day. The speed of the practitioner was of course to a large extent dependent upon the fortitude of his client.

When tattooing was a significant part of a Marquesan's equipment, it covered not only his body from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, but such inconspicuous parts as eyelids, nostril orifices, tongue and the palms of his hands. Women never were decorated with so great a quantity of design as men—lips, ears, hands, legs and sometimes arms and waists being covered, but never the trunk.

The author admits with candor that it was impossible for her, in preparation for the

photographs, to follow with a fine brush the lines on the skin as accurately and clearly as they were pricked there by the tattooing bones. Even to copy the draughtsmanship on paper required absolute steadiness of hand. The skill of those who, using more or less clumsy bone combs, put these fine lines and free, swelling curves upon yielding skin—even though it were stretched and held tightly by assistants—is remarkable.

In comparison with the electric needle of today, the tools of the Marquesan tattooers were spades and shovels. The operation was performed



DRAWING FROM LIFE  
OF THE FRONT AND  
BACK PATTERNS OF A  
HIVA OIA WOMAN'S LEG  
*Done in the late style,  
showing the use of  
men's patches on the  
under thigh, the only  
example of this kind  
seen*

with a kind of mallet composed of a flat, wedge shaped head of bone—human, bird, or fish—about three inches long and toothed at the flare end, and a handle of reed, bamboo or ironwood, six or seven inches long. A variety of combs was developed for different grades of work, some being broad and with as many as twenty teeth, some having only a single fine point. The sureness of the artist may be judged from the fact that he had only a rough charcoal outline on the skin to follow—often none at all—as he held the handle of the mallet in the left hand and tapped lightly and evenly on its head with a baton of hibiscus wood more than a foot long, proceeding swiftly to puncture the delicate lines or fill the solid patches, now and then wiping freely flowing blood from the pricks, now and then dipping a finger into the cocoanut shell flask of pigment—the soot of the candlenut mixed with cocoanut oil—and rubbing it upon the teeth of his instrument. Truly the quality of his work sprang rather from his fine devotion to perfect craftsmanship and his instinctive feeling for form than from any perfection developed in the tools which he used.

The fitting of the patterns to the curves of the body and the tasteful discrimination between motives and treatment appropriate for the small, slender bodies of their women and for the heavy build of their men reveal a fine sense of form. The naming of designs—all have names—plainly declares this anatomical appreciation: such is the *tifa*, or cover of a calabash, which covers the convex, cover-like mound of the buttock.

Acquaintance with the living paintings in no wise occasions either disappointment or disgust, but awakens fresh enthusiasm for the taste of this

people. Beautiful as the patterns appear in the flat, they receive added grace when following the curves of the body and added charm in color when the dark blue pigment is grayed and softened by the covering of golden brown skin. The appearance of a man's head shaved save for a single long lock and encircled with a curvilinear pattern may only be guessed at today, for the rare instances of this unit of decoration still persisting are not apparent, due to the wearing of the hair according to our conventions, but the heavy horizontal or oblique face bands worn by men, with their fine, inter-band tracteries, are far from disfiguring, the dark middle stripe in particular seeming to add brilliance to the eyes; the fine scroll on the nostrils, to give distinction. The chest and shoulder patches sweep up and narrow, following the curves of the neck, to join the mouth band,

sometimes with a link of a small, fine line unit. Eight heavy patches moulded to the lines of the back-bone and ribs clasp the back and sides and terminate in insertions of curvilinear design. The shoulder covering, spreading, falls like a pointed cape over the arm with a top sleeve of bands or of a fine geometrical pattern, and an under sleeve of bold ovals bound together with small open work units. Never did lace mittens cover hands with more exquisite arabesques. Around the waist and fitted to the curves of the hips, a heavy, black girdle sweeps and flows down outside the thighs in an oblong pattern.

The buttocks themselves swell under an elaborate oval unit; the inside of the knees, displayed when men sit cross legged, are capped with flower-like disks; the feet are encased to the toes in open patterns with medallions on heels, ankle bones and insteps and calves and



TIFA OF HIVA OA IN FULL DRESS


MAN'S HAND AT LEFT, WOMAN'S AT RIGHT,  
DRAWN FROM LIFE



thighs are fitted with bands of graduated width, some composed of four triangles or parallelograms, some with inset medallions. Such a covering was never intended to inspire horror, but to attract, and it accomplished its purpose, as it does today, even with those who possess our standards of art.

Patterns on women are more delicate and more intricate. Fine lines on the lips, a pin wheel on the ear-lobe with a more or less elaborate unit back of the ear in imitation of the carved bone earrings so worn; a finely etched band on the arm just below the fall of the shoulder, a back girdle of branching curves and an irregular, all-over pattern are adornments belonging exclusively to women. The patterns seen on men decorate their hands, and many of the same motives, although differently treated and placed, appear on their legs. In one instance, even the heavy black oblongs and triangles were tattooed on a woman.

Today, in the little-frequented valleys, where men wear only the gay *pareu* cloth, arranged somewhat like the old *bami*, or loin-cloth, one may see decorated bodies in all their beauty and freedom. The patterns of the women, however, are always concealed beneath skirts, and only gentle insistence will induce exhibition for the foreign tourist.

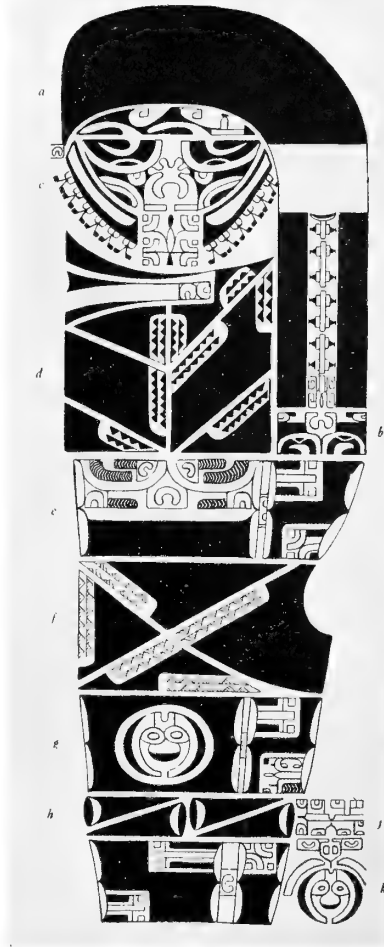
Although by name the motives spring from the most diverse conceptions—Pohu, a legendary hero; man, brilliant eye, tortoise, lizard, pandanus branches, flower calabash, ridge pole, and sacred bathing place of chiefs, are translations of a few of the names—yet these are mere names, completely subordinate to the conception of these motives as

design. The very naming of the ridge pole motive indicates an appreciation of the pattern as a whole and the part played in it by this particular unit, for it truly acts as the ridge pole of the roof of the hand when that member receives its decoration.

The varying names, which may indicate origins now forgotten, point to an amalgamation of naturalistic, geometric and conventional motives. As has been said, the shreds of information about the past of the art indicate such an evolution, and a survey of patterns seems to corroborate it. Fortunately a few examples of earlier styles are in existence, chiefly because the innovating influences, which centered in the southern islands of the group where the arts of carving wood, tortoise shell and bone also flowered and whence they spread to all the other islands, were prevented from completely obliterating all traces of former modes by the sudden enforced cessation of tattooing in 1884. The prohibition came when only three examples of old styles remained—the patterns of a man and a woman on Nuku Hiva and of a woman on Ua Pou, both islands of the northern section of the group. In the northern islands, at least, there was a period of

ignorance of the decorative possibilities of tattooing, pride of endurance actuating the possession of such body covering rather than pride of beauty and leading to the filling of interstices until their bodies were solidly black.

The leg patterns of a Nuku Hiva chiefess—probably samples of a transition period—combine the same crazy-quilt patching with geometric and occasional naturalistic motives, set in with little artistic taste. Here are fish, possibly



DETAIL DRAWING OF AN EARLY  
LEG PATTERN FOR MEN



LEFT AND RIGHT ARMS OF A MARQUESAN. THE BODY IS COMPLETELY COVERED BUT ONLY THE PAINTED DESIGNS SHOW



RIGHT AND LEFT LEG PATTERNS OF A CHIEFESS OF NUKU HIVA

Tanaoa's legendary small *bumu*, worrying a great shark, and a bent arm with an indication of tattooing on the hand; here are copies of wood adzing and carving technique, zig-zagged lines and gouged borders of triangles, and on the foot and ankle are copies of carving motives.

The patterns of the Ua Pou woman the girdle of Tahia Kahee of Nuku Hiva and the arm stripe of Tafa of Hiva Oa are the only remaining examples of a fine, simple, geometric style that probably preceded the present vogue. In these the influence of woodworking is evident. Counterparts of many of the motives of the girdle are to be seen on old bowls and canoe paddles. The more or less naturalistic representations of the human figure are depictions of evil spirits inimical to the health of the women and may be forerunners in treatment of the motive called "man." The Ua Pou patterns show a greater variety of geometric motives, three

of them certainly having been naturalistic in origin—the crab, the tortoise and the lizard—which is still more or less naturalistic in treatment. The final phase of the art has traveled far from the "fish" reported by Quiros in 1595 and far from the carving arts which probably directed the trend of development.

Something of the Polynesian spirit of professional emulation crept into the author's attempt to copy the patterns. What need only have been an ethnologic, accurate record of a past art became a present endeavor to practice again—although in a different medium—Marquesan *patu tiki* (tattooing; literally, to draw the image) in all its perfection of technique. In approval of the results, the natives once more gave the title *tubuna* (master, professional) to a practitioner, albeit the art was executed on paper and by a woman, which caused them much amusement.



LEG PATTERN OF A WOMAN OF  
UA POU, A VERY UNUSUAL DESIGN

Drawings and photographs are reproduced by courtesy of the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum of Honolulu.



# Oriental RUGS as FINE ART

## V. So-Called Polish or Polonaise Carpets

WHILE there are here and there a few strange persons who think they do not care for Oriental rugs, there is none, so far as I ever heard, who has dared to venture a disparaging remark concerning the best of the so-called Polish or Polonaise carpets. The sensational beauty of the finest of these pieces, with their masses of pure gold and silver softly flashing amid subtle patterns of iridescent silk, leaves no room for hesitation. Only the incurably stubborn and eccentric or those with some theoretical ax to grind can or will deny their extraordinary loveliness and charm. Nowhere else can we find more delicious color harmonies or more convincing expressions of true luxury and magnificence.

These rugs form a large and important class. More than three hundred of them are in existence, all interesting, not merely because of their beauty and preciousness, not merely because of a notably individual style that marks them as a class apart from all other rugs, but also because of the quite special purpose for which they were woven, which makes them historical documents whose significance has been correctly appreciated only recently as a result of much investi-

*Magnificent fabrics of gold, silver and silk woven in Persia for presentation to foreign potentates . . . by*  
Arthur Upham POPE

gation. The best of these rugs, obviously the work of sophisticated artists, were planned with great ingenuity and finesse and a good sense for general decorative effect. They employ designs

gathered from several sources. The arrangement often was supplied by the artist's own imagination, some features apparently were based upon hints from the enameler's and the goldsmith's crafts, more came from other rugs, but the dominant patterns were the arabesque, the palmette and the lancet leaf, long fundamental units in the decorative art of Persia. These patterns, on the whole, were broadly rendered. We never find in Polonaise rugs the delicate spiral tendrils, drawn with the exquisite daintiness of the miniature painter, that were the glory of carpets of the Sixteenth Century. The nervous intensity of those intellectual, high keyed designs gave place to schemes that, despite their novelty and ingenuity, are on the whole rich, quiet, easy to grasp. Broad rhythmical curves sometimes divide the field into graceful segments or define various medallions and pendants which in turn are embraced by heavy and elaborate arabesques whose wide, branching stems bind the whole composition



SO-CALLED POLONAISE CARPET

*The entire design of the main field is the characteristic Persian arabesque and lotus palmette in various combinations. This rug, over nine feet long, has a noble spaciousness and dignity that most of the Polonaise pieces lack*

*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

in a common movement. Plume-like lancet leaves decorate the open spaces, while a few small leaves and blossoms supply the accents without which the design would be too cloying. Nothing is brisk, alert or tense about these patterns. With few exceptions they suggest a soft and easy opulence, the cool sparkle of the silver or dull light of glowing gold alone supplying a glint of hardness and animation to the surface to delight the eye.

It is not the patterns, therefore, but rather the exceptional color schemes and the materials that give these rugs their charm and distinction. The customary color range of the Persian rugs of the Sixteenth Century was greatly expanded for them and new color harmonies were devised. Instead of the relatively few colors of such a typically Persian rug as the Ardebil Mosque carpet with its dominant tones of blue and gold, instead of the simple scheme of the Herats or the Ispahans with their deep shades of wine red and moss green, we have in the large Polonaise carpets a wealth of hues that outshines the rainbow: deep emerald, pale green, a touch of ruby red, golden salmon, orange, rose, pale turquoise, three shades of gold, two of silver, an olive and a blue gray, mauve, seal brown and ivory white. Not only are far more colors used in the more elaborate pieces, but, with the exception of a few tones used for deep accents, all the colors are of much higher key than is usual in Oriental rugs of any period. With such an extensive and crowded palette, with its curious un-Oriental tones and high pitched hues, the designers of these rugs set for themselves new problems and solved them in interesting ways that warrant detailed study. It is these novel color chords, with their Debussy-like quality, these piquant and unprecedented combinations of bright salmon, pale green, turquoise and gold, that give these rugs their conspicuous individuality quite as much as it is their lavish use of gold and silver. The latter, however, has counted perhaps more in their reputation, for in the modern world, which was beginning at the time when they were being woven, the ungrudging display of crass wealth aroused more general enthusiasm than did mere beauty. In the older rugs of the Sixteenth Century metal thread was used sparingly, only enough to give a touch of crisp light or a subdued well bred hint of princely opulence, and in the finest of the velvet and silk brocades on silver and gold the impression of esthetic sincerity is unmistakable. In the Polonaise rugs, however, we find a lavish display of precious metal that smacks just a bit of the *nouveau riche* and a desire to impress the neighbors. All the neighbors have been duly impressed, for few can look at a rug,

the surface of which is more than half pure gold and silver, and at the same time ignore the implications of wealth and luxury. The silver and gold used in these rugs is of the finest quality, and the silver particularly was subjected to some kind of treatment that prevented tarnishing. Silver of modern manufacture needs to be exposed only a short time to become quite unsightly, while the silver threads in Polish rugs after at least three hundred years are often still clean and bright. This quality of the metal was no accident, for Karabacek found a contemporary record that spoke of the great difficulty and importance of preparing the purest, untarnishable metal for use in the weaving of rugs of enduring quality.

The silk used in Polish rugs also seems to be of a different quality than that found in the earlier Persian pieces, such as those woven in Kashan. It is less firm and resilient but it is more brilliant. The dyes are nowhere nearly so fast as the more common colors. The great majority of Polonaise carpets is much faded, and their weakly mingled pastel shades give little idea of their original brilliance. When pieces appear that have been especially treasured, brought out from deep coffers only on the most stately occasions, we then find an exhilarating range of colors that compels the most reluctant to admiration. Unfortunately the majority of these rugs has been in constant use and many of them are reduced to mere evening shadows of their former glory. There was evidently too little tradition and experiment back of these adventurous dyers, for they never quite caught the trick of fastening their colors with anything like the security of the more conventional dyers. It may be that such high keyed colors are too dilute to stand without flinching before the blanching effect of three centuries of solvent light.

Quite an air of mystery still hangs about these rugs. Although the theories of their origin commonly held a few years ago are now discarded by all experts, yet no one has been able to say with any show of evidence just where they originated. In 1878 Countess Czartoryski exhibited at the Paris Exposition an impressive array of these jewel-like carpets, labeled "Tapis Polonais." One of these rugs carried the Czartoryski coat of arms, and some thought they could decipher an "M" in a border figure, presumably the initial of a Polish manufacturer named Mersherski or Madziarski. These rugs seemed to be quite un-Oriental in style, the Poles questioned were quite unanimous that they were really Polish rugs and supported their contentions with a rather detailed story of their origin. As no counter arguments were advanced, it is natural that the name Polish became





*UPPER HALF OF POLONAISE RUG IN SILVER, GOLD AND SILK*

*Twelve feet nine inches long by five feet ten inches wide*

*The design of palmettes and arabesques is throughout wholly and characteristically Persian, but the sumptuousness of the detail and its excessive elaboration, as well as the high pitched color scheme are concessions to the prevalent European taste. This is one of the largest and finest examples known and one of the few early oriental carpets that has been improved by age. The violet tones of the silver have been deepened and enriched by exposure and the bronze and green glints in the gold are also partly the result of exposure. Given as a present by Shah Abbass to some European monarch, at the beginning of the Seventeenth Century.*

*Courtesy of P. W. French & Company*







*A SO-CALLED POLONAISE RUG FROM PERSIA*

*First Half of Seventeenth Century*

*Formerly in the Yerkes Collection*

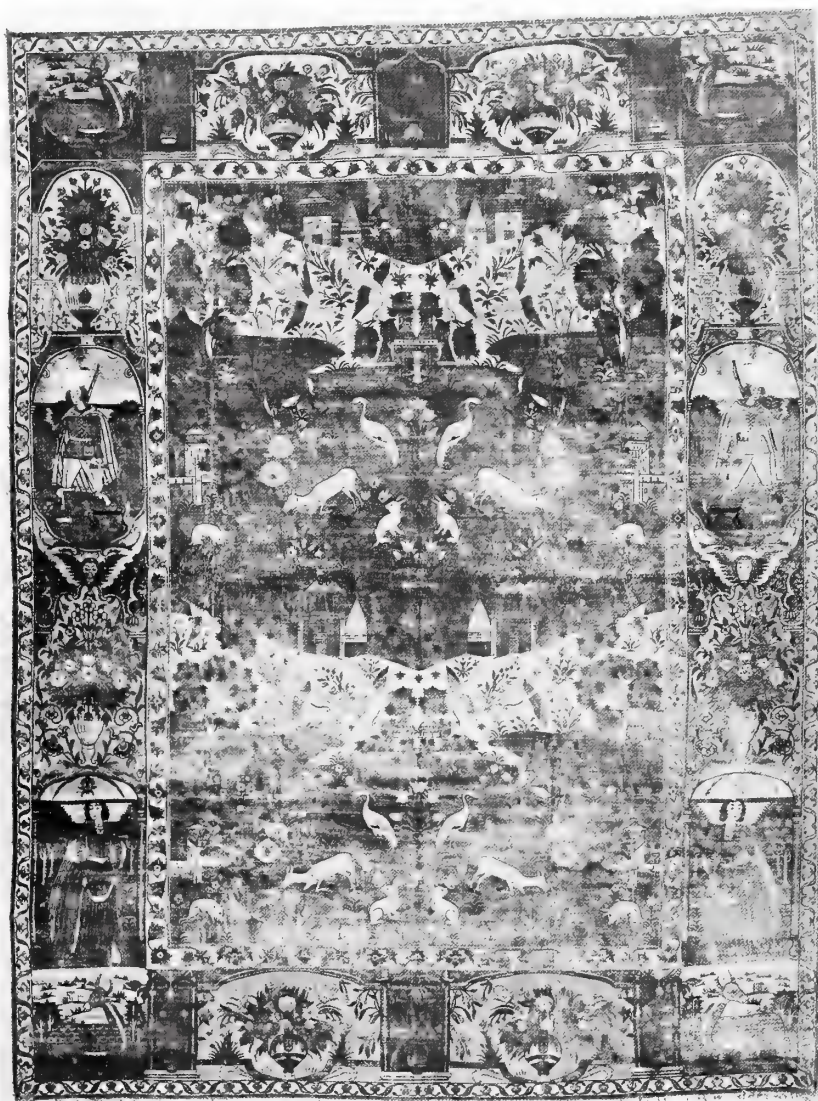
*The ground of the center field is composed of gold thread and the corners of silver. The Baroque luxury of such a carpet was well calculated to impress European taste.*





immediately and generally attached to them. The story was that Madziarski, as his name is more correctly spelled, had lived and traveled extensively in the Orient and had been greatly impressed by the magnificent, gold threaded textiles which he found there. Taking back great quantities, and also a group of Persian workmen, he set up a factory at Sluck and undertook to excel the Orient at its own game. Here he produced turbans that surpassed the best made at Ispahan and rugs which are still among the world's wonders. The general contention of the Polish origin of these silk and metal rugs was further established by the fact that not only are they markedly different from all rugs known to have been made in the Orient, but also that not a single piece, or even a fragment, ever has been procured in the Orient itself, and no one there has any information about them from any local tradition. The story is charming and the arguments are plausible, but charm and plausibility ever have been foes of the hard facts in the history of rugs, and we find that story and argument alike crumble.

Jowhan Madziarski is the Polish equivalent of the Armenian John Madjarian, meaning John the Magyar. Now John Madjarian, or Jowhan Madziarski, when a boy had been captured in Hungary by Turks and had been carried to Constantinople as a prisoner with his father. He was educated by an Armenian priest and apparently could write only Armenian. He acquired a thorough knowledge of the Oriental methods of weaving silk and gold and later returned to Poland. We first hear of him in 1730 making gold threaded textiles in Sluck. On January 24, 1758, he signed a contract with Prince Michael Kasimir Radziwill, of Vilna, to undertake the management of a "Persian fac-



SO-CALLED POLONAISE CARPET

*A dramatic demonstration of the Persian desire to accommodate these rugs to European taste. The guard stripes and the weaving only are Persian. The entire design is an adaptation of a late Sixteenth Century Brussels verdure tapestry. The Persian designers probably thought that the compact lustrous silk surface and glowing emerald greens of the piece would impress the Europeans as a vast improvement on their own comparatively dull tapestries*

*Courtesy of Dikran G. Kelekian*

tory, to employ a sufficient number of apprentices and to instruct them in the practice of Persian art." Furthermore, he was to be allowed, "on days when his services were not required on work being done for the Prince's treasury, to manufacture and sell for his own use and profit girdles and other similar kinds of work, for which he agrees to furnish his own material." The contract nowhere mentions rug making as among his duties or the privileges accorded to him.

That the Poles in the Eighteenth Century did make silk gold-threaded turbans for the Persian trade is well known. The devastations of the Afghans, Kurds and Kajars who swept back and



forth across Persia in a bloody, three cornered fight for power after the death of Nadir Shah in 1747 dislocated commerce, destroyed industry and furnished a capital opportunity for the foreign merchant, which the Poles were quick to seize. They got the trade partly by default, for, while their brocades are superior to the work of the Eighteenth Century done at Kashan, no informed person would dream of comparing the Polish scarfs with the best of the Ispahan pieces of the period of Shah Abbas. Madziarski made many scarfs. This we know, but no direct evidence has yet been produced to show that he made rugs. That he could possibly have turned out hundreds of precious, sophisticated and difficult rugs, or that conditions existed in Poland for the mass production of such rugs is entirely out of the question. It is true that rugs made of silk with interwoven threads of gold had been made in Poland for many years. We first hear of them in 1578 in an inventory of King Albert of Prussia which mentions three Polish rugs. The inventory of Prince Ostrogski mentions fifty-five silk rugs, two worked with gold and a very old Polish rug worked with gold. These pieces are not to be thought of as Persian rugs, as the same inventory specifically mentions eighty of the latter kind. Other inventories list recent purchases of Polish rugs, and in Stanislaus' life of the famous Field Marshall Alexander Koniecpolski, who was a great patron of the arts in eastern Poland in the first half of the Seventeenth Century, we find it recorded that rugs were made in the factory which he established in the Ukraine. Kosciuszko, of American Revolutionary fame, according to a contemporary letter, (1791), was delighted with the rugs that he found at Januszpol, saying none better was to be found in Poland. He even took a hand at designing rugs himself. Other records show that rugs were made at Kobylka, Grodno, Nieswiez, Sylowice, Drzewica, Kutkorz, Medzyboz, Krakau, Sokolow, Rozanc and Zimgrod, all in the Eighteenth Century. These facts are ably set forth by T. Krygowski, who gives good reasons in his *Orientalisches Archiv, Jahrgang II*, for thinking that this art of rug weaving was introduced into Poland by the moguls.

All these contentions can be admitted, but they do not at all prove that the so-called Polish rugs which we know in western Europe were woven in Poland. The pieces that are of provably Polish origin are totally unlike the pieces that we are discussing. They are relatively coarse in weaving and simple almost to the point of crudeness in drawing and their characteristically European patterns only dimly echo Persian de-

signs. Dr. F. R. Martin, an eminent Swedish expert on rugs, was the first seriously to attack the theory of the Polish origin of these elaborate silk and metal fabrics, but other scholars have contributed further convincing evidence. Their theory that these pieces were woven on the imperial looms of Persia for the express purpose of presentation to foreign courts is now thoroughly established. The very fact that these rugs are all traceable to European courts or noble families of the states that were powerful during the period of Shah Abbas' supremacy is significant. And as Dr. Wilhelm von Bode notes, they do not appear in paintings of the period, which shows that they were not ordinary articles of commerce, for if they had been, the artists, who were eager buyers of Oriental rugs, would have had some. The fact that these pieces contain European coats of arms, instead of proving their European origin, proves quite the contrary. European coats of arms are found on Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century rugs which we know were made in the Orient especially for the European market, such as the Oushaks and the Ispahans, and these coats of arms are constantly misunderstood and imperfectly rendered. So the coats of arms which we find on the Polish rugs now in the Royal Palace in Munich, defective renderings of the arms of the Polish princess, Anna Catharina Constance, daughter of Sigismund III, King of Poland, simply prove that the rugs were not woven in Poland. Such mistakes could not have been made in Poland, but they were natural enough for distant weavers working only from sketches.

A careful study of the designs themselves points unmistakably to Persia, and many little tricks of shading and accent are carried off with an ease and assurance that are never possible in an imitated art. Fortunately, documentary evidence leaves no further room for doubt. Martin has satisfactorily proved that the group of silk and gold-threaded rugs in Rosenberg castle, Copenhagen, was presented by the Persian court to an embassy sent by the Duke of Holstein Gottorp in 1639. There are several specimens in Venice, one of which is referred to in a contemporary document as a present from the shah of Persia. Further rugs came from the shah in 1621. The inventories of Cardinal Mazarin identify several of these pieces as of Persian origin, and the tapestry-woven piece in the Berlin Museum in four of the border cartouches bears the word "Padishah," denoting the Royal House of Persia. All these facts together identify these rugs as Persian of the first half of the Seventeenth Century beyond further controversy. It is true that



in dashing brilliance and almost reckless lavishness they depart from the classical Persian models, but for a good reason. They were designed to delight and astonish Europeans, to proclaim in distant countries in wholly unmistakable terms the astounding glories of the great shahs. Travelers could return with incredible tales of dazzling porcelain palaces, of mosques and domes and minarets covered with the famous mosaic faience, enamelled, as it were, with turquoise and sapphire, more gorgeous than anything of which Europe could have vision; they could describe pomp and ceremony that bewildered them with its splendor; yet all these stories could be set down to boasting and imagination. What finer confirmation than an extravagant and obviously beautiful rug? Shah Abbas, for all his *hauteur*, was a little uncomfortably aware that the European nations regarded him as a heathen, and so, wishing for various reasons to establish friendly intercourse, he quite outdid himself in his efforts to overwhelm all his European visitors. The silk and gold rugs were thus one item in a campaign of propaganda; for these articles to be made most effective European taste must be noted, and Shah Abbas and

his designers had plenty of material from which to judge what would please the foreigners. The rich, gold embroidered velvets of the late Sixteenth Century suggested designs that were more florid, full and soft than those usual in Persia, and accordingly we find these modifications in the presentation carpets. Just why the high-keyed color schemes were chosen may remain something of a mystery, but in a recent retrospective loan exhibition of tapestries in the San Francisco Museum, there were three Brussels pieces of the second quarter of the Sixteenth Century lent by Duveen Brothers and called "The Deeds of Scipio" which were suggestive. Famous in their own day, they are exceptionally rich in gold and, what is more, their color scheme of bright green



A REAL POLISH CARPET

*Woven in Poland at the very end of the Sixteenth Century. An entirely different decorative conception from the so-called Polonaise rugs woven in Persia.*

*Museum of Art and Industry in Lemberg*

with touches of salmon and terra cotta, cerulean blue and gold is as near the color scheme of most Polish rugs as it is possible for a tapestry to be. Renaissance and Gothic tapestries found their way to Persia in some numbers. Several pile carpets reproduce them in full detail. It is not at all inconceivable that a piece of this Scipio set or a piece of a similar color design might have found its way to Persia, there to serve as a standard of European taste and as a hint of what sort of coloration in rugs would be most acceptable. Evidently the Persian designers did not think that the European recipients of the rugs would long be critical, or perhaps the shah's orders came in so fast that the standards could not be kept up. At any rate, it is the fact that many of these pieces show every sign





SO-CALLED POLONAISE CARPET

*One of the finest of the small Polonaise carpets which shows an extremely ingenious division of the field defined by various forms of the Persian arabesque. The large reciprocal trefoil of the border is characteristic of these carpets and is thought by many to indicate a Caucasus origin for these rugs*

*Formerly in the Yerkes Collection*

of haste and carelessness in design and execution. They are coarsely and loosely woven, the gold and silver thread is meagre and thin, the rugs are not always even straight, the designs become dull and clumsy and obvious until the fabrics are good only for the first impression and their rather cheap declaration of costliness that in reality is shoddiness.

Far otherwise is it with a very small group of tapestry-woven rugs in silk and gold that are generally classed with the Polonaise. Less than ten of these precious pieces remain. In design, some of them hold to the classical Sixteenth Century patterns, often with combatant animals; in color they are, when well preserved, of marvelous depth and richness; in technique they reach perfection.

They are so distinct in quality from the other type of pile carpets that the finest should be placed as of around the year 1600, when Shah Abbas was beginning to think of himself as one of the world's great monarchs and when the art of weaving was still in its great period. Although these rugs are unquestionably Persian in origin, they undoubtedly will continue to be called Polish or by the more graceful and more safely ambiguous term "Polonaise." The latter is an English word and has been in good standing more than a century. Its association with music and the dance carry agreeable connotations that have been felt by many to be quite appropriate for these graceful carpets, if not accurate.

No one can say just where these rugs were woven or whose was the individual genius that presided over their fabrication. Martin suggests that they were the work of the women of the harem who were following the well established Asiatic custom of preparing the gifts that their lord should send to other potentates, but this is speculation. It has been suggested several times that these imperial looms were situated somewhere in the Caucasus, and in the gold and silver and enamel work that is done at Khoumouk and Shusha there is a grain of substantiation of the theory.

Perhaps some day documents in the Orient may be discovered that will settle the whole question. Until then we must be content to revel in the really remarkable beauty of the best pieces and to see in this textile enterprise an instructive product of the contact between two types of civilization and take advantage of the occasional artistic opportunities to refresh our spirits with views and examinations of the results of the inspirations of certain so far untraced masters of the art of weaving. Nevertheless, since the pleasure that the collector of works of art is dependent to a great extent upon his knowledge of the history of that which he possesses, it is indeed desirable that the misty records be made clear.





*PORTRAIT OF GORA GASE*

*by*

*Millie Bruhl Fredrick*

*Courtesy of the Fearon Gallery*







# ART BY THE WAY

*Guy Pène  
du BOIS*

VARNISHING day at the New Society: few persons or no persons seeing the pictures except the exhibiting painters and their wives and friends, friends who furtively seek certain pictures because they have seen the faces of their creators and must be prepared for an inevitable meeting. All varnishing days in Europe more or less resemble this one. First-day visitors in France dress to be more attractive than the pictures. The victory in these competitions is usually theirs. Here, for the ladies, was a John Barrymore in low collared, violet shirt—John Barrymore in street flesh. John Barrymore, the Hamlet, the work of art, is another matter. One has seen that and will see it again; but this man in mufti, shorn of art's disguise . . . ! Perhaps there is something in the view of the vision, although the man may be, even in "civies," disguised. Perhaps actors, through all vicissitudes, remain as they were originally.

The attractiveness of a picture by George Bellows: little of art's disguise there. The man and the art are valiantly—or, is it "vulgarly"—one. Compare Maurice Sterne and his art and then slide back to Bellows. Of course neither is, like Barrymore, a walking picture. The actor is nearer the peddler. He must carry his wares on his back. The painter parks his upon a wall. But all painters are not alike. There was William M. Chase who introduced the idea of the artistic temperament to the American public and knew the clothes that would drive the introduction home. Bellows has few or no parlor airs. Perhaps his pose is to appear without one. To arrive at the same end William Sulzer walked to his inauguration as governor in Albany. That was one of the difficulties: that he was made to ride, upon his feet, in the effort to appear simple. Bellows paints in the language that he talks. That is a fashionable thing to do in newspaperdom today, and easy for Heywood Broun while difficult for Francis Hackett. Poor Sterne could never arrive there at all. He has stylistic designs. He wears a dress suit in a picture. He prepares himself for the event of one. He considers beauty. He will talk on esthetics for hours. There may be a little dilletantism in Sterne. There is none in Bellows. In art and in life he is the rough diamond idol of the West; homely, almost with extravagance in everything that he does. Sterne has airs like Prosper Mérimée, fastidiousness. He may be more artist than man.

There is a lot of the artist, the love of the

flourish, in Boardman Robinson, but his drawings, near one by Sterne in this exhibition, seem to belong to the essentially human school which began with Daumier and became touched with foppishness under the hands of men like Toulouse-Lautrec, Degas and Forain. Courbet alive might, in monumental voice, shout that Sterne was harking back to the classical urbanities of Raphael, repeating the condemnations of 1848–49. Perhaps we are about ready to receive those with open arms. Civilization, gaining ground, is gaining sophists among us. We shall soon be asking for life condensed into an abstraction of perfect form and formula. The homely details are awfully familiar. Sterne anyway always has been a barometer of the ultra-fashionable. He was doing, with Alfee Maurer, journalistic pictures of the Bal Bullier or of other such democratic gatherings in Paris about 1905. He arrived there with sketches of circuses and Coney Island. A few months sent him back to Holbein and tighter draughtsmanship. I remember that he came near taking Patrick Henry Bruce with him. Cézanne or, perhaps, Gauguin, or the combination, got him later when he took a trip to Borneo with no intention of being the wild man of that place. Bruce had gone to painting arrangements of squares of color, where he may still be. Neither of these men is a wild man, although there are intensities in them and in Sterne especially.

Bellows, however, may be more footloose, although he sometimes aims at grandeur in an art way. This is a definite abstraction, a step aside from the colloquial, and may place him nearer to Sterne than is casually apparent; but the difference between them is as wide, if no wider, than that separating the wild and the cultivated flower. This difference needs further examination. It is also the difference between the aristocrat and the democrat; the difference, again, between Broun and Hackett. There is no more real condescension in Bellows than in Broun. They play up. Bellows will consciously reach out for majesty, a virtue that he recognizes in tradition. Such a quality in Sterne would be innate. He would not call it by the name. He has too much good taste to label or to define his flights. It may be that he has too much faith in himself to have none in us. Of this, however, I have no way of making certain. Between these two there is a question of the amount of faith in the acuteness of our perceptions. Bellows presents his matter

like an advertising writer. If he aims to be subtle, he kills the subtlety with a warning. We must not understand him. We must realize without question that he is being subtle. But we, in America, who have bred them, can not quarrel with such economic tendencies, and Sterne, compared with the manly want of fastidiousness in George Luks, will leave us cold. Here, in the last, is a man of great emotional wealth who puts himself down regardless.



Today there is grave danger of a victory of the intellectuals in paint. The new ones resemble the old in few things. The new employ their minds to analyze and enlarge upon whatever small emotional properties are theirs. With the old—I am thinking of men like Edwin H. Blashfield, Daniel Chester French and the late Kenyon Cox—their intellectual processes were a police force employed to check emotional “disorders.” The intellects themselves worked by rote. They knew certain definite things. They knew, like a caricature in a play by George Bernard Shaw, the difference between right and wrong. Life was without complications to them. Art was a thing manufactured by a rule of thumb. Discipline, in their philosophy, shone as one of the highest qualities. Any evolutionary idea must have been distasteful. A traitor was a man who changed his mind.

When the old order reverted to things of the past, although it seemed to be continually doing this, it never went so far back as the original source. Rather, it would stop at some academic translation of an old masterpiece, a formularized rendering. One always felt that the fire, the tremendous emotionalism, of the old men was distasteful to these new ones. Intellect had erected, as it almost invariably does, a code of good taste. In France, almost directly responsible for the American product, good taste was in the hands of the purists. In America, it was marshaled, as it continues to be to a large extent, by Puritans. A broad difference between these two is that while one is intent upon a kind of rhetorical purity, placed quite apart from or above subject matter, the other will look at the moral values of the subject matter before anything else. One will find uplift in rhetorical exactitude, and the other, in the substance and not the flourish of a sermon.

The new order of intellectual has put preaching and the standard rules of rhetoric aside. It is rhetorical but chiefly in its own way. Out of the political turmoil and the new distaste for the group or the class idea which it has engendered, it

aims to produce a manifestation which may be anarchistic in its initial motive but always seems to be aristocratic. In exaggerated examples, the manner will remind of the over precision, let us say, of a Swedish dandy. In the better examples, the manner will always have a kind of preciousness, a dandyism of a *recherché* order, carrying a suggestion of erudition along with the neglect, the offhand graciousness of a great familiarity with the subject. In this mode it is impossible that the art of the past should be omitted from the reckoning. A painter like Sterne must do a great deal of quoting. Indeed, he must do also a considerable lot of paraphrasing, all, of course, from original sources. He is a man of paint in exactly the sense of the man of letters of several decades ago. His translation will not be adapted from another translation. It will come from the original and be a rare understanding of the original, a synthesis of its style, a complete characterization, done with few words and telling omissions, in a style at once appreciative and original. This is not a homely writer of current phrases, a Dr. Frank Crane gaining public acclaim through a reiteration of public sentiments. Neither is he a Blashfield, aloof, making gestures from the top of a pedestal at the base of which the public admires when weighted by a sense of duty and otherwise acts with a thorough indifference. Sterne's subject matter usually is greeted with derision. It does not count much with him. Perhaps it should count much less with us. His style is almost classically plastic. His pictures, despite the intermingled quoting or paraphrases, or because of them, are alive; are symbols of an active mind. The man's sensitiveness never stops, his knack of accumulating and appropriating is in constant motion. His good taste has the tact to be unofficial. Perhaps his matter is thin. He will never hurl things at you like Rubens and Renoir and Luks. There is a suggestion that ideas are the children of barbarians. Culture knows better. Culture knows that the sea was blue ten thousand years ago. It has gone over history and noted its repetitions. It has gone over histories of literature and art, watched one new movement after another initiated with the return to nature of an exceedingly healthy and powerful, simple man. About nature it may be, slightly or enormously, blasé. The wealth of the world does not rest alone in nature. Perhaps it rests with that which has been taken out of nature. Art, for an example, has a greater importance than the raw material which has entered into it. Beauty is man's work, a conversion of raw material, whether it be visionary or concrete; a cultivated



plant owning sophistication and background. Nature is art's vehicle, a piece of clay made beautiful by the push of man's thumbs and of his intellectual and emotional energies. Art is a symbol of man as the conqueror of nature.

Sterne will sometimes remind one of Pierre Louys or of Théodore F. de Banville, whose stories are full of saintly children, not seldom middle-aged, used as excuses for collections of carefully wrought and chiseled sentences. Sterne has the repose of the classicist. Henry Lee McFee may be more classic, but he has the intemperance of an unconscious, a driving sincerity. Sterne's processes, while finer or fuller, are nearer in character to Marsden Hartley's. However, while Hartley, in most things, deals purely in good taste, there is an exceedingly well managed and true emotional power in Sterne. He has depth. Hartley fabricates, intellectually, evidences of emotions that would hardly carry in the most casual court. Sterne has real emotions on which to work, a starting point, a structure for the decorations of his intellect. Alessandro Bonci often made so much of a small voice that he could at these times become preferable to the tremendously endowed Caruso. Natural power, as the sweep of culture breezes over the land, is not enough. We begin to look for niceties, to seek the uncommon in taste, to search for refinements and for embellishments. Intellect for a time, a long time before we are upon a full decadence, may cover losses in original vitality. Culture and intellect will refine the discoveries of ignorance and uncouthness.

While the art of Maurice Sterne can be described only as a European importation, its arrival in America and its acceptance by our most enlightened art lovers is a sign which cannot be side-stepped. Perhaps America, like New York, is beginning to tire of the simple statements of the blunt middle-class. We may be ready to delight in intellectual gymnastics, although it is certain that we still remain unready to have them purely gymnastics. We are a long way from the decadent end of the cycle, but we are also through with the virginal end. This may be expressed in the works of painters who, going back upon our history and a great deal further, attempt to reach the simplicity of provincials and primitives. It does not matter that they sometimes resemble skittish spinsters. The point is that we have reached an age where the admiration of youth is not only possible but seems inevitable.



George Luks, whose exhibition at Kraushaar's was the sensation of a month in art, in no sense

belongs to the preciousness of the intellectual movement. He has gained much by the study of art and a great deal more from the study or from the living of life. In him the intellectual element, although far from absent, is negligible. His portrait should be painted with the broad strokes of a Rubens. His art belongs in the category of the Renaissance at full tide; this rather in Holland than in Italy. He is a full throated singer, a man in no sense fashionable. In him is all the narrowness and the bigotry of a real and magnificent emotional force. Intellectual art is thin, slim, lean. Luks' art is florid, fat. It is sensuous. It is the product of the love of the essentially human as this is expressed in intuitive or in animal reactions. His art may make the niceties of the "man of paint" seem trivial. Like Walt Whitman, he is George Luks and unafraid. He could be a thorn in the side of every Puritan and every purist manifestation. There is no more valiantly personal document in this country. No kind of management enters into its production, none in the sense of Sterne, and it is stayed by none of those inhibitions which are supposed to be the common property of Americans.



In recent years it has seemed to me that the fates have very badly treated the hard earned fame of men like J. Francis Murphy and Bruce Crane. There is, for an example of pure injustice to them, the contempt with which restless artists treat their consistent fidelity to a first impression, or to a first love. In this, with a little well directed pessimism, we could easily find a sign of the moral decadence of the race. Consistency has gone from us. It remains now, since the passing of Murphy, only with Crane and a few college boys who stay true to the slouch hat of a first year. Indeed, compared with Crane, even Ballard Williams has Mormon tendencies, for his loves are two: the landscape with and the one without ladies in silks and satins. In the records of Chinese art there are five hundred years of consistency to a single pose. We do not quarrel with that. Perhaps there is something in ancestor worship, despite that the western brand is covered with a camouflage that must be due to shame.

Martinelli's manifesto, a Futurist pamphlet published more than a decade ago, is the only really valiant attack upon the dead that our generation has produced. But even here the valiancy must be taken with a little discrimination. Perhaps it is merely a masterpiece of press-agenting. Down with the dead and their power, museums, libraries and cemeteries.

# A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

*THE NEW ART*, by Horace Shipp. Cecil Palmer, Publisher. Price, fifteen shillings.

## THE NEW ART

A Study of the Principles of Society, Materialism, Art and their Application in the Work of Lawrence Atkinson

BY HORACE SHIPP



LONDON.  
CECIL PALMER, 10, 11, 12, Strand, W.C.2.

MR. SHIPP divides his book into two parts: a discussion of theory of non-representational art, and an analysis of its practice as exemplified in the work of Lawrence Atkinson. The first part is concerned with the function of art and its place among the activities of man. This subject is viewed from four angles. The author holds that art may be approached from the viewpoint of phil-

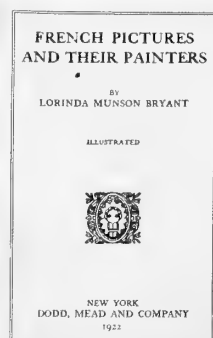
osophy, or that of making contact between the mind and the universe; in the light of psychology as a choice of symbols for communication of ideas between mind and mind; according to the technic of its making (he warns us not to mistake a skilful technic for genius) or from the viewpoint of history in its relation to all past art. Here follows a chapter on art since the time of the Impressionists.

This brings Mr. Shipp to a consideration of the work of Atkinson, whose paintings and sculptures appeal to him as the finest application of the theories of non-representational art. Mr. Shipp confines himself to a discussion of the nature of Atkinson's art, giving little biographical material, and only mentions in passing that his art is perhaps better known on the Continent than in England, as he was represented in international exhibitions at Geneva and Milan, at the latter winning the grand prix and gold medal. The book is illustrated with twenty reproductions of Atkinson's work.

*FRENCH PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS*, by Lorinda Munson Bryant. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

THIS is an immense subject, and although she uses three hundred and eight pages exclusive of illustrations, the author can do little more in many cases than mention the names of important painters and give a few details of their work. As a book of reference, the work should be valuable, for it concentrates information concerning one hundred and twenty-seven painters of all ages and schools of French art from Francois Clouet, of the Sixteenth Century, to Carondeville, Boutet de Monvel and Montezin of the present.

French art does not begin so far back as one might suppose. When Francis I (1494-1547) wanted the new palace at Fontainebleau decorated, he invited Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto and other foreigners to do the work. French artists aided them, and these later formed a "Fontainebleau School" and practised methods based upon those of the foreigners. Even



the Clouets, Jean and Francois, were of Flemish origin. It was the Seventeenth Century before the art of France was strong enough to have its own school of painting and sculpture, and even then most of the artists did their work in Rome. However, the strongest men, such as Nicolas Poussin (1593-1665), expressed French traits. Then came Claude Lorrain, Le Sueur, Lebrun, Rigaud, Mignard and others who helped to glorify the reign of Louis XIV. Yet none of these compares with the great Italians of the Renaissance. Not until the days of Louis XV did France produce, in Chardin, a master painter.

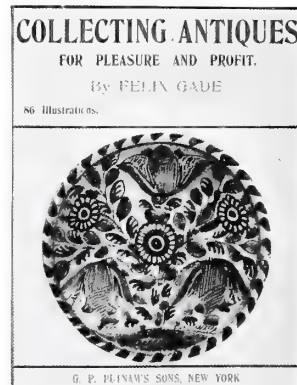
These names and those which follow them—Watteau, Nattier, Boucher, Fragonard, and all the others down to the present—are merely chronicled in this book with a few facts and anecdotes and without insight. The style is journalistic, but with careless touches of which not even a second-rate journalist should be guilty. The author has written other books on art including *American Pictures* and *Their Painters* and *What Pictures to See in Europe*.

*COLLECTING ANTIQUES FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT*, by Felix Gade. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; Dunedin Press, Limited, Edinburgh.

COLLECTORS will revel in the pages of this book, which is the story of twenty-five years search for antique furniture, prints, china, paintings and other art works, and illustrated with many pictures. The book was written and was first published in Great Britain and details the author's experiences in England and Scotland, but it is as wide in its appeal as is the lure of collecting, and those in the United States who gather antiques will find it an entertaining guide. Not only is there a fascination in the discovery of rare works of art, but there is often much profit also. The author tells of the purchase of a picture by Brueghel for £5 and its subsequent sale for £80, and of a Directoire clock that was bought for £20 and later sold for £90. Other collectors have had similar experiences.

Advice on how to detect fakes and inferior articles generally in the line of furniture will be found of special value to those whose hobby is antique furniture, but the author adds that the born collector has an intuition for the right thing and seldom makes a mistake. Naturally his knowledge improves with experience, but the author maintains that such a person has a real feeling for the beautiful from the beginning, just as the painter, the musician, the poet or the sculptor has an inborn talent which is developed under good masters.

Americans who have heard their country called commercial by British critics will be much interested in this paragraph in the chapter on "Rugs and Carpets": "Credit should be given to the versatile William Morris, who started the Hammersmith looms about the middle of the





Nineteenth Century and produced hand-made carpets from his own designs, but the undertaking seems to have gone the way of all artistic movements in this country, the struggle against commercialism being too great."

**MODERN CABINET WORK, FURNITURE AND FITMENTS**, by Percy A. Wells and John Hooper. J. B. Lippincott Company, New York. Price, \$9.00.

EVERY now and then some one speaks of cabinet-making as a lost art and, looking back to the Eighteenth Century, complains with the pessimists of an earlier time that "There were giants in those days." Obviously it would be a foolish thing to attempt to lessen the glory of the great cabinet-makers, giants that they were, but equally obviously the pessimists are wrong. Furniture made by the late E. W. Gimson, by C. Spooner and other cabinet-makers in England is as fine and as true to the best traditions of the craft as that of any earlier period.

Nor is it necessary to go to England for examples with which to confound those whose eyes are blurred with the glamour of the antique, for much good furniture is made in America today.

Until quite recent times most of the best modern cabinet-work, both at home and abroad, was confined to the painstaking and exact reproduction of old pieces, but the lack of appreciation of really good work on its own

merits, a lack responsible for the unfortunate condition just mentioned, is passing. No surer evidence could be cited than the wide market which the subject of this review has found. The book is a technical and thorough treatise on the theory and practice of all forms of cabinet-work, from the making of a joint to the finished product, and is illustrated by more than a thousand working drawings and photographs of both modern and period furniture.

**ART IN INDUSTRY**, by Charles R. Richards. The Macmillan Company, New York.

IN art, one effect of the World War was to make all realize, too poignantly for comfort, how dependent America is on France for designs used in industries. The first reaction to this was the action taken by the directors of museums to interest manufacturers using designs in the resources of their institutions. Nevertheless, as soon as the armistice was declared, in November, 1918, American buyers of designs sought Paris again. A second, and more important, reaction was the awakening of a keener interest in the United States in the whole question of art in its relation to industry. A very definite result of this interest is to be

found in Professor Richards' book, the most authoritative and complete work of its kind that has appeared here.

Briefly, the book presents information as to such trades as dressmaking and millinery and their several subdivisions, as they relate to designers; just what designers do and the salaries that they receive. The same thing is done (with the varying practices in obtaining designs and the prices paid) for all the textile, jewelry, furniture, wall paper, ceramic and printing crafts. Another section of the book is devoted to schools of applied art in the United States; another, to industrial art education in Europe.

Professor Richards concludes that Americans have enough art schools and that the country would be better for more schools inculcating culture. In a book of this kind, however, facts are of more consequence than opinions, and the facts set down here are of immense value to all interested in designing, even if only academically.

**DOUBT AND OTHER THINGS**, by Elibu Vedder. Porter Sargent, Boston.

ILLUSTRATOR and painter, and also poet, Mr. Vedder just before his recent death at the age of eighty-six years permitted his musings in rhythm to be published. More than that, he illustrated them. Poet that he was, he is known better as an artist, his illustrations of Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam* having gained him worldwide fame. The twenty-two illustrations of his verses are original. They tend toward the classical in form and have a simplification of detail and an accentuation of the forces of nature which characterize much of his work. The frontispiece, a sepia called "The Soul between Faith and Doubt," comprises three heads: "Faith" at the left, "Doubt" at the right and the wavering "Soul" between.

Expressive little masks and sketches accompany each poem. A quizzical face illustrates this:

"Lift not the eyebrows of surprise  
"Nor deem that I too highly prize  
"These little outputs of my pen.  
"Would'st have me differ from other men?"

Mr. Vedder's first group of verses, called "Doubt," consists of grim little poems touched with a delicate, gentle humor. Sometimes there is touch of Verlaine, but as they are about to become laden with despair, the author turns a merry verse, such as:

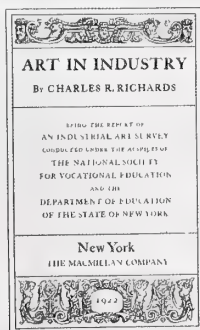
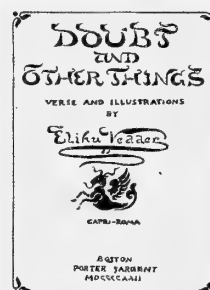
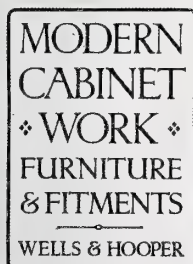
"Tis a fearful affair when the doubter finds out  
"That he is beginning to doubt his own doubt."

The second group, "And Other Things," is best described by the author's own words:

"Bubbles often keep afloat things that otherwise  
sould sink.

"So words of one not very wise, may cause far wiser  
men to think"

Finally comes "Gleams," not exactly criticisms of other painters, poets and philosophers, but more like X-ray pictures discovered in the aura which surrounds celebrated characters, the whole pungent with "That questionable gift—a sense of humor," a gift which, it must be said, Mr. Vedder never abused and never over-used.



"I CAN hardly wait for my copy of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO to come," writes Mrs. John W. Holt, of Tennessee. "Day by day, in every way, it is growing better and better." The February number came on my birthday, and when my husband handed it to me, I said, 'Oh, this is the most beautiful birthday gift I have received.' Letters like this help us to start the month right.

"His color sparkles in broken surfaces, vibrating with light. The brown tonal picture was never of his repertoire; he has always painted high in key, golden and exquisite greens, the blue of the sea in sunlight, contrasted with the amber-red cliffs. His brush-work produces that 'palpitation of surface, that vibration of tone and scintillation of color' which is so characteristic of his pictures." This is an excerpt from the leading article in the April number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, F. Newlin Price's consideration of one of America's leading painters, whose identity the art world will readily grasp from the above description of his technique—Childe Hassam. The article, written in Mr. Price's most delightful vein, will be illustrated with many typical reproductions of Hassam subjects, including one in colors. The article's Price-like title is "Childe Hassam—Puritan."

PERHAPS the most beautiful art product of Colonial times was the glass that came from the factories of Caspar Wistar, founded in 1739, and of John Frederick Stiegel, founded in 1763, two Germans who migrated to America and become successful business men. Wistar began his career as an importer but turned to the manufacture of various articles, bringing skilled workmen from the old country. From making brass buttons guaranteed to "last seven years," he progressed to window glass and bottles, finally turning out decorative vases, bowls and tableware that accorded with the tastes of the sturdy Quakers, of whom he was one. Stiegel, who became wealthy, was first an iron monger, then a brewer (! ! !) and finally a manufacturer of bottle glass and window panes, later giving expression to his artistic feelings in thin, flint glass, decorative dishes that seemed to contain "condensed mellow sunlight" and are today greatly treasured by museums and private collectors. A splendidly illustrated article on the work of these two men by Dr. R. M. Riefstahl will be a feature of the April number.

MONSIEUR HOUVET is verger of the Cathedral of Chartres, that great structure of Gothic times whose architecture and sculpture are such an inspiration to the moderns. When, not long ago, some precarious scaffoldings were put up for the making of repairs in the famous western portal by order of the *Commission des Monuments Historique*, the verger photographed at close quarters certain sculptures and carvings, dating back to the Twelfth Century but which it never had been possible to reach. This exploit and the sculptures themselves are the subject of an article by Jean-Gabriel Lemoine in the April number, and for the first time a group of these photographs will be reproduced.

"I THOUGHT I knew every photograph of Louis that had been made at Saranac," was the puzzled declaration

of Lloyd Osbourne, stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson, as he looked at what appeared to be a photograph of the novelist standing outside the door of his cabin. But it was not a photograph of Stevenson after all, but of his effigy, only a few inches high, which Dwight Franklin had made. Works of this American sculptor and painter, who aims frankly at realism as exact as he can make it, are now owned by many museums and collectors. He has reconstructed the past, all the way from ancient times to the days of the World War, as no one else has ever done. William B. McCormick writes entertainingly of his achievements in the April number. There will be eighteen illustrations, one of them a full page in color, and whoever sees them (even Clive Bell) cannot fail to acknowledge that realism can sometimes be art.

"FREUDIAN" is the adjective that has been applied to the portraiture of Leo Katz, of Vienna, recently brought to America by Frank A. Vanderlip, who was greatly impressed with his art last year. The painter has sat long at the feet of the old masters, notably Durer and Leonardo, but he is intensely modern in the symbolism with which he seeks to reveal character. He is a "most remarkable combination of scientist and artist," says F. Washburn Freund, who writes of him in the April number. Mr. Katz's portrait of Miss Vanderlip, wonderfully done in colors, will occupy the cover.

GROWN-UPS as well as children will find joy in the article on dolls which Philipp Kester, of Munich, has written for the April number. The one bearing the title "The Viennese" might bring delight even to "second childhood." The story is told, in text and illustrations, all the way from ancient times down to those inimitable German creations of today, made of wire and wool and used as home ornaments. Lithuanian dolls, Eskimo dolls, Thuringian dolls of the early Eighteenth century, Japanese dolls, African dolls—all are there.

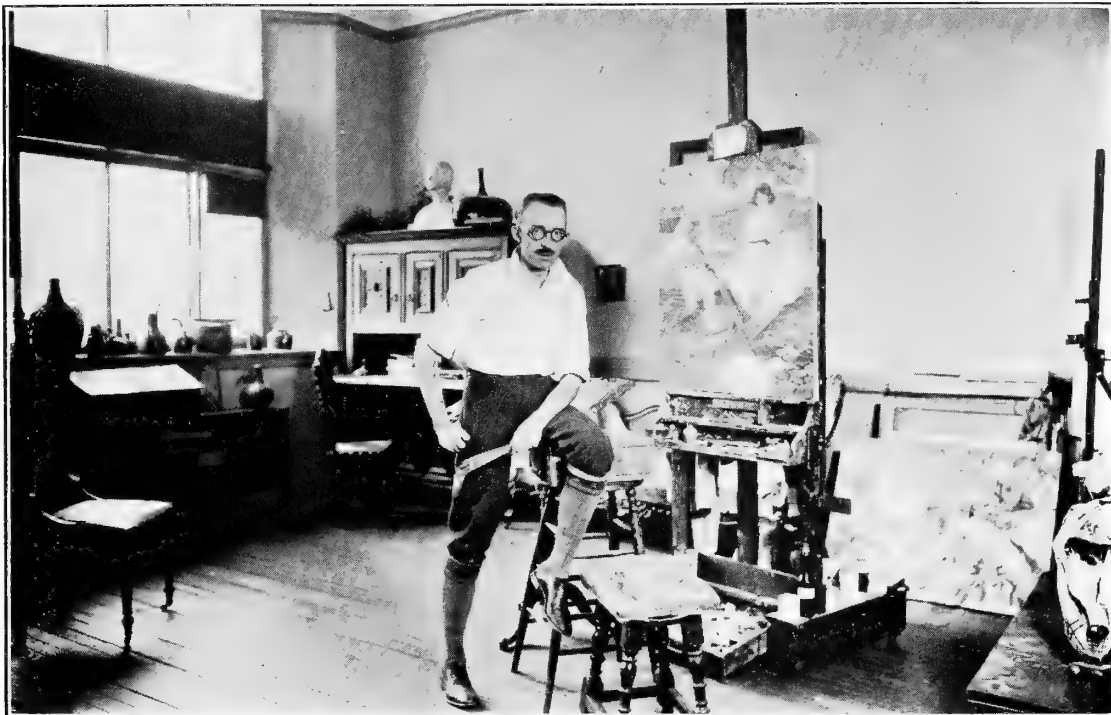
THESE, of course, are only a few of the features of the next number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. Muriel Ciolkowska will write on old French silver, Mary Harrod Northend, on old American four-poster beds; Mrs. Gordon-Stables, on the modern fashion in figurines in England; H. S. Ciolkowski, on the San Sebastians in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, and there will be regular installments of the articles on tapestries and rugs, besides others.

It is through the courtesy of the Knœdler Galleries that we were able in this number to reproduce in color Bakst's "Echo Abandonnée," which occupies the cover, and the six other superb Bakst designs in color that ornament M. Thomas' text. These galleries held a memorable exhibition of the Russian artist's work in January.

"YOUR February number is so beautiful that I want to tear it to pieces and hang each lovely bit of coloring on my walls," writes Flora E. Stevens, of Kansas City. Letters like that help one to get through a month's work.

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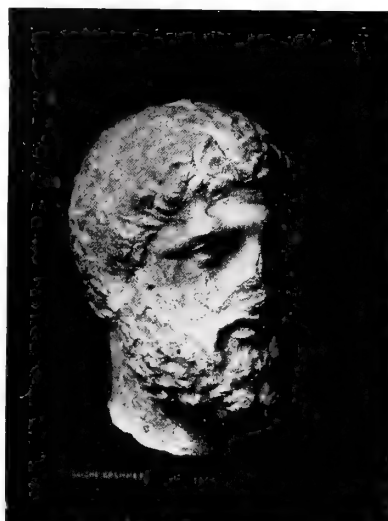
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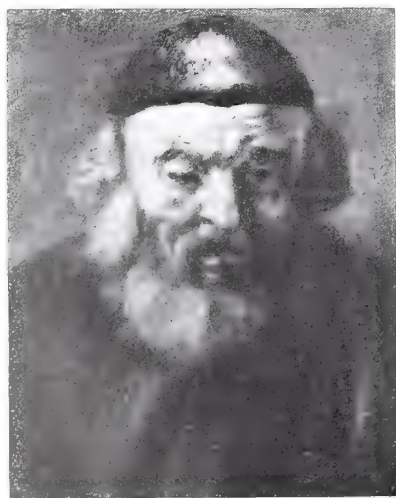
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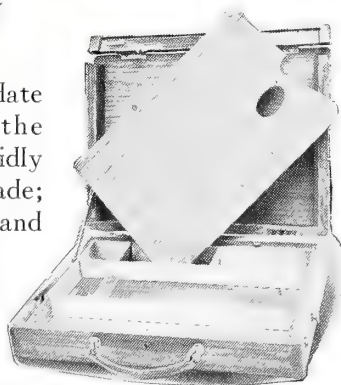
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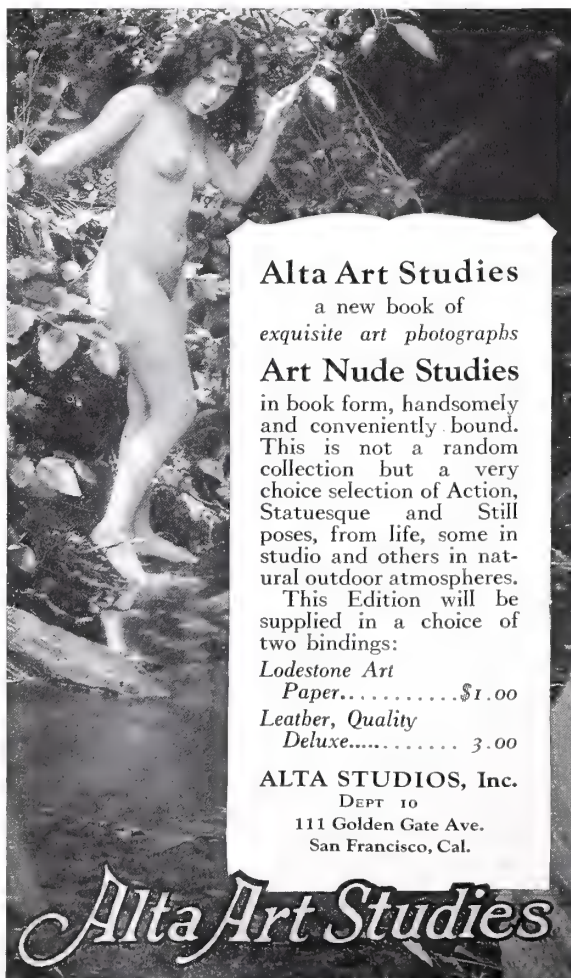
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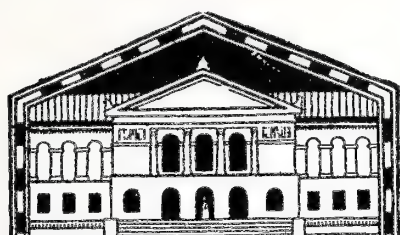
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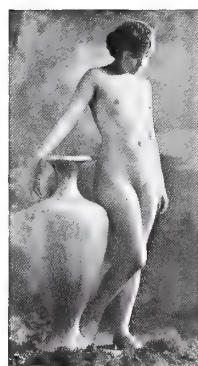
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